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WESTERN AMERICANA

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FORDING THE CAÑON.

OREGON AND CALIFORNIA

IN 1848.

BY J. QUINN THORNTON,

LATE JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF OREGON, AND CORRESPONDING MEMBER
OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE.

WITH AN APPENDIX,

INCLUDING RECENT AND AUTHENTIC INFORMATION ON THE SUBJECT OF
THE
GOLD MINES OF CALIFORNIA,
AND OTHER VALUABLE MATTER OF INTEREST TO THE EMIGRANT, ETC.

With Illustrations and a Map.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. I.

NEW YORK:
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1849.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year one thousand
eight hundred and forty-nine, by

HARPER & BROTHERS,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District
of New York.

DEDICATION.

My dear Wife:

To whom could I inscribe these pages more appropriately than to yourself? There are many circumstances which make this peculiarly proper. In addition to many other facts to which I might refer as showing the peculiar fitness of that which I now propose to do, the single circumstance that you cheerfully shared with your feeble and travel-worn husband the toils and dangers of the journey, the incidents of which he proposes to narrate, would itself suggest the dedication of the volume to you.

Mohammed informs us that, although he had known many perfect men, he had known only four perfect women. These were Asa, the wife of Pharaoh; Mary, the daughter of Imram; Khadijah, the daughter of Khouailed; and Fatima, the daughter of Mohammed. There are no means of ascertaining what were the reasons which induced him to make the ill-natured distinction between the sexes; for it is a fact well known to every man whose associations have not been most unfortunate, that if by *perfect* be meant *good*, a comparison would be decidedly in favor of woman. Nor are there now any circumstances known which shed light upon the partiality of this impostor for the wife of Pharaoh, of whom nothing is now known. But we can not be in doubt as to the others, when it is known that the first was his nurse, the second his wife, and the third his daughter.

Not only was the remark a very ill-natured one, and very unjust, as implying a less degree of goodness in woman than in man, but it was likewise an extravagant one. I would not, indeed, willingly be thought to have a worse opinion of mankind than this false prophet had; but I can not persuade myself that he ever saw one perfect person of either sex, much less many of the one and four of the other.

In dedicating to you these pages, it will be seen, therefore, that I am not guilty of the folly of making an alleged perfection the ground of it, because it would be extravagant to claim this for even my dear good wife. But while I admit that it is possible to speak of even you in terms of too high commendation, I feel that I have cause to be grateful for the devoted fidelity you have ever evinced in the discharge of all the duties of a relation ordained of God, sanctified by religion, and established by the laws of man: that you have been my best and most constant friend, my wisest and most sagacious counselor, the sharer of my joys and the soother of my sorrows, my cheerful companion in adversity and ill health, and the charm and ornament of the humble home of

Your affectionate husband,

J. QUINN THORNTON.

PREFACE.

HAVING just written the last line of these rough notes of travel, comprising the narrative of a journey across the Continent to Oregon, and thence by sea to the United States, via California, in the years 1846, 7, 8: a few prefatory remarks are due to myself, no less than to the reader.

These notes have been written out under circumstances of great embarrassment, and with many unavoidable interruptions, which necessarily forbade that careful revision and regard to elegance of diction usually demanded in the preparation of works for the press. Scarcely had I reached the city of New York, with the view of making arrangements for publication, than imperative considerations compelled me to prepare for an immediate return to my distant home. My manuscript, therefore, had to go to the press in the state in which it first came from my pen, and without my being able to see the proof-sheets. The fact is mentioned, not to deprecate criticism, for I am frank to confess myself not insensible to the value of the good opinion of the literary world: but rather that the reader may be induced on this account to extend that indulgence for any defects of style which he may discover in the progress of the work.

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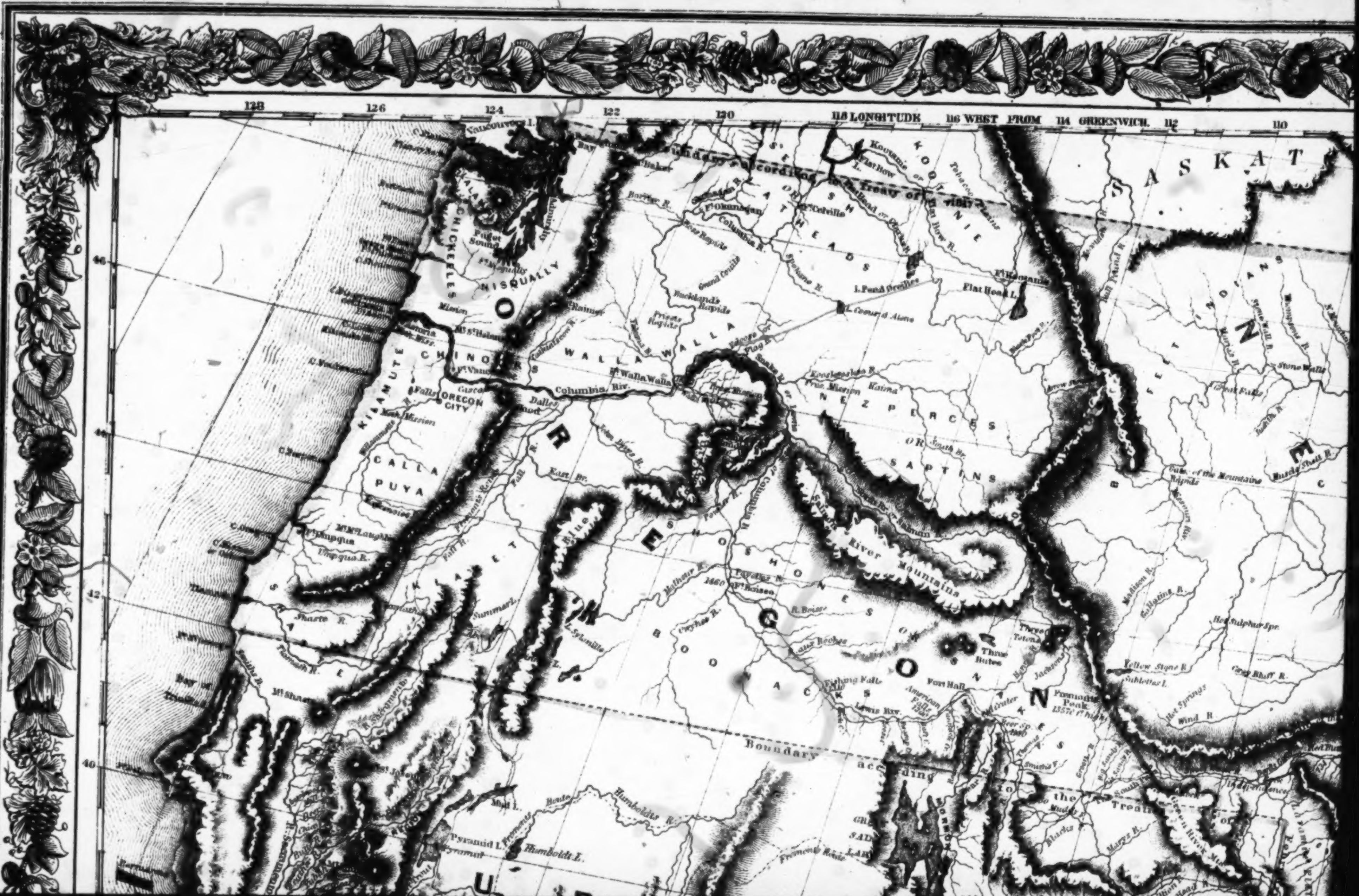
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Admiralty
Mission
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Astoria
CHINOOKS
Ft. Vancouver
KIAANUTE
Falls
OREGON CITY
Meth. Mission
CALLA PUYA
Columbia Riv.
Dalles
Ft. Walla Walla
WALLA WALLA
Mt. Rainier
Bucklands Rapids
Priests Rapids
Grand Coulee
Ft. Okinagan
Columbia R.
Spokane R.
Ft. Colville
FLAT HEADS
KOOTANIE
Kootanie or Flat Bow R.
Flat Bow L.
Ft. Kootanie
Flat Head L.
L. Pend Oreilles
L. Coeur d'Alene
Boundary according to Treaty of 1846
Tobacco Plains
Snake R. or Lewis
Kooskooskee R.
Pres. Mission
NEZ PERCES OR SAPTINS
John Days R.
East Br.
Fall R.
Blue
Umpqua
Umpqua R.
Ft. Umpqua
Mt. McLaughlin
C. Orford
KLAMET
Shaste R.
Klamath R.
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Bay of Trinidad
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Summer L.
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SHOSHONES OR SNAKES
BOONACKS
Malheur R.
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Salmon River Mountains
Fort Hall
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Fishing Falls
Three Buttes
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Jackson
Fremonts Peak 13570 ft. high
Yellow Stone R.
Sublettes L.
Hot Springs
Wind R.
Hot Sulphur Spr.
Gallatine R.
Madison R.
Gates of the Mountains
Rapids
Great Falls
Stone Walls
Musselshell R.
Judith R.
Marias R.
Boundary according to the Treaty
Humboldts R.
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Pyramid L.
Fremonts Route
GREAT SALT LAKE
Bear R.
Beer Sp.
Smiths F.
Green R.
Muddy F.
Blacks
Marys R.
Green River Mts.
Independence
South Pass
U

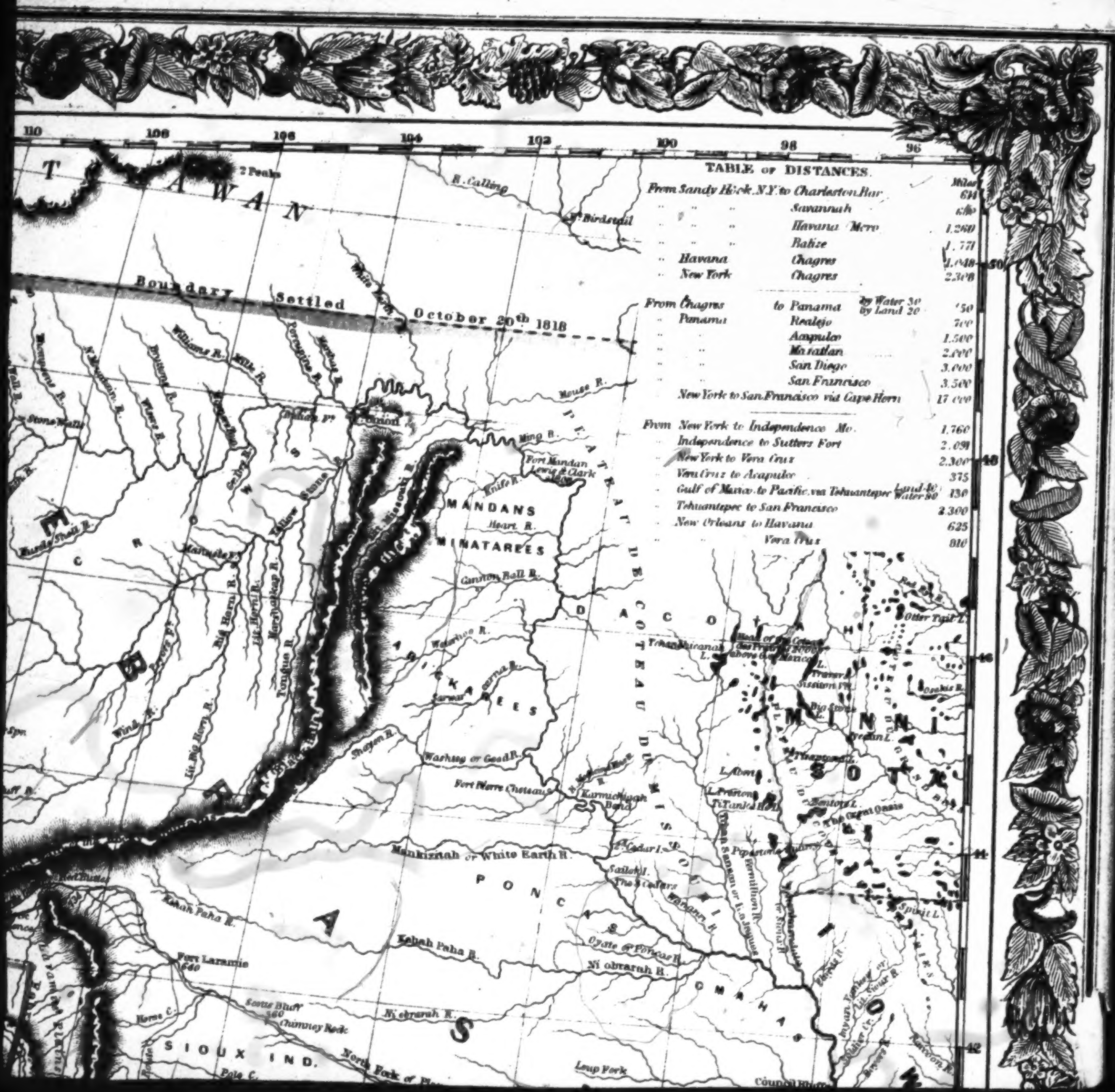
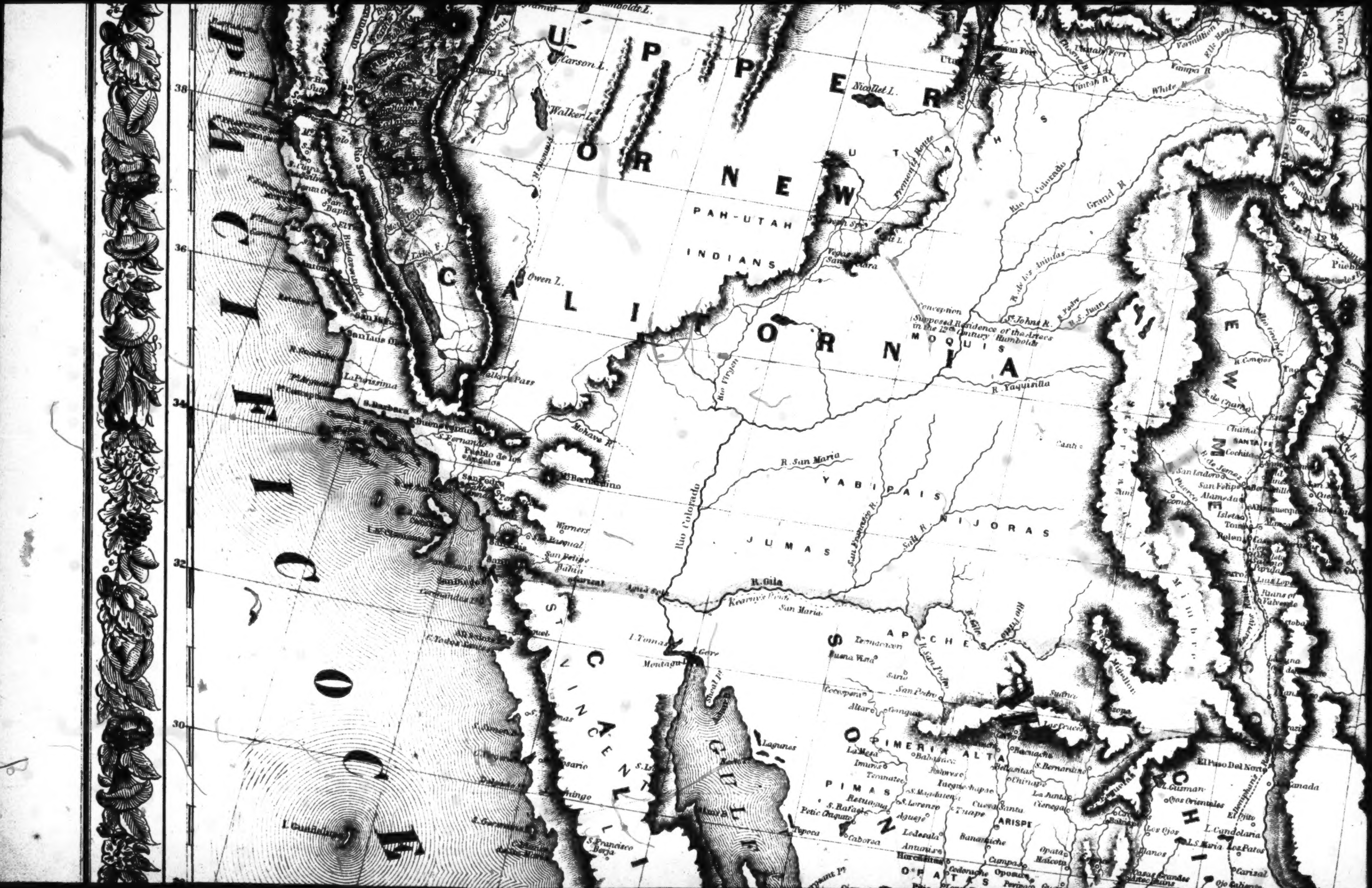


TABLE OF DISTANCES.

			Miles
From Sandy Hook, N.Y.	to Charleston Bar		614
" " "	Savannah		680
" " "	Havana Moro		1.260
" " "	Balize		1.771
" Havana	Chagres		1.048
" New York	Chagres		2.308
From Chagres	to Panama	by Water 30 by Land 20	50
" Panama	Realejo		700
" "	Acapulco		1.500
" "	Mazatlan		2.000
" "	San Diego		3.000
" "	San Francisco		3.500
New York to San Francisco via Cape Horn			17.000
From New York to Independence Mo.			1.760
" Independence to Sutters Fort			2.091
" New York to Vera Cruz			2.300
" Vera Cruz to Acapulco			375
" Gulf of Mexico to Pacific, via Tehuantepec		Land 40 Water 90	130
" Tehuantepec to San Francisco			2.300
" New Orleans to Havana			625
" "	Vera Cruz		810



UPPER
OR NEW
CALIFORNIA
PACIFIC
OCEAN
PAH-UTAH
INDIANS
MOQUIS
YABIPAIS
JUMAS
NIJORAS
APACHES
SONORA
OLD CALIFORNIA
GULF
PIMERIA ALTA
PIMAS
OPATAS
NEW MEXICO
CHI
Carson L.
Walker L.
Nicollet L.
Owen L.
Walkers Pass
Mohave R.
Pueblo de los Angeles
S. Pedro
San Diego
S. Bernardino
Warners
Rio Colorado
R. Gila
R. San Maria
Kearny's Route
Grand R.
Rio Colorado
R. de los Animas
S. Juan
Conception
Supposed Residence of the Aztecs in the 12th Century Humboldt
R. Yaquisilla
Rio Virgen
Vegas de Santa Clara
Santa Fe
Albuquerque
El Paso Del Norte
Arispe
Guadalupe
S. Barbara
L. Purissima
San Luis Obispo
Buenaventura
Uintah Fort
White R.
Vampa R.
L. Tomas
Montague I.
Lagunas
Tepoca
Caborsa
I. Guadalupe
S. Francisco Borja
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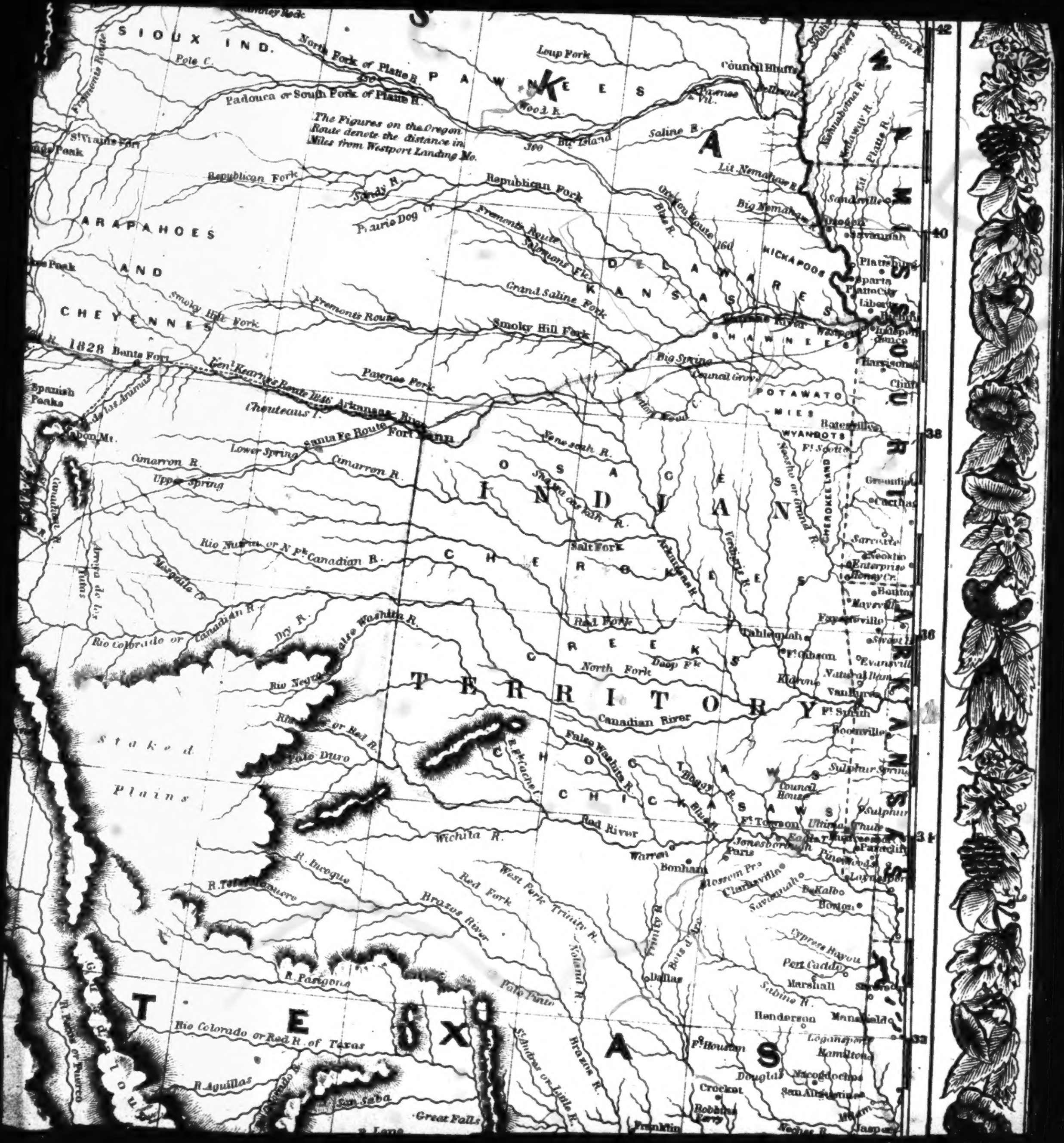
SIOUX IND.
PAWNEES
NEBRASKA
North Fork of Platte R.
Padouca or South Fork of Platte R.
Loup Fork
Wood R.
Big Island
300
Council Bluffs
Saline R.
The Figures on the Oregon Route denote the distance in Miles from Westport Landing Mo.
Republican Fork
Sandy R.
Prairie Dog Cr.
ARAPAHOES AND CHEYENNES
Fremonts Route
Oregon Route
Blue R.
Lit. Nemahaw R.
Big Nemahaw R.
KICKAPOOS
DELAWARES
KANSAS
Solomons Fk.
Grand Saline Fork
Smoky Hill Fork
Kansas River
SHAWNEES
Westport
Independence
Big Spring
Council Grove
POTAWATOMIES
WYANDOTS
Pawnee Fork
Bents Fort
R. 1828
Genl. Kearny's Route 1846
Arkansas River
Chouteaus I.
Fort Mann
Santa Fe Route
Lower Spring
Upper Spring
Cimarron R.
Spanish Peaks
Neosho or Grand R.
CHEROKEE LAND
INDIAN
OSAGES
CHEROKEES
Salt Fork
Rio Nutria or N. Fk. Canadian R.
Canadian R.
Rio Colorado or Canadian R.
Dry R.
False Washita R.
Red Fork
CREEKS
North Fork
Deep Fk.
Tahlequah
Ft. Gibson
TERRITORY
Canadian River
Ft. Smith
Van Buren
Rio Negro
Staked Plains
Palo Duro
CHOCTAWS
CHICKASAWS
Council House
Boggy R.
Ft. Towson
Red River
Wichita R.
Warren
Bonham
Paris
Jonesborough
Clarksville
De Kalbo
Boston
R. Tuscosauro
Red Fork
Brazos River
West Fork Trinity R.
Trinity R.
Dallas
Palo Pinto
R. Pasigono
Cypress Bayou
Port Caddo
Marshall
Sabine R.
Henderson
Mansfield
TEXAS
Rio Colorado or Red R. of Texas
Ft. Houston
Loganspor
Douglas
Nacogdoches
San Augustine
R. Aguillas
San Saba
Great Falls
Crocket
Franklin
Neches R.
Jasper
MISSOURI
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Fayetteville
Batesville
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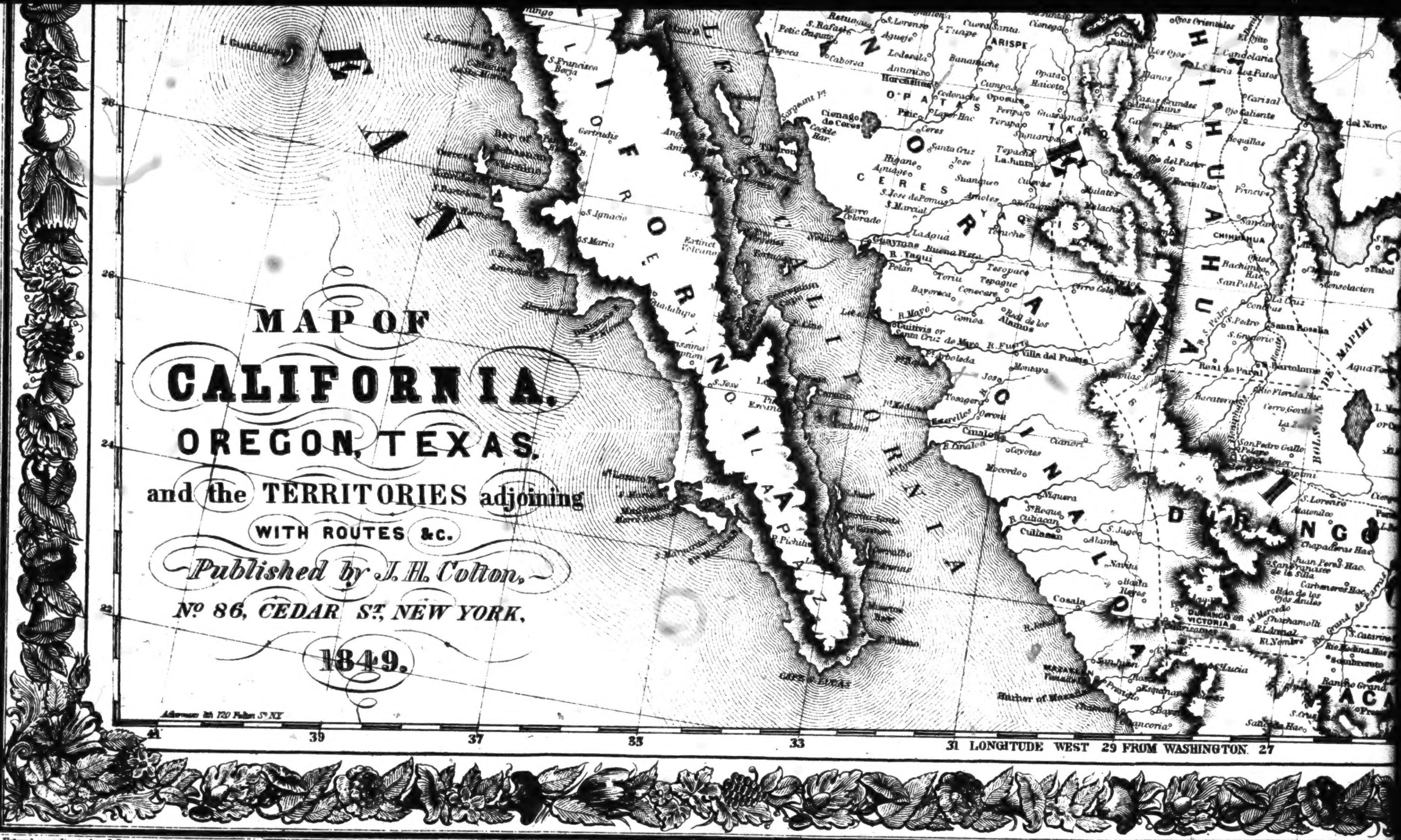

MAP OF CALIFORNIA, OREGON, TEXAS, and the TERRITORIES adjoining

WITH ROUTES &c.

Published by J.H. Colton,

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1849.

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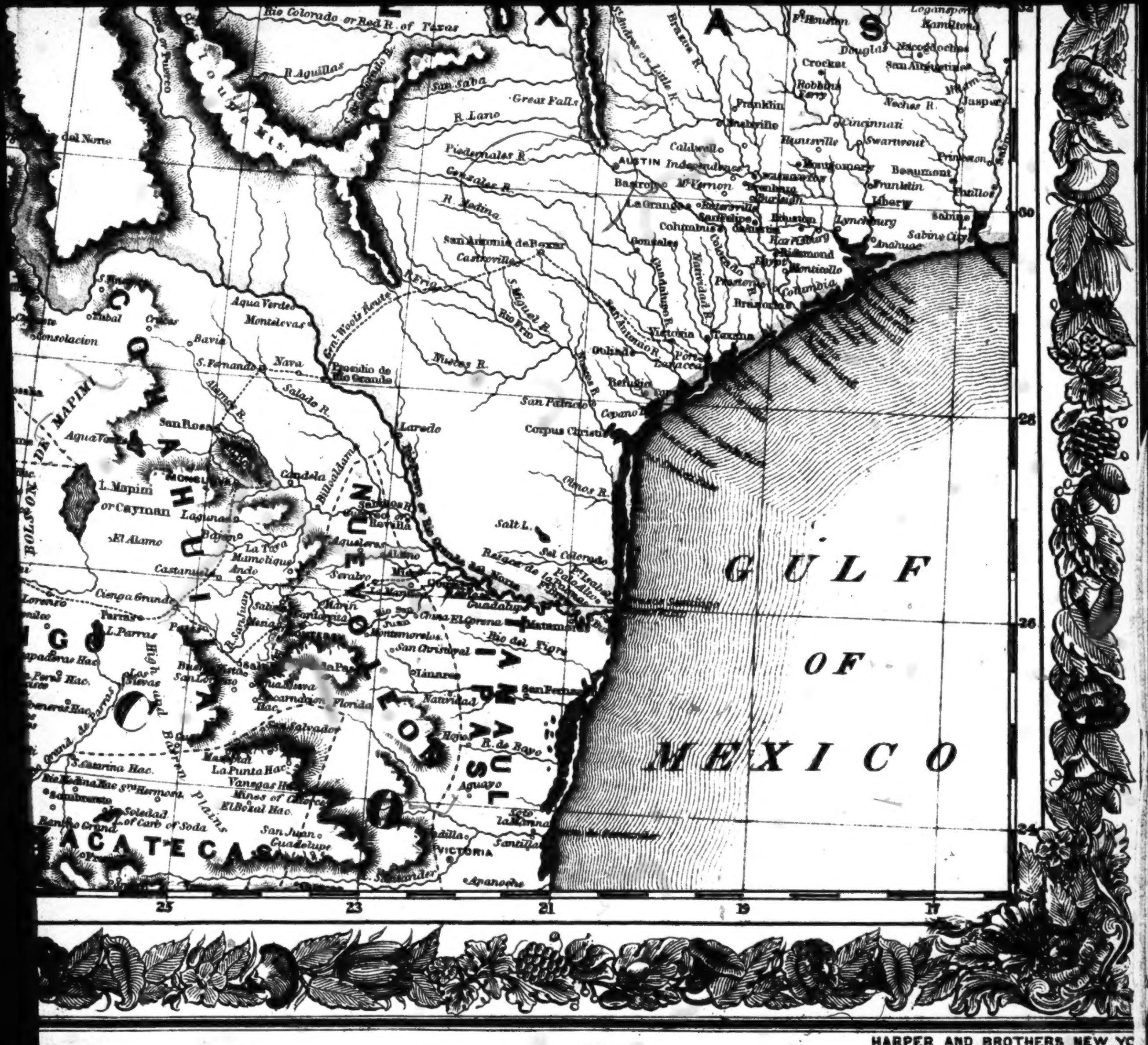


HARPER AND BROTHERS NEW YO

OREGON AND CALIFORNIA.

CHAPTER I.

THE RENDEZVOUS.

THE ill health of Mrs. Thornton and myself caused us to determine upon a residence in Oregon, with the hope that its pure and invigorating climate, would restore this inestimable blessing we had long lost. Having completed the necessary preparations, we departed from Quincy, Illinois, April 18, 1846. In due time we arrived at Independence, Missouri, the place of rendezvous.

On the evening of the last Sabbath previous to leaving this place, we repaired to a house of worship, where we listened, with unusual attention and interest, to a sermon preached by a Methodist minister. We believed that it was probably the last time that we should hear preaching until after our arrival in Oregon. It is not wonderful, therefore, that we felt not only solemn but sad. Our hopes and fears had been greatly excited during several preceding weeks, while preparing for our long and arduous journey, and in bringing ourselves to submit to the severance of those endearing ties that bound us to the place and to the people; but the potent and sublime truths to which we then listened, nerved us for the effort, by tranquillizing our excited feelings. We were about, too, to enter upon scenes in which we were to endure great mental and physical suffering, and we therefore felt that it was especially necessary to go up to the house of God; for nothing so effectually as Christianity can assuage these, or prepare the mind and heart for encountering them. And in our subsequent experience upon the way, we realized that Christianity is adapted to the peculiar condition and wants of the emigrant in the wilderness, no less than to persons in an improved and settled state of society; where the delicate sensibilities of refined and highly cultivated minds grow with the growth and expand with the expansion of the moral powers and affections.—(Mercury at sunrise, 53°; sunset, 70°.—Calm.)

This is the place where emigrants usually rendezvous for the purpose of completing their purchases for the journey, and making their final preparations. Most of the emigrants had already departed. Some were assembled at Indian Creek; a few were still in this place not yet prepared to depart. Among these, I became acquainted with Messrs. James F. Reed, George Donner, and Jacob Donner, together with their wives and families, all from the neighborhood of Springfield, Illinois, and all of whom proposed to go to California.

The town of Independence was at this time a great Babel upon the border of the wilderness. Here might be seen the African slave with his shining black face, driving his six-horse team of blood-red bays, and swaying from side to side as he sat upon the saddle and listened to the incessant tinkling of the bells. In one street, just driving out of town, was an emigrant, who, having completed all his preparations, was about entering upon the great prairie wilderness; whistling as though his mouth had been made for nothing else. The shrill notes seemed to come up from the bottom of a throat without "a stop."

Here might be seen the indolent dark-skinned Spanard smoking a cigar as he leans against the sunny side of a house. He wears a sharp conical hat with a red band; a blue round-about, with little brass buttons; his duck pantaloons are open at the side as high as the knee, exhibiting his white cotton drawers between his knee and the top of his low half-boots.

Santa Fé wagons were coming in, having attached to them eight or ten mules, some driven by Spaniards, some by Americans resembling Indians, some by negroes, and others by persons of all possible crosses between these various races; each showing in his dress as well as in his face some distinctive characteristic of his blood and race—the dirty poncho always marking the Spaniard. The traders had been out to Santa Fé, and having sold their goods in exchange for gold dust, dollars, and droves of mules, were then daily coming in; the dilapidated and muddy condition of their wagons, and wagon-sheets, and the sore backs of their mules, all giving evidence of the length and toil of the journey they had performed and were now about to terminate.

Merchants were doing all in their power to effect the sale of supplies to emigrants. Some of the emigrants were hurrying to and fro, looking care-worn, and many of them sad, as though the cloud had not yet passed away, that had come over their spirits, as they tore themselves from friends and scenes around which had clustered the memories of the heart. One was seen just starting, calling out to his oxen, and cracking his whip as though the world was at his control. Although some four or five children in the wagon were crying in all possible keys, he drove on, looking as cheerful and happy, as though he was perfectly sure that he was going to a country where the valleys flowed with milk and honey. Behind the wagon, with her nose almost over the end board, an old mare slowly and patiently stepped along, evincing as much care as though she knew that she was carrying "mother" and "the baby," and therefore must not stumble on any account.—(Mercury at sunrise, 56°; sunset, 69°.—Calm.)

May 12.—Having completed all the arrangements that were necessary, previous to leaving the settlements, I bade farewell to the sublimely muddy Missouri, exclaiming—

"Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie."

During the day we passed many immense wagons carrying from 60 to 70 cwt. of goods for the Santa Fé market. We also met wagons returning empty. The proprietors, having sold their goods, were then on their way in, with gold dust, dollars, and mules. The drivers of the teams and mules presented that peculiar appearance already noticed, of a mixing of races of all possible colors, shades, hues, and complexions; of

"Mongrels, puppies, whelps, and hounds,
And curs of low degree."

The weather was clear, warm, and dry. The bees were out in search of flowers, and the large gray flies were blowing their mellow little horns. The daisies, the first-born daughters of spring, were lifting their modest little faces to their father, the sun. The birds were rapidly passing from one twig to another, twittering as though their hearts were as full of happiness as they could hold. At one time they were seen darting into one thicket, and then into another, to find a suitable place for rearing their little families. Some were building their nests; one was pouring his love song into the ears of his beloved; and I almost fancied that I could see his eyes sparkle, and hear his heart beat as with stooping wing he received a promise from his lady-bird that she would indeed be his. Nature here, and all in nature, appeared to be too happy and beautiful to leave behind. I was quite unwell, but was as happy as the birds—my heart seeming to drink in the general joy.

We traveled twelve miles over a good road and encamped, about an hour before sunset, near a blacksmith's shop and two farm houses. The soil of the country over which we passed during the day was very fertile. Walnut, oak, ash, hickory, hackberry, elm, maple, and mulberry, grew in great abundance, and to a large size, upon the timbered lands. About one-half the country over which we passed during the day was prairie, covered with young grass.—(Mercury at sunrise, 54°; sunset, 69°.—Calm.)

May 13.—We set off this morning for the Indian country. Before noon we passed the last fixed abode of a white man—the last cabin—and immediately afterward entered the territory of the Shawnees. We continued to meet wagons returning from Santa Fé. We also met thirty Indians. In the afternoon we overtook

Ex-Governor Boggs and some California emigrants. We traveled about twenty miles over a beautiful rolling prairie, covered with tender green grass. A few trees were scattered over the country; and we saw here and there a patch of hazles, that seemed to have strayed away from the borders of the woodland.

We encamped at night in an open prairie, without wood for fires; and with ill-tasting water, rendered impure by decayed vegetable matter. We had seen many flowers and strawberries during the previous day, but on this prairie we saw only a very few of either. The country over which we passed was alternately rolling and flat prairie, having a rich soil, with an occasional tree near at hand, and here and there a group of timber in the distance. No birds were seen except a few among isolated hazle thickets, where they seemed not to be fixed, but rather to be, like us, emigrants seeking a better country. I advised them all to go back, unless they had the bronchitis so as to prevent them from singing. A mocking-bird, especially, who seemed determined to emigrate, I recommended first to go back and get a wife, assigning as a reason, that I had been informed that there were no lady mocking-birds in Oregon; and concluded by expressing the opinion, that if he did not, he might have to pair with a blue-jay, or perhaps even with a sparrow-hawk.

About sunset the heavens became overcast with clouds, and before darkness had fully set in, the rain commenced falling. While my two ox-drivers, Albert and David, occupied the tent, my wife and myself retired to the wagon for repose, she being at the time somewhat unwell. In a short time no voices broke the stillness immediately around us, except that occasionally in the distance might be heard the neighing of a solitary horse staked out to grass, and calling in the darkness to his fellow, so as to be assured that he was not alone in those vast prairies. In the immediate vicinity of my wagon, however, no voice was heard, and the very wind seemed to be holding its breath, and listening with me to the rain drops which, falling from the melting and dissolving clouds above, pattered upon our wagon-sheet with a most pleasant and soothing sound.—(Mercury at sunrise, 64°; sunset, 66°.—Wind, west.)

May 14.—We resumed our journey about 3 o'clock, A.M., and traveled over a rich and beautiful prairie, generally high and rolling. In some places, however, it was broken into long, broad, and very muddy swells, which were difficult to cross with our loaded wagons. The day was cloudy and somewhat cool, and the road rather heavy, in consequence of the rain of the previous night. Far off to our right appeared some hills. We encamped at night on the banks of a small creek, which afforded us water, which, at that time, we thought very bad. Wood was difficult to obtain.—(Mercury at sunrise, 62°; at sunset, 61°.)

May 15.—The morning was clear, bright, and pleasant. We crossed a very bad creek in the forenoon; and, although very unwell, I jumped into it for the purpose of preventing the oxen from stalling. The country which we passed did not differ materially in its general appearance from that over which we traveled the day before, except that the soil seemed to contain more water, and the roads were therefore muddy in many places. There were also a great number of swells. We saw no birds or wild beasts during the day. We met a number of Shawnee Indians. About the middle of the afternoon, Ex-Governor Boggs and myself with our wagons, teams, and those of some others, came up with the main body of the California emigrants, consisting of 63 wagons, under Col. W. H. Russell, who were still considered as being at the rendezvous, having moved forward a little, but having halted again for emigrants whom they expected to join them. We were immediately invited to attach ourselves to their party, and to remain with them until those of us who proposed to go to Oregon, should find ourselves in sufficient numbers, by new accessions, to form a company of our own.

We all crossed the Wokaruska Creek, and encamped for the night in a most beautiful piece of woods, which skirted both sides of the stream, distant twelve miles from our camp of the previous night. The impressions made upon the mind by the neighing of the horses, the braying of the mules, the groups of men, the little knots of women, the loud, merry laugh of some of the children, the crying of others, the mingling of voices, the walking to and fro, the ascending smoke in front of the clean, white tents scattered among the trees, reminded me of a Methodist camp meeting.

In the evening, an inquiry was instituted for the purpose of ascertaining the sufficiency of the wagons, teams, and provisions; the number and sort of arms; the amount of powder and lead; the number of persons capable of bearing arms, and the number of all other persons of either sex. The notes of this enumeration, having been made in pencil, have become partially illegible. The following are believed to be the numbers:

Wagons, 72; men, 130; women, 65; children, 125; breadstuff, 69,420 lbs.; bacon, 40,200 lbs.; powder, 1100 lbs.; lead, 2672 lbs.; guns, mostly rifles, 155; pistols, 104; cattle and horses, estimated at 710.

The wagons were generally new, strong, and well painted. They were all covered with strong linen or cotton drilling; some of them being painted, so as more effectually to repel the rain. Some of the wagons had "California" painted on the cover; some of them displayed "Oregon"; some added, in large letters, "The whole or none"; some "54° 40′"; while many, like mine, were not distinguished at all. The cattle were numerous, fat, and strong; the tents new and clean; the food of good quality, and abundant in quantity and variety. All persons were remarkably cheerful and happy. Many were almost boisterous in their mirth. We were nearly all strangers, and there was manifestly an effort on the part of each, to make the most favorable impression he could upon every other. All were obliging and kind; and there was even an extraordinary absence of selfishness. Suffering, want, and privations; mental anxiety, hardship, and exhausting labor, had not yet blunted the moral perceptions of any, excited cupidity and selfishness, or dried up the fountains of the heart's best and purest affections.

Every thing seemed calculated to put us in a good humor with ourselves and each other. The green-coated frogs were heard in great numbers among the plashy pools and along the reedy margin of the stream; and the sound was far from being disagreeable. Indeed, there was a music in it appropriate to the place, the scene, and the circumstances; and it had a soothing and quieting effect. The birds poured forth their most rapturous notes. The water was then gushing through a thousand veins of the earth, although it had, until very recently, been congealed by the frost of winter. It murmured and leaped, and sparkled down the green hill side, and ran joyously to unite itself with the stream below, as if it did indeed rejoice that the prison in which it had been so long barred and bolted, had been broken at last by the genial spring. The sap was coursing its way through the plants, and the vital fluid moved quickly through human veins with increased velocity and a new thrill of delight. A narrow strip of the richest and most beautiful forest trees, about half a mile in width, skirted each side of the Wokaruska. From both sides of the woodland spread out, as far as the eye could reach, a plain, broken into gentle swells, and covered with a heavy coat of grass. A green carpet spotted with flowers, covered the hills and valleys; and a robe of as deep a green, variegated with beautiful blossoms, was hung upon thicket and forest. Flies and insects had emerged from their hiding places, and were humming drowsily. The shrill chirping of the birds, the plaintive cooing of the turtle-dove, as she sat alone among the shady boughs, all told that spring, the joyous and beautiful spring, had returned to gladden the heart of every living creature. The children were wandering in the woods, making them echo with their merry shouts. They appeared to have been let loose to play and to gather leaf-buds, dandelions, buttercups, daisies, and a thousand flowers of every hue, that lifted their soft, mild eyes to heaven in thankfulness for the warmth and sunlight. It was, indeed, with emotions of the purest delight, that I looked upon jubilant nature, decked in her fairest dress; and I could not but think, that these grateful and inspiring influences would find a ready response in every heart.—(Mercury at sunrise, 43°; sunset, 61°.—Wind, northwest.)

CHAPTER II.

JOURNEY TO GREAT BLUE-EARTH RIVER.

"An agreeable companion upon the road is as good as a coach."

"Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit,
A Dei plura feret."

HORACE.

"They that do much themselves deny,
Receive more blessings from the sky."

CREECH.

May 16.

I SAW an Indian working with great vigor, skinning and cutting up for food an emigrant's ox that had died during the previous night. He cut away large pieces, and put them upon the shoulders of his squaw, who carried them to their wigwam for the purpose of jerking them. It was a most loathsome and disgusting mass of blood and disease. But the face of old Copper-skin was lighted up in a manner that showed that he felt he had quite a wind-fall. We saw many Indians here, several of whom came into our camp apparently with the design of begging or stealing, as might under the circumstances be deemed most expedient and most likely to be successful. They were a miserable and degraded looking people, belonging, I believe, to the Cow or Kansas tribe, for they are known by both names. I know not that they differed from other Indians I had seen, in the contour of their faces and in their general appearance, except that they seemed to be poorer.

Up to this point we seemed not to have fairly and fully set out upon our journey. This was not exactly the place of rendezvous, but rather the end of the rendezvous—the last place of waiting for emigrants to come up. Our arrangements were therefore made for a final departure. The tents were hastily taken up, and the cooking utensils packed. The men hurried to and fro, gathering their oxen together, and yoking them to their wagons. The sound of the ox-rings working in the staples, the jingling of the chains, and the confused voices, sometimes raised into a key denoting a little impatience, presented to my eyes and ears a scene which to me was both novel and agreeable. My ox-drivers yoked my team, and soon we were ready to move. The women put on their bonnets, and the children were hastily lifted into the wagons. In a short time the teams began to move on, and soon there was a long line of slowly-moving white-covered wagons, drawn by large fat oxen, driven by men who walked at their side and ever and anon cracked their whips, and then their jokes, as though there was music in the sound of one, and fun in the perpetration of the other. We were now *en route*, some for Oregon and some for California.

All were filled with high hopes and expectations for the future, and all were animated in their conversation. The most of them were obliging in their conduct, and polite in their manners and deportment. Many who had large families of children were removing to Oregon with the hope of finding a more salubrious climate than the one they had left, and of obtaining from the government of the United States a grant of land which would enable them to maintain their families in an honorable independence. Some had become involved in pecuniary embarrassments, and having sold their property to pay their creditors, could not consent to remain where they must necessarily see their former pleasant homes in the hands of others; and they had resolved upon making an effort to retrieve their fallen fortunes in Oregon, where they flattered themselves that if they accomplished no more, they would at least avoid a position in which the wealth and splendid equipages of others would upbraid them for their poverty. Others had, during a long time, their yearly acquisitions taken from them by eager creditors, who had thus crippled their resources, depressed their energies, and deprived them of all hope either of paying their debts or of being able to educate their children. They hoped that by emigrating to Oregon they would for a few years escape harassing observation, and thus be able to accumulate the means of meeting all their engagements. Many were in pursuit of health. Some were actuated by a mere love of change; many more by a spirit of enterprise and adventure; and a few, I believe, knew not exactly why they were thus upon the road. The motives which thus brought this multitude together were, in fact, almost as various as their features. They agreed in the one general object—that of bettering their condition; but the particular means by which each proposed to attain this end, were as various as can well be imagined. These remarks apply with equal force to the California emigrants, with the exception that some of them expected to obtain grants of land in that country from the government of Mexico.

Nor were the people less different in their general appearance, manners, education, and principles. The majority were plain, honest, substantial, intelligent, enterprising, and virtuous. They were indeed much superior to those who usually settle a new country. They were, for the most part, estimable persons, the loss of whose society was felt and regretted by those they left behind.

We traveled on this day twelve miles, over an ascending limestone prairie, of a deep, rich, black soil. It was somewhat broken with hills, and was covered with a fine coat of fresh green grass. Small groves of timber, representing parks, pleasure grounds, and the avenues of princely estates, appeared in the distance. The day was clear, dry, and warm; and the road a good one, except about a mile immediately after leaving our camp in the morning. We saw few birds or beasts during the day after leaving the woodland in which we encamped. In the evening I attached myself to that division of the main body under the command of Capt. Jacobs, a young man of worth and character from Louisville.

Some of our party having, a short time before we encamped, seen a small company of Indians encamped in a valley upon our right, went to them, where they found Hachingo, a Kansas chief, together with two warriors and their squaws and children. They were encamped under smoke-colored skins, raised about two feet from the ground. The chief had a rifle, the use of which he seemed not to understand very well. His face was painted red, and his hair shorn, leaving a small scalp-lock upon the top. He wore suspended about his neck a medal of Jefferson. The chief was about fifty years of age, and rather good looking. The squaws, and children, were filthy and miserable looking beings.

During the day, a man belonging to one of the advance companies overtook us, bringing with him the Missouri Republican, containing an account of the defeat and capture of Capt. Thornton and his company of dragoons.—(Mercury at sunrise, 69°; sunset, 72°. —Calm.)

May 16.—*Sabbath.*—We rose early—the morning was bright and beautiful; the silence unbroken by aught save the peculiar soughing noise—for note it can scarcely be called—of the grouse. Although the dawn was calm and peaceful, and seemed to invite to heavenly musings and holy contemplations; yet soon the ear was saluted with confused sounds of the lowing of cattle, the neighing of horses, the braying of mules and asses, the tinkling of bells, the tramping of busy feet hurrying to and fro; the clatter of cooking utensils, the frying of meat, the exchange of morning salutations, etc.

We believed that we ought not to travel upon the Sabbath, and desired to remain in camp; but the company having no scruples of the kind, determined otherwise. We were therefore compelled to choose between this and traveling alone through an Indian country, where no opportunity to steal is permitted to pass unimproved, by the predatory tribes that lurk about for spoil. Mrs. Thornton hastened our preparations for breakfast, a portion of which she put aside for an Indian and his papoose, and we sat down to our morning meal with hearts of thankfulness and gratitude to God for his abundant mercies. This being over, Mrs. Thornton and myself, went forward on foot in advance of the company, for the purpose of spending the day in as much retirement as possible, and of enjoying in some measure the sacredness and beauty of the hallowed hour.

Instead of lessening in its influence upon our minds, Christianity seemed to acquire in our estimation, remote as we were from the sacred temples, and the sound of the church-going bell, a new importance and value. We certainly knew before that it was suited to the necessities and emergencies of fallen man, in all climes and vicissitudes, and adapted to his moral powers in every stage of their development. But this we had not always felt as at present, as a sensible, practical, and, in some sense, tangible fact. Far from losing any of its attractions by so great a change in our condition, it was the very thing, above all others, we needed upon the road, to tranquillize and compose the mind.

The morning was warm, cloudless, and delightful: and seemed to bring with it not merely rest, but sacred rest, the returning moments of which our reviving hearts welcomed and rejoiced in. We endeavored to call off our thoughts, as far as practicable, from every care, and from every external object, except so far as these assisted us to contemplate the power, wisdom, and goodness of God.

The day being very warm, the cattle suffered greatly from fatigue, and one that was very fat became greatly heated, and died.—(Mercury at sunrise, 68°; sunset, 78°.—Wind, southwest.)

We traveled twenty-five miles, and encamped an hour before sunset upon a low prairie, near a creek, skirted with a very handsome growth of timber, within four miles of the Kansas river, in the vicinity of an Indian village. At this place, we were informed that the main body of the Oregon emigrants had crossed the Kansas, on the Friday previous. Many Indians, dressed in all their savage finery, infested our camp, begging for "hog," by which they meant bacon.

The country over which we passed during the day, was a beautiful, rolling, fertile, limestone prairie, covered with a rich and luxuriant coat of grass; in some places rising almost into hills. A few small oaks and tall quivering asps, were seen near at hand in ravines. In the distance larger groves were seen skirting the horizon.

May 17.—Mr. Jacobs, who had been appointed sub-captain, Mr. Kirquendall, our quarter-master, and the pilot, were sent on the morning of this day to a mission about ten miles up the Kansas, for the purpose of ascertaining if the stream was fordable at that place. Our excellent and worthy leader, Col. Russell, rode to the ferry, five miles distant, for the purpose of obtaining a ferry-boat, if this should be found to be necessary.

In the mean time, we resumed our journey at about 7 o'clock, A.M., and having crossed the creek, which wound along among elm, oak, and walnut trees, proceeded on four miles, when we arrived at the Kansas river, where we deemed it imprudent, in consequence of a threatened rain, to delay crossing until the return of Mr. Jacobs. We were detained a long time, in consequence of the tedious process of taking over so many wagons in a small ferry boat. Col. Russel was very active and efficient.

The labor was commenced at one o'clock. The wagons were drawn by the teams as near to the boat as possible, when the oxen were taken away, and the wagons with their loads were then lifted and pushed into the boat. With great effort and toil the thirty-five wagons of which our train now consisted, got over by 6 o'clock, P.M. Our company had been diminished about four miles back, by Mr. Dunleavy, with a large company of wagons, having remained behind, in consequence of being dissatisfied with the organization of the company.

Near the ferry was a small cabin, the first one we had seen since we left the settlements of Missouri. It was occupied by a Frenchman who kept the ferry. His wife was a Kansas sqaw, who seemed to possess far more intelligence than most Indian women. She had been taught to read a little at a Methodist mission; but the knowledge which she there acquired, she had for the most part forgotten. I had procured a great many tracts from the American Tract Society, for the purpose of distributing along the way, among the emigrants, and in Oregon. Mrs. Thornton gave some of these to the woman, to be read by her husband, which were received with apparent satisfaction.

We saw many Indians here, some of whom were dressed in savage finery and gewgaws; but the most of them appeared to be very poor, filthy, and covered with vermin.

The wagons, teams, and loose stock, having all been taken over, we proceeded through a beautiful woodland of oak, ash, walnut, sycamore, quivering asp, hazle, grape vines, and a variety of under-growth, which skirts both sides of the Kansas river, about half a mile on either side. Passing thence three miles and a half through a level and rich prairie, well covered with nutritious grass, we encamped for the night on the bank of a small creek, a tributary of the Kansas, having traveled eight miles during the day. Mr. Webb, editor of the "Independence Expositor," and a Mr. Hay, arrived in camp a little after dark, having come direct from the settlements to communicate to us the last intelligence we should receive before arriving at the Pacific. The letters and papers brought by them, gave us positive information of the commencement of regular hostilities, and of the perilous position of the noble and gallant Taylor. But I did not doubt that the resources of his great mind and his unsurpassed military skill, would enable him to extricate himself in a manner that would be honorable to the American arms, and add additional luster to a name already greatly endeared to his admiring countrymen; and an opinion was expressed that he was destined to become more distinguished, and would yet be elected by a grateful people to occupy an office, sublime in its elevation; and that in this, too, he would give to the world proof of his being equal to any emergency.

May 19.—An event occurred, which ought to be chronicled in due form in our journal of adventures. At 10 o'clock on the previous night, Mrs. Hall became the mother of twin boys. Dr. Rupert, the attending physician, gave his own name to one of them, and the name of our worthy leader, Col. Wm. H. Russell, was given to the other. While we moved forward to a new encampment, Mrs. Hall and her husband, and a few friends remained behind to "hunt cattle," alleged to have strayed. Eleven wagons, belonging to James F. Reed, George Donner, Jacob Donner, and Mr.

Hall, the latter containing the little fellows, came up to us where we had remained in camp on account of these interesting young strangers.

A new census of our company was taken during the day, which resulted in showing that we had:—Fighting men, 98; women, 50; wagons, 46; cattle, 350.—(Mercury at sunrise, 70°; sunset, 70°.—Calm.)

We found many very fine strawberries in the vicinity of our camp. The croaking of the frogs along the reedy margin of the stream and about the borders of the lowlands, was to me, I must confess again, most pleasant, and produced within me far more agreeable sensations than most performances on the piano would, under other circumstances, have been likely to awaken. This will probably not be comprehended by any one who has not been similarly situated. To me every thing in nature, in the wilderness, was musical, if it had a voice at all. The chirp of the cricket, and the voice of the whip-poor-will at night, produced sensations of pleasure that were inexpressible. The sound fell upon my ear as I reposed upon my rude bed at night, and it ran along every nerve of my body, reaching even to my fingers' ends, like the vibrations of a harp string. The stream on which we were encamped, is called Soldier Creek, from the circumstance that several years before the time of our encamping there, a party of Indian traders and trappers had smuggled into the country a quantity of whisky. They were pursued by a company of U. S. dragoons, who overtook them at the place we were then at, and knocked in the heads of the barrels.

At an early hour after breakfast, the bank of a small rivulet near our camp was lined with fires, kettles, washtubs, and almost any amount of unwashed linen. The timber on the creek consisted of oak, linden, and some maple, of great size, growing in a soil of rich, argillaceous loam, like that of the Kansas, and capable of producing in great abundance, all the crops common to the latitude. A very coarse species of grass grew in rich luxuriance.—(Mercury at sunrise, 62°; sunset, 75°.—Wind, northeast.)

May 20.—Dr. Rupert left us on the morning of this day, to return to Independence. He had accompanied thus far a brother, a consumptive invalid, who was attempting to make the journey to California, with the hope of being improved in his health. We traveled eight miles during the day, over a most beautiful rolling prairie, having a rich vegetable loam soil, and skirted in the distance with fine groves of thrifty looking timber. We passed about mid-day a deserted Indian village, situated on our left, about a quarter of a mile from the usual traveled way. The huts were constructed of the bark of trees, secured to upright poles, with cross timbers running up like the rafters of a house. Externally these habitations were very like some of the low-roofed cabins occasionally seen on the borders of the settlements in our Western States. The site was in the immediate vicinity of a rich open woodland, and was a quiet green prairie. By parting the grass with the hand, many rich strawberries were found, which had grown to maturity and had ripened in the shade.

The scenery of the country through which we passed during the day was in a high degree interesting and delightful, and more than compensated us for the fatigue of travel; and it seemed to give us a most delicious foretaste of the satisfaction we expected to enjoy in the subsequent portion of our journey, in which we anticipated seeing the grandeur of nature in all her wildest and most imposing aspects.

The timid deer, startled by the noise of approaching feet, rose in haste from a covert in the grass, or from behind a little cluster of willows, and bounded across the prairie to a more secure retreat in remote valleys. Green hills stretched away in the distance, some of them being crowned with forests of primeval vastness and magnificence, while others were clothed in velvet of the richest green. The little groves of timber scattered about over the plain, were not wholly unlike clusters of islands that dot a waveless sea. The green hills of the Kansas lifted their heads on our left; and the river, more beautiful for being seen far away, stealthily flowed along at their base in its smooth and unresisted course, irrigating and fertilizing the verdant and luxuriant meadows below.

The occasional refreshing showers that fell, while all was serene and cloudless above, suggested ideas of the most pleasing nature, and produced the most delightful sensations. There appeared to be over and about the whole scenery a charm which operated with the fascination of magic; and although Mrs. Thornton is an ardent lover of nature, I had never seen her so enthusiastic. Indeed, every external object, and every element between the verdant earth below and the blue sky above, ministered delight to some one of the senses.

About noon, the heavens were suddenly overcast with clouds, and heavy rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning, continued to descend upon us, until three o'clock, when we encamped on a high prairie, distant about one mile from wood and water. The night at length came on, its solitude being disturbed by the rushing of the wind, the hooting of owls, and the howls and the sharp snarling barking of wolves.—(Mercury, at sunrise, 71°; sunset, 74°.—Wind, northeast, and very fresh.)

May 21.—We continued our journey seven miles to a creek, the banks of which were so steep as to make it necessary to let down the wagons by means of ropes into the stream, when teams were doubled for the purpose of drawing them up the opposite bank. The process was difficult and tedious, but was at length accomplished. We encamped about an hour and a half before sunset, in a bend of the stream, about a mile from where we crossed, upon an open prairie, similar to the one over which we passed on the day before.—In the forenoon we saw several large rocks of sandstone.

The early part of the day had been clear and warm, but about 12 o'clock the clouds began to gather and lower in the west. In a short time, peals of thunder were heard in the distance, the intervals between them gradually diminishing, and the sound as gradually becoming louder. The clouds continued to roll toward the zenith, with green edges, but dark and murky in the main body, and to sweep upward like a vast body of smoke ascending from a smoldering volcano. In a brief period the sun was obscured. A green haziness began to fill the atmosphere and the whole distance between the moving clouds and the earth, and to throw a sort of dull green disastrous twilight upon all below. The lightning, followed by sharp peals of thunder, was observed at length to leap from cloud to cloud, like the advance columns of approaching armies engaging in a sharp conflict. A murmuring sound of a somewhat extraordinary nature was heard in the west, which became each moment more distinct, as of marshaling hosts rapidly preparing for dreadful conflict. In a very few minutes, a blasting flash of lightning, and a deafening crash of thunder, seemed to give the signal for a general and terrible engagement. The wind blew a tremendous blast, which laid the weeds and grass prostrate to the earth, and immediately the air was filled with flying leaves and twigs, swept before the advancing tempest. The winds passed on, and heaven's artillery seemed at once to open from every cloud, and immediately the earth was deluged with torrents of rain. Flash followed flash in rapid succession, casting a lurid glare upon every object; and thunder warred upon thunder, in a manner that awed every faculty, and hushed every emotion and feeling but that of the sublime. The clouds rolled forward their dark and green masses, and at length passed far away to the east—the thunders becoming less and less distinct, until they were only heard in low, rumbling sounds, although the lightning at intervals was seen running along the clouds. The declining sun at length appeared, and a most beautiful rainbow was hung out by it, as a signal that the elemental strife was over and that nature was again at peace. The landscape assumed its wonted appearance of tranquillity, in no respect changed, except that it looked more fresh and beautiful. Columns of mist began to ascend in the distance from the earth, like the incense of the grateful heart going up to heaven for God's providential care and goodness. The sun then sank to rest, and night, with her curtain adorned with gems, shut out the day, and the weary emigrant, and his not less weary cattle, sought repose during the night.

Mr. Alphonso Boone, a grandson of the celebrated Daniel Boone, and a brother-in-law of Ex-Governor Boggs, came up with us in the afternoon. After the first ordinary camp duties were over, the men amused themselves by target-shooting, with the rifle. Mr. Brown, of Kentucky, claimed the best shots. At night the cattle were driven into the *kraal*, to prevent the Indians from stealing them.—(Mercury, at sunrise, 65°; sunset, 80°.)

May 22.—This morning thirteen wagons, near half of which belonged to Mr. Gordon, of Jackson county, Mo., separated from our party, assigning as a reason for so doing, that the company was too large to move with the necessary celerity. A restlessness of disposition, and dissatisfaction, produced by trifling causes, and a wish to rule rather than be ruled, to lead rather than be led, are the sources of frequent divisions and subdivisions of companies.

We resumed our journey, and traveled seventeen miles over ascending and broken prairies of great beauty and fertility. We saw many flowers, some of which resembled the tulip, others pea-blossoms, and others lady-slippers. The latter were divided into two equal parts by a membraneous partition. We saw many Kansas Indians during the day, some of whom continued riding along with us.

Under this date, I find the following, among other remarks, in Mrs. Thornton's journal: "I saw many Indians, one of whom offered all his money to Mr. Thornton for his squaw's parasol; designating the parasol by pointing to it. Squaw did not think proper to part with it." In a subsequent part of our journey, however, a savage, who calls himself a white man, took "squaw's parasol" in the cañon of the Umpqua mountain, without offering all his money, or, indeed, any money.

The Indians seen during the day appeared to be very poor. They were great beggars, and most of the families in camp gave them more or less food. Some of them had a little money, which they offered for "hog." We hired Ki-he-ga-wa-chuck-ee, the chief, to restrain his people from stealing. One would feel a little awkward, however, in approaching a white savage, and asking him how much he would take not to steal. Imagine the anxious and suspicious owner higgling with the white thief about the price.

"Come, now, tell me how much you will charge not to steal my clothing."

"Well, I reckon, about one dozen shirts, one dozen pair of pantaloons, a dozen pair of drawers, and a dozen pairs of socks, would be about as little as I could well afford to take."

We saw at our evening encampment, an Indian wearing a British scarlet uniform. "A little girl," says Mrs. Thornton's journal, "had on a scarlet blanket with two shades of pink ribbon sewed on it, leaving a little of the blanket to appear between the stripes. The edges of the blanket were ornamented with green ribbon. It looked very well.—I have been laboring very hard, but still enjoy the journey very much. Its very novelty is exciting. Nature, too, presents so much that pleases the eye by its beauty, or that touches the heart by its wonderful adaptation to the wants of man, and ministers to the happiness of the creatures of God's providential care and goodness. Text for meditation, Heb. iii. 17, 18."

The day was clear, dry, and moderately warm; the country showing very few trees, and these were oaks of small growth and very much scattered. The hills were covered with a short, green grass, while that in the valleys along the streams was tall and thick. We saw but one bird, a sparrow.—(Mercury at sunrise, 69°; sunset, 78°.)

May 23.—The Indians came into our camp at a very early hour, begging with great importunity. To Ki-he-ga-wa-chuck-ee and his beauteous spouse we gave, by general contribution, a considerable quantity of flour, bacon, etc., as the price which we had promised if he would not steal. We broke up our encampment at about 8 o'clock, A.M., and traveled fourteen miles over a beautiful, rolling country, having a deep and rich vegetable soil, and adorned with several very pretty, but small skirts of oak timber. Two Indian chiefs accompanied us during the day. The ford of the creek, which we crossed immediately after commencing our day's march, was difficult to pass, in consequence of its steep banks and muddy channel. We were obliged to cut down trees, and to fill up the passage with logs and brush. Our way during the day led through a very fertile and beautiful valley, bounded on the east by a chain of oval-shaped prairie elevations, and on the west and in front by fine groves of timber. The country appeared to be in a very high degree adapted to agriculture and grazing. Granite, flint, and sandstone, were seen in boulders.

The Indians in this region procure for food considerable quantities of a farinaceous prairie root, having a flavor more agreeable than that of the potato.

In the afternoon we met, near a pond of water, four Rocky Mountain trappers, who were returning to the settlements in company with a number of Indians of the Delaware tribe. Their costume was unique. From the saddle of one of them was suspended a raccoon, a turkey, and several squirrels. They informed us, that on the Nebraska, some two or three hundred miles in advance, we should see immense herds of bison; when we might literally live on the "fat of the land."—(Mercury at sunrise, 69°; sunset, 78°.)

May 24, *Sabbath.*—No rest for man or beast. We traveled eighteen miles over a country very much broken; the streams being numerous, and the water and grass both good and abundant. The day was clear and warm. Two of the cattle died from heat. The roads were dusty, and the winds very high. The first five or six miles of our way, led us over a beautiful rolling prairie, adorned with a few small groves of trees. We then crossed a clear and rapid stream, affording fine water-power for mills, and flowing over a smooth, gravelly bed. A spring of delicious cold water gushed from a ledge of limestone rock. The banks supported a thrifty growth of oak, elm, and linden trees, and the rich and gently undulating bottom was covered with luxuriant vegetation.

Upon ascending from the low land of the stream, a long line of green mound-shaped knolls stretched far away on either hand; from the tops of which we had a fine view of the undulating country over which we had passed.

After passing over these elevations a few miles, we found on the right of the emigrant road another spring of cool water. On the way to this point I observed a great variety of flowers, including the tulip, sweet briar, honeysuckle, and the wild rose. The timber in the country over which we passed, was nearly all found in the ravines and along water courses.

We encamped in a hollow near a spring of cold water, and in the immediate vicinity of three elm trees, which constituted the only wood near us. A dead and prostrate elm was hauled some distance to our camp, and divided among the various messes. Several persons were quite unwell.—(Mercury at sunrise, 72°; sunset, 75°.—Wind, northeast, strong.)

May 25.—We traveled until about the middle of the afternoon; but scarcely had we got our tents spread, when a tremendous storm of wind and rain came up, accompanied by vivid lightning and almost deafening thunder. The rain poured in torrents down the hill sides, and tumbled tumultuously into the streams below. The clouds at length passed away, the bright sun shone out again, and a remarkably beautiful rainbow appeared to complete a scene of unsurpassed loveliness.

After the storm had passed away, and the waters had left the hill side hard, and comparatively dry, I strolled along the road to enjoy the scene, when I came up with little Patty and her brother, children of one of our company. She was busied in calling the attention of little Tom to a variety of objects that seemed to please and delight him. At the moment I came up they were admiring a large butterfly, which, like us, had ventured out after the storm.

"You are a dear, sweet little girl," I said to Patty, as I approached them, and tenderly put my hand upon her cheek.

"Yes, and Tommy here is a dear, sweet little boy; so he is, isn't he? He is my dear little brother," she continued, affectionately, as she threw her arms around his neck and drew him nearer to her.

"Oh! you, Patty, you, do quit," said Tom, somewhat fretfully and impatiently, as he stumbled; "you almost threw me down. You are always a-huggin' me, so you are."

"May God bless the little girl," I exclaimed, "and bless both the children," I continued, as I remembered that in the greater interest which Patty's unselfishness had caused me to feel for her, I had for the moment lost sight of the boy.

What a simple yet touching instance was this of sisterly regard, and the absence of selfishness; and how eminently beautiful will be the piety of that interesting child, if in after years her heart should be given to the Saviour in a consecration of her life to his service. The words of the other, and the manner in which they were uttered, show the speaker to be a boy. He is a rough, boisterous little fellow, who loves Patty very much, but himself more. He evidently has no sort of objection to the affectionate caresses of his sister, but he does not like to be made to stub his toes. Patty's heart is so warm with love, and is so brimful of joy, that she does not stop to debate the question as to whether her brother may not possibly stumble a little; nor does she delay, until she has cleared the ground for her loving demonstration, and then bid him have a care to his feet, since she is about to be upon his neck. Tommy has not yet learned, in the language of one of the mottoes at the head of this chapter, that

> "They that do much themselves deny,
> Receive more blessings from the sky."

Nor, indeed, has Patty. She has never made a nice calculation of how much she would receive in return for her love; and yet, if we may believe Tommy, she was "always a-huggin'" him, because "he is a dear, sweet little boy; so he is, isn't he?"

Whoever rightly considers the subject will, I believe, come to regard selfishness as the source of all the moral evils with which humanity afflicts itself. As little doubt can be entertained, that the present peace and future happiness of man is increased in proportion to the extent to which he becomes unselfish, by means of the power of the Christian religion, chastening and subduing this natural propensity. The unselfish man, considered only as an inhabitant of this world, and not as a probationer for another, greatly adds, by means of his noble, generous, self-sacrificing, self-denying spirit, to the sum of his own enjoyments. Reason having moderated his wishes, and expectation doubled every present good, his heart is neither gangrened with envy nor corroded with care. The elements all minister to his happiness; and those blessings which are usually regarded as coming round in the regular operation of the laws of nature, are to him new and valued acquisitions, for which his heart devoutly glows with gratitude, love, and thankfulness to the Supreme Giver of every perfect gift. The blessings of Providence and the blessings of grace, are regarded by him as descending from the same source, and he would as soon think of drawing to himself the sum of the one as of the other.—(Mercury at sunrise, 71°; sunset, 73°.—Wind, east.)

May 26.—Resuming our journey about 8 o'clock, A.M., we traveled twelve miles over an ascending but very broken prairie, and encamped, at 2 o'clock, P.M., on the left bank of Great Blue-Earth river, after a fatiguing drive over roads rendered muddy by the rain of the previous afternoon, which had also so much swollen the stream as to make it doubtful when we would be able to cross. A large quantity of drift-wood was floating on its surface.

We saw the sensitive plant and Angelica in several places during the day. The timber at the place of our encampment consists of large sound trees of oak, walnut, cotton-wood, beach, and sycamore, constituting a most beautiful forest about one mile in width, spread out upon a very fertile alluvial bottom. Immediately above the ford, a small branch, supplied by numerous springs, empties into the main river, which there runs nearly from the south to the north. A small military post ought to be established at this point immediately.

The soil of the country over which we passed during the day was a rich, black, vegetable loam, tolerably well covered with grass. The hills in the distance presented the remarkable appearance of having had their tops reduced by art to a common horizontal line; each system of hills, however, if I may be permitted so to speak, had its own peculiar line, which, although broken by valleys coming down to the plain, lay stretched in fragments, showing that no hills of that chain rose above it, but that all rose to it. Mrs. Thornton remarks in her journal: "I think I never enjoyed life more fully than during this day. Nature rejoices in its freshness. Perhaps my happiness would be too great had I time to run about and drink in its beauties, and gaze upon the tops of the high green hills, which seem to be almost vocal with hymns of thanksgiving and hallelujahs of praise. Of this place and the surrounding scenery, it might with great truthfulness have been said:

'Unusual sweetness purer joys inspires.'"

The day had not only been delightful, but no disagreeable incident had occurred to mar the harmony and disturb the peace of the party.

In the evening, Ex-Governor Boggs, Mr. J. F. Reed, Mr. George Donner, and some others, including myself, convened in a tent, according to an appointment of a general meeting of the emigrants, with the design of preparing a system of laws for the purpose of preserving order, etc. We proposed a few laws, without, however, believing that they would possess much authority. Provision was made for the appointment of a court of arbitrators, to hear and decide disputes, and to try offenders against the peace and good order of the company.—(Mercury at sunrise 69°; sunset, 78°.)

CHAPTER III.

THE BLUE-EARTH RIVER ENCAMPMENT.

"Nil ego pretulerim jucundò sanus amico."
Hor. *Sat.*

"Nothing so grateful as a pleasant friend."

"For God the whole created mass inspires;
Through heaven, and earth, and ocean depths he throws
His influence round, and kindles as he goes."
Dryden.

May 27.

THUNDER storms seem to be frequent in the region of country in which we were encamped at this date. We had a most tremendous one on the previous night. The clouds gathered in threatening and ominous blackness, rising to almost twenty-five degrees above the horizon, where they continued for some time in a very singular and disturbed state; the forked lightning leaping angrily and fiercely from cloud to cloud, the thunder bellowing in the distance. The angry and vengeful masses at length rolled rapidly up, and the storm rose to an unexpected height. In an instant, the swollen clouds seemed to burst, and pour a deluge of rain, with which the hill-sides and the plain were almost immediately flooded. Cataracts of fire fell upon the earth in lurid sheets, or ran along the ground in every direction, and with a light so intense as to threaten to blast the sight. Heaven's awful thunderbolts flashed along the ground or among the trees, rendering every object for a moment perfectly visible, and were then extinguished in more than midnight darkness.

I was standing guard from eleven to twelve at night, during which time the storm spent its fury. The lightning sometimes, as I almost fancied, ran down my gun barrel, quivered at my feet, and then went out in hissing and darkness. The atmosphere was filled with a sulphureous stench. The heavens were sometimes one vast sheet of flame, the earth itself seemed to tremble beneath the tremendous voice of the thunder, that every moment increased, until it seemed to be loud enough to rouse the dead. It pealed, crackled, crashed, and bellowed in deafening sounds, that rolled in tumultuous eddies, and awed and hushed the very soul. For myself, I might have feared and trembled, as did the earth; but I did not think of it. Indeed, I altogether forgot to be afraid, for while the lightning was flashing around and above me, and the thunder rolling along the angry sky, or breaking in the most deafening peals upon my ears, producing the stunning effect of the almost simultaneous discharge of a thousand pieces of artillery, a sort of inspiration seemed to seize upon every faculty of my soul, and I exulted in the view of nature in her most terrible majesty. A mighty spirit stirred within me, and I stood wrapped and amazed in contemplation of the splendid and sublime phenomenon—in beholding which I enjoyed emotions which were as irresistible as they will be impossible ever to be forgotten.

Ere long the rain began to abate its violence, and the retreating clouds gradually passed over. The muttering of the thunder became less and less distinct, and finally it died away in low sullen growls, far off to the southern horizon.

To present an accurate picture of the passing scene is as impossible as to paint the rainbow, or to throw upon canvas the inimitable hues of a magnificent and gorgeous sunset, as seen from the valleys of the West, or, in yet greater beauty, from the mountains of what will ultimately be known as the Pacific States. I can not, therefore, believe for a moment that I have imparted to the reader those emotions and feelings wrought in my own breast.

The sergeant of the guard at length came round, and I was relieved from my post. Mrs. Thornton, who feels in an eminent degree strong emotions, when surveying aught in nature of terror or vastness, had been lying awake in our wagon, and enjoying a scene which, from being at first beautiful, had become too terrible to be aught but sublime. In her journal, she says: "The scene was sublime, and I could not but rejoice that I was here to witness it."

After the excitement occasioned by the scene had in some degree subsided, a sense of my own infinite nothingness and unworthiness possessed me. When I considered the Deity as careering upon the storm, and riding upon the wings of the wind, while the terrible lightnings seemed to struggle, that they might escape from his hand, and descend upon a guilty world, I was tempted to think, for the moment, that I was too insignificant, as compared with the immense objects that concern the Deity, and engage his attention, to receive any portion of his observant regard. Considering the subject, under the influence of emotions excited by such apprehensions, the language of David occurred to me:

"What is man that thou art mindful of him; and the son of man that thou visitest him?"

The morning dawned clear, cloudless, and peaceful, and the returning light showed no traces of the previous night's storm and tempest, except that nature seemed to have put on a robe more fresh and green, and to have assumed an aspect more smiling and lovely than ever, as she turned aside the curtains of darkness, and showed her pleasant face, covered with new charms, and glowing with radiant beauties. The green woods near which we were encamped were again vocal with happy choristers, whose ascending songs of joyful thanksgiving charmed the air; and whose gay plumage inspired a like delight. The wood-thrush, a hermit of the thick tangled forest, poured forth its wild, sweet notes, from the border of the stream, overshadowed by the dense foliage of boughs, so thick and dark, that the rays of the summer's sun seldom penetrated there. It appeared to exert its musical powers to the very utmost, and its song swelled up, as if to make its way to heaven through the thick overhanging leaves, and from a heart more than brimful of gladness. I listened to it with the most pleasurable sensations, and I must have been either more or less than human, not to have felt my mind tranquillized by its music, and my heart inspired with hope, and, at the same time, filled with gratitude to the great Creator who made the wood-thrush, and taught it to sing so delightfully upon my journey.

The gladdening rays of the sun soon dissipated the little vapor that in a few places slowly and dreamily floated along the surface of the ground, as the bright orb of day fully appeared above the line of hills and the tops of the trees. A genial warmth filled the atmosphere, and the vernal breeze burdened and almost oppressed with the scent of flowers, slightly stirred the boughs and foliage, where sat a mocking-bird and his mate. He appeared to imitate every other bird of the wood with a brilliancy of execution the most surprising, since it not only equaled, but even excelled the notes of a thousand rivals, caroling their several tunes in a forest which, although far from being the most magnificent I have seen, yet excited admiration from the circumstance, in addition to its own merit, that the country was generally naked. Rich and mellow songs were poured forth from the little throat of the bird, with a wonderful and unequaled compass and modulation. He seemed to have an increased sense of pleasurable existence, and I could almost have persuaded myself that I saw his heart swelling with delight, and his eyes sparkling with pleasure, as he sang with all his might:

> "Brignal banks are fresh and fair,
> And Greta woods are green."

The humming-bird, likewise, was not wanting to give increased interest to the scene. Although he could not contribute any thing to the music of the feathered choir, the richness of his dress, as seen when his beautiful fairy wings were poised in the air, added a new charm to a scene already delightful to look upon. The sprightliness of his manners, also, was cheerful and animating, as he was seen to visit each blooming beauty; from whom, after peeping into her face with sparkling eyes, and on poised pinions, he stole a dewy kiss, and hied away on humming wing to another, with an incredible swiftness and vivacity; sometimes displaying a gorgeous throat, the beauty and brilliancy of which baffles description, changing as it did from a fiery hue to the deepest velvet black; and then again exhibiting the upper part of his little body, so that the color changed, from every shade of green to purple, or deepened into black, or sobered into brown. He seemed not to fear our presence, but flew from flower to flower like the bee gathering honey, and after receiving the nectared tribute upon the end of his delicate tongue, hastened away to gather sweets from the next, while his brilliant plumage glittered in the sun.

To this concert of nature, and, as if to make it perfect, was added the well-known clamor of a flock of wild geese, that flew over, on their way to the plashy ponds and reedy lakes of the north. The peculiar and rough note of the prairie-hen was heard *cooing* along the hill-side, and the noisy frog boomed among the grassy shallows. These were the minor yet delightful parts in this concert of the woods and prairie, which caused me to lift up my heart in delighted thankfulness and gratitude to that beneficent Being who had thus given to nature a voice that echoed the outpourings ot my own full soul.

The enthusiastic lover of nature, who often wanders abroad in the fields and woods in spring and in summer, and opens his breast that the pleasant air may breathe through his very soul, will readily appreciate and understand my feelings; and he will not mistake these emotions, which caused me to feel pleasure in the sounds of the goose, the prairie-hen, and the frog, for those of the Scythian who preferred the neighing of the horse to the song of Timotheus. I can truly adopt the language, and feel the spirit of J. A. LANGFORD:

"If thou art sorrowful and sad,
  And thought no comfort yields;
Go, leave the breathing world,
  And ramble in the fields.
Bless'd nature will have sympathy
Both with thy sufferings and with thee.

'Have friends proved false? doth fortune frown;
  And poverty depress?
Ne'er, ne'er, with unavailing grief,
  Increase thy wretchedness.
Go to the fields, and nature will
With pleasant thoughts thy bosom fill.

"If thou hast seen thy cherished hopes
  Like bubbles burst to air,
Ne'er let thy manly courage sink
  In cowardly despair.
Go, list the lark's ethereal lay,
'Twill soothe thy gloomy thoughts away.

"Go to the fields, and nature woo,
  No matter what thy mood;
The light heart will be lighter made,
  The sorrowful imbued
With joyous thoughts. The simplest flower
Has o'er the soul a magic power."

The rain of the 26th had caused the river to rise several feet, so that it seemed probable we should not be able to cross for some days. A meeting was held about nine o'clock to hear and decide upon the report of the committee. A man named E—, made use of violent language against our leader, Col. Russell, and the sub-captain, Mr. Jacob, a modest and amiable young man. E— had been disappointed in not being elected to the latter post. He finally moved the appointment of a committee to try the officers, when charged with neglect of duty, or improper treatment of any of the party. The motion prevailed, whereupon the officers resigned. A few moments' reflection showed the evil consequences of permitting E— to control in any degree the company. The resolution was rescinded by a large majority, and the former officers re-elected by acclamation.

Mr. Grayson and others had gone out this morning to search for bee-trees. They came back with several bucketsful of honey. The hunters and fishermen returned unsuccessful. Upon the banks of the river were some indications of coal.—(Mercury at sunrise, 64°; at sunset, 64°.)

May 28.—In my admiration of nature on the day previous to this date, I did not forget to unite the *utile* with the *dulce*. My wife seemed too unwell to perform all the labor necessary in the preparation of our breakfast. This was, indeed, too great for her under circumstances of far better health. It was impossible to procure "help." I deemed it, therefore, my duty to say to her that I had no sort of objection to make myself useful as well as ornamental, and expressed the opinion that if she would not scold me for my blunders, I should in time become a very passable cook upon the road to Oregon.

The river having fallen more than fifteen inches during the night, the whole party after breakfast were desired to unite in the construction of large canoes, to be used, when lashed together, as a sort of raft, upon which to take our wagons over the stream. The call was not very generally responded to; nevertheless, a number of persons went. I sent my drivers, Albert and David, while I remained at camp to attend to other matters. Two large cotton-wood trees, about four feet in diameter, were felled, from which two canoes, twenty-five feet in length, were commenced. It was intended to unite them, by means of cross timbers, so as to admit the wheels of the wagon into them; and then to attach lines to both ends of this "Blue River Rover," as it was called, and by pulling backward and forward, convey over all our wagons and goods.

A man belonging to one of the advanced companies, returned to us during the day, in search of some lost cattle. He reported that a child of Josiah Moore, an Oregon emigrant, from Missouri, had died on the day before. In crossing the river to us, he was thrown from his horse, and was for a time in great danger of drowning. We remained in camp during the day.—(Mercury at sunrise, 62°; at sunset, 80°.)

May 29.—Mrs. Keyes, the mother of Mrs. Reed, who had been for some time ill, died on the morning of this day. John Denton, an Englishman from Sheffield, busied himself in preparing a decent slab of stone to put at her head, and in carving upon it a suitable inscription. A humble grave was dug under the spreading boughs of a venerable oak, about sixty or seventy yards from the wayside, and thither her remains were followed by a silent, thoughtful, and solemn company of emigrants, who were thus admonished that they were indeed pilgrims, hastening to a land "from whose bourne no traveler returns." After obtaining permission from Mrs. Reed, I requested the Rev. J. A. Cornwall to preach upon the occasion. He delivered an impressive and eloquent sermon to us, as we sat around the grave, and under the green boughs of the spreading oak. The afflictive event was pointed out to us as one that should impress our minds and hearts with the fact, that it was a matter of the highest importance to us to seek for another and "better country," where there is no sickness or death.

I had no acquaintance with the deceased. She had been, indeed, confined to her bed, when her son-in-law, Mr. Reed, was making his arrangements for the journey. She could not, however, bear the thought of remaining behind. A wagon had been arranged with reference to her comfort. She had been carried to it in her bed, and had there remained until her spirit returned to God who gave it, and her body was laid in its silent grave in the wilderness. I was informed that her departure was peaceful and full of hope. The inscription upon the grave-stone, and upon the tree above it, is as follows: "MRS. SA[illegible] KEYES, DIED MAY 29, 1846: *Aged* 70."

In the evening twilight, I turned aside from the noise and bustle of the camp, and retired to the new-made grave in the wilderness, to commune in spirit with the departed. My mind was naturally filled with reflections upon the evanescent nature of human existence in this world, and the vanity of all sublunary pursuits. I had often witnessed the approach of death; sometimes betraying his advance by the insidious attacks of consumption; and sometimes assailing his victim in a less questionable manner. I had seen the guileless infant, with the light of love and innocence upon its face, gradually fade away, like a beautiful cloud upon the sky melting into the dews of heaven, until vanishing from my sight. I had beheld the strong man, who had made this world all his trust, struggling violently with death, and had heard him exclaim, in agony, "*I will* *not die.*" And yet death relinquished not his tenacious grasp of his victim. The sound of the hammer and the plane have ceased for a moment, the ploughman has paused in the furrow, even the school-boy, with his books and satchel, has stood still, and the very atmosphere has seemed to assume a sort of melancholy tinge, as the tones of the bell have come slowly and solemnly upon the motionless air. At such a moment, I have exclaimed, "He is gone! but O, most merciful God, whither?" And then the very breathings of my thoughts have been hushed, as I paused, while my inmost nature seemed to expect a reply. But death in the wilderness—in the solitude of nature, and far from the busy abodes of men, seemed to have in it a more than usual solemnity.

CHAPTER IV.

THE JOURNEY FROM BLUE-EARTH RIVER TO CHIMNEY-ROCK.

May 30.

WE commenced crossing the river early in the afternoon. But the process being slow and difficult, we did not succeed in taking over more than nine wagons. The canoes which had been constructed were secured to the shore; after which we let the wagons down into them, by means of ropes, to which men held on behind, for the purpose of preventing the wagons from running down too fast.

The day was clear and warm. Many of the emigrants were indisposed, and a few of them I thought were a little ill-disposed. The former was probably caused by our having remained so long in the camp; the latter is perhaps to be referred to some acerbity of temper, which a journey of this sort in no wise sweetens.

May 31.—*Sabbath.*—The wagons having been all carried across, the animals were driven in, and caused to swim the stream. Although it may appear to have been in some sort a desecration of the Sabbath, we had no alternative. Colonel Russell labored hard and efficiently. I was up to my arm-pits in water several times. Many of the men were in like condition. A chilling wind commenced from the northwest about

4 o'clock, P.M.; and soon after dark, heavy masses of clouds rolled up, and the rain descended most copiously. We encamped on a high, rich, open prairie, about one mile from our place of crossing.

Many of the men came up shivering violently. The perpetual vexations and continued hard labor of the day, had kept the nerves of most of the men in a state of great irritability. Two drivers fought near the banks of the river, with fists at first, but with knives at last. They were separated without serious injury to either. Mr. Jacob suffered from a severe indisposition, caused by wet and cold.

I observed many large grape-vines growing upon the bottom. The western margin of the stream was lined with a heavy growth of walnut, oak, elm, poplar, cotton-wood, haw, and dog-wood.—(Mercury at sunrise, 64°; sunset, 44°.—Calm, but rainy.)

June 1.—We resumed our journey at about 8, A.M., and traveled fourteen miles over fine rolling prairie land, well covered with grass, and encamped in the afternoon on low ground, near a creek. The day was clear, but uncomfortably cool, with a raw wind from the northwest. The sudden change of the temperature, and the heavy and drenching rain of the previous night, were very distressing to the women and children, most of whom were very thinly clad, and ill-prepared to resist the effects of such sudden changes. The wind during the whole of the forenoon blew with the coldness of November.

The country over which we passed during the day, presented a landscape of unsurpassed loveliness. Springs of pure cold water gushed from the banks of small streams, or bubbled up in ravines. A few small groves adorned the scene. The soil was very fertile, and covered with a heavy coat of green grass. The country was high and undulating, and had the appearance of being very healthy. The poverty of timber, however, I believe, would, notwithstanding its great natural beauty and fertility, prevent it from becoming a great agricultural and producing country.

We saw some birds at different times, but they were always upon the wing, and too distant to enable me to distinguish of what sort they were. I also saw some white flowers of the poppy family. At 4 o'clock, we arrived at a small tributary to the Blue River, which, after great labor, we crossed. We encamped upon the bottom, on the west side, to avoid ground upon which the cattle of many advanced companies had fed. Near the camp, were the graves of two children, the one with a cross over it, the other with a stone, bearing the simple inscription, "MAY 28, 1846."—(Mercury at sunrise, 46°; sunset, 57°.)

June 2.—Twenty wagons, including mine—all for Oregon, except Mr. Clark's—separated from the California wagons, and proceeded on in advance. The day was cool, and the way in many places very bad for short distances, being crossed by swails, the mud in which was so deep as to make it necessary to double teams. We traveled fifteen miles; and encamped about sundown upon a prairie, where we could not obtain wood for culinary purposes, nor any water, except from a shallow pond. We saw birds frequently during the day, but they were distant, and seemed shy, as though they had a knowledge of men. We also saw two Shawnee Indians (one of whom spoke English) on their way to Westport. To one of them Mrs.

Thornton gave a letter, to be left at the Post-office of that place, for Mrs. Browning, of Quincy, Illinois. Our road during the day led us over a smooth inclined plain, which was wet and marshy in some places.—(Mercury at sunrise, 48°; sunset, 61°.—Wind northwest.)

June 3.—We set off at 7 o'clock, and fears being entertained that the California company was making an effort to come up to us, and pass, we drove rapidly during the day, over a prairie which was generally level, and in some places muddy. We traveled twenty miles. The day was cool compared with the weather usual at this period in Illinois. The grass was very low and thin, the timber small and scrubby oaks, some of which were just beginning to bud, while others were as naked as in January. Birds and antelopes were seen during the day.—(Mercury at sunrise, 54°; sunset, 54°.—Wind, northeast.)

June 4.—Resumed our journey at 7 o'clock, and traveled twenty miles over an ascending prairie, occasionally dotted with one or more small trees, indicating the localities of springs. These prairies, I believed, would look very beautiful about July first. Day cool: vegetation about six weeks later than at Quincy.—(Mercury at sunrise, 48°; sunset, 55°.—Wind, northwest.)

June 5.—Our journey was again continued at 7 o'clock. The weather was very cool, and the air damp. We saw many wild roses along the way. We crossed the dry gravelly bed of several small watercourses, which in the winter and spring flow into the Kansas. I observed one or two species of *cacti.* I also observed a beautiful five-leaved flower of a crimson color, and growing upon a small vine. Its shape was that of the holly-hock, but it was more beautiful and brilliant.—(Mercury at sunrise, 44°; sunset, 50°. —Wind, northwest.)

June 6.—Traveled all day, toward the Blue-Earth River, which was frequently in sight. The face of the country began to improve. The day was cool and clear; the country an open rolling prairie, with a rich soil, having a light coat of grass, and interspersed with small groups of oak-trees. We saw some of our former traveling companions, among whom were Messrs. Russell, West, and Kirquendall.—(Mercury at sunrise, 54°; at sunset, 62°.—Wind, west.)

June 7.—*Sabbath.*—The company having determined to travel, we were obliged, with reluctance, again to submit, or else remain behind, and receive a visit, not exactly of ceremony, from Pawnee Indians, who, we had reason to believe, were "particularly thick" just about that place. These people infested the country, stealing horses and cattle from the emigrants, when not in sufficient force to attack them openly. After filling our kegs with water, and taking in a supply of wood, we left Little Blue-Earth about 10 o'clock, at a place where the Oregon road leaves that stream; and after traveling over a level prairie ridge, where were few plants except thistles, we encamped before sunset on a high piece of prairie, descending toward the west, where we could obtain neither wood nor water, except what we had brought. Our road had for some time led up, and generally along the Little Blue, which runs in a southeast direction. The water of the stream at that time was confined to a channel about thirty or forty feet wide but the bottom lands presented the appearance of having been overflowed during the time of the spring freshets. The bottoms along that stream are generally very fertile, but the elevated prairies in the vicinity are sandy and barren. The day was clear but cool. We saw an antelope running with amazing fleetness and velocity. Many roses and other flowers contributed to add an interest to the way, and to beguile the tedium of our toils. We saw the Pawnee face for the first time. As the sun was about to set behind the hills, twenty-three warriors, mounted on horseback, and armed with bows and arrows, appeared upon the top of a distant eminence, between us and the declining sun. After reconnoitering our position for a few minutes, headed by their chief, they came sweeping down the slope at a quick charge. There was something in their appearance not exactly warlike, but as having rather the insolent bearing of confident robbers, whose eyes brighten with the sight of the spoil they already regarded as wrested from the hands of weak and defenseless emigrants. We armed ourselves with our rifles, and went out to meet them. This we ought not to have done. We should have remained behind our wagons, which would have served as a breast-work. We should then have made them signs to keep away, or at least to send forward no more than one of their number. However, the leader of our company did not think so; and we accordingly all went out. But the wary and observing chief of these roving robbers, seeing that we were likely to give them a reception very different from the one he had looked for, instantly altered his whole conduct and aspect. Seeing our determination and condition, though we were still inferior to his strength, he instantly changed from the firm and cruel expression of a plundering savage to the bland and pleasant aspect of a friend. He made signs for our "big man," "captain," or "chief," and upon our pointing to one Rice Dunbar, they were immediately in each other's arms, locked in a most fraternal embrace.

A half-breed, wearing a new hat and a clean shirt, at length came forward, and in imperfect English, informed us that they were a buffalo hunting party, and that they had been unsuccessful. They looked much better than either the Kansas or the Shawnee Indians; but were very troublesome, insolent, and pertinacious in their alternate absolute demands, and begging solicitations for food.

Much has been said upon the subject of the character of the Indians of North America, which I am persuaded is very far from imparting correct opinions upon this subject. And in nothing touching them are there, in my opinion, such incorrect views very generally entertained, as those which relate to their heroism. The Indian will indeed smoke his pipe, sing his song, boast of his victories, or taunt and insult his tormentors, while burning in a slow fire; and he will perhaps seek to provoke his foes, by telling them that they are novices, and inexpert in the work of death; and that he has often tormented their warriors with far more ingenuity. When the war-club or the hatchet is raised above the head of a tortured captive, to inflict a fatal blow, his unblenching look evinces the same spirit which would enable him to smoke his pipe, if devouring flames were seizing upon his vitals. This, however, is not that Spartan courage for which they have received so much unmerited praise; and which, if they possessed it, would enable a handful of them to make a stand against myriads at another Thermopylæ. But the bare suggestion of such a thought is ludicrous. It is a harsh and stoical insensibility, unworthy of being ranked among the virtues of civilization. Instead of being a patriotic courage, which causes us to respect the unhappy captive, it is an unfeeling, savage, and brutal insensibility; to confound which with true heroism, would be to break down the distinctions between virtue and vice, and to confound all in chaotic confusion. No man in his senses ever thought of dignifying with the name of heroism the conduct of the Spartan boy, who, having stolen the fox, and concealed it under his clothing, permitted it to eat into his bowels, rather than betray the theft. And yet, the conduct of the Indian at the stake, and that of the boy with the fox, are actions resulting from the same sort of training, every part and every step of which tends to inspire shame and contempt for the slightest exhibition of a sense of pain and suffering, under such circumstances. The Spartan's training proceeded farther, and enabled him to go to the straits of Thermopylæ, and place his body as a bulwark between his country and its overwhelming enemies. An Indian would have considered this an egregious instance of folly. He would have fought, without doubt, had he been with the millions, and would bravely have scalped and mangled the unconscious dead, or tortured the wounded and captives. But, to say that for the sake of his country, a North American Indian would have associated his destiny with the three hundred Spartans, is what no writer asserts who prefers facts to fiction; and what no one, certainly, will believe, who is not very credulous.

Indians are generally cowards; and they will seldom fight without a decided advantage in numbers, weapons, or position. In short, the virtues usually attributed to them are figments of the brain, and have no existence in fact. Virtue is a plant which does not grow in the coldness and darkness of barbarism, but in the genial warmth and benignant light of civilization and Christianity.—(Mercury at sunrise, 54°; sunset, 65°.—Wind, west.)

June 8.—We resumed our journey at about 7 o'clock, A.M. Mrs. Thornton was near putting her foot on a spotted viper, soon after setting out. I shot it with my rifle. After traveling for some hours over a rough and broken country, showing in the distance many high sand-hills, we arrived at a succession of these hills, running parallel with the Nebraska, and a few miles from it, and known as the Coast of the Nebraska. These hills were thinly covered with the usual grasses of the country, into which the wind had blown loose sand. This ridge showed a marked change of vegetation, and in nothing more than in the *cacti*, several of which were found flourishing in the sandy sides of these hills. We passed through this ridge, and descended into a plain or bottom, lying between the coast or bluff, and the river. This low land is a flat prairie, very similar in its general features to that upon which is situated Marion City, known in Missouri as being a little fishy in the spring, and somewhat in the grass in summer. Saline and alkaline efflorescenses whitened the ground in low situations. Such places as were at all muddy presented the appearance of partially leached ashes, and emitted an odor greatly resembling that of lye. Perhaps the odor which would be observed upon pouring water upon one part unslaked lime and three parts ashes would be more like it.

We arrived at the Nebraska at 2 o'clock, P.M., and we then proceeded up it till about 5 o'clock, when we encamped at a place that had recently been occupied by an advance party. The Indian name of this river is *Nebraska*, or Shallow River. And certainly, no name was ever more appropriately descriptive than this. The soil was generally rich, notwithstanding it presented in many places those peculiar appearances and odors already mentioned. The timber, which consists of poplar, elm, and hackberry, is confined to the margin of the stream and its islands.

We regarded that afternoon as bringing us to an important point in our journey. We had arrived at the great Nebraska; and although now, at the time of my writing out these notes, it appears to be no more than the commencement of the journey, yet then it seemed far otherwise.

The geological formation of the country over which we had passed, was generally lime and sandstone, covered usually with a deposit of sand and gravel.

Our encampment was opposite Grand Island, in the Platte. This island is about fifty-two miles long, with an average breadth of one mile and three-fourths. It is well wooded, and has a fertile soil; and the annual rise of the stream does not overflow it. There are many circumstances which unite to make this a suitable point for the establishment of a military post in the lower Nebraska, if it be, indeed, an object with our government to keep open a communication with the future PACIFIC STATES.

The establishment of a military post at this point, and at others along the way leading across the continent to the Pacific, so as to form a cordon, is, next to a graded wagon-road from Independence, Missouri, with facilities for crossing some of the principal streams, the most important in its magnitude, as affording protection and assistance to emigrants. These points should be so selected as to combine the requisites to their being used to keep the Indians in check, so that emigrants might journey in safety, and settlers establish themselves in the vicinity as cultivators of the soil. These settlements would in a short time supply both the post, and Oregon and California emigrants, with fresh provisions. The soldiers might be employed in either transporting the mail, or in protecting those who would. This would secure a more rapid, easy, and less perilous communication, between the settlements west of the Rocky Mountains and those east of them, which, by inspiring confidence, would vastly increase the number of emigrants. Considered, then, purely as a political measure, tending to a rapid colonization of our possessions upon the Pacific, the establishment of a cordon of military posts is important and necessary. —(Mercury at sunrise, 54°; sunset, 68°.—Wind, northwest.)

June 9.—We traveled about fifteen miles, and then encamped. The day was clear, but a high wind from the northwest during the forenoon increased to almost a gale, and made our traveling rather uncomfortable in consequence of the cold. The face of the country was not materially different from that over which we had passed the day previous. Wood and water abundant.

Our road during the day led us along the bank of the Nebraska, the general course of which is from west to east. After leaving the head of Grand Island, it expanded into a broad and shallow stream of two miles in width, and flowing over a bed of loose and shifting sands, that so mixed with and discolored the water as to cause it very much to resemble the Missouri. This stream is wholly useless for all the purposes of navigation.—(Mercury at sunrise, 52°; sunset, 65°. Calm.)

June 10.—We continued our course, ten hours over a good road, and encamped about six o'clock near the Nebraska. The day was clear and pleasant; water sufficiently abundant. We saw several antelopes and elks in the distance. The country was generally level and well supplied with grass, but the timber was very deficient, except in some places near the the margin of the river.—(Mercury at sunrise, 52°; sunset, 68°.)

June 11.—We traveled fifteen miles over a country in no respect different from that of the day previous. On both days we had remarked many places covered with an efflorescence of alkaline and other salts. We saw quite a variety of *cacti*. Weather clear and dry; roads level and hard; water and grass abundant; wood scarce; and some of the company fatigued and fretful.—(Mercury at sunrise, 58°; sunset, 66°.)

June 12.—The morning was clear, and almost cold enough for frost. We resumed our journey, and traveled up the Nebraska, along a hard and level road which was confined to the open prairie bottom land. The country on both sides is level and well covered with grass, and runs back from three to ten miles, and then rises in naked and barren hills. We saw a herd of about a hundred bison feeding in the distance to our left. They seemed to be very much scattered. A large bull came toward us, and after looking curiously for some time, resumed his onward movement, and crossed the road about 140 yards in our rear; when being shot at he trotted off and shook his head as though he would have said, "I am not much afraid of your powder."

There was a scarcity of wood except in a few places immediately on the margin of the stream, where were occasional groups of quaking asp. Upon the opposite side it appeared to be more abundant. The soil, for the most part, was a black vegetable loam, exhibiting in many low situations where the water had stood for a time and then been evaporated, a mixed substance upon the surface, which I took to be principally impure carbonate of potash.

In the afternoon of this day I was much surprised by seeing something upon the ground which appeared to be incased in a delicate membrane, moving and worming itself about. At length the membraneous substance broke, and a creature, which I took to be a young viper, twisted and wriggled itself into the world, lifting up a considerable portion of its body, and gaping very wide, and at the same time giving the most unequivocal evidence of its at least possessing the spirit of a viper. At length I discovered the parent snake, as I supposed. Its looks seemed to inform me that it bore venom in its fangs, and that it would therefore be dangerous to approach. Its eyes were bright and fiery; its head flat, broad, and covered with ten regularly formed scales; and the tongue with which it menaced and defied me was long and cloven. On either side of the body was a yellow stripe extending from the base of the cranium to the tail. Another yellow stripe lying between two parallel lines of a darker color, extended along the spine. Upon shooting the beast I found it to measure twenty inches in length.

Mr. Hall came to me after terminating our journey for the day, and the camp fires had been kindled, and demanded to know if I would not like to see his "prairie wolves," as he called his twin boys.

Upon arriving at the tent, I found the too happy mother sitting in a chair, with a healthy looking child upon each arm, and they were both "doing as well as could be expected." Her tone, manner, and actions were proud, happy, womanized, and, if I may be permitted to coin another word, maternalized. Her aspect was soft, gentle, and mild; and she was watching her breathing beauties in a manner that showed how much her heart was filled with the strongest affection for the little helpless babes that Heaven had given to her. She seemed unable to take her eyes away from their tiny little faces, even while asking me, with a sort of provoking smile, whether I would not like to borrow one of them; and how I imagined poor people did, who had no babies.—(Mercury at sunrise, 50°; sunset, 65°.)

June 13.—We resumed our journey about 7 o'clock; and at 1 o'clock came up with thirty wagons and a great number of cattle from that portion of Missouri known as "The Platte Country." They were a part of a company consisting originally of sixty wagons that had been ahead of us, the proprietors of which, not being able to agree, had finally consented to disagree, and to separate in peace. We found among them Mr J. Baker and Mr. David Butterfield with their families These gentlemen had been requested by the Californians to leave their company at Wokaruska, the morning following the afternoon upon which Ex-governor Boggs and myself were invited to join them. The reason assigned for this inhospitable and selfish proceeding was that these gentlemen, having about 140 head of loose cattle, besides about five ox teams, would necessarily be a burthen to the company. This, however, could not have been the case, since they had a number of drivers sufficient for both their teams and their loose stock. The true cause, perhaps, was that they had declined killing their calves to sell to the company.

About 4 o'clock we turned to the right from the road, and directed our course to the river, where we arrived a little before sunset; and encamped upon a broad fertile plain, having a heavy coat of grass, and well watered by a small stream running through the midst of it, and by the Nebraska rolling its broad and shallow sheet along its western margin. A grove of quaking asp graced an island, but none grew where we were, and in consequence we used the *bois de vache*, this last resort of the traveler when drift-wood, quaking asp, and dead willows, are not to be had to boil his tea-kettle or to cook his meat. As this was frequently our only means of making fires in many places in the subsequent part of our journey, it may not be improper to observe that it is the dry deposit of the bison, which furnishes to the traveler across the continent to the Pacific a very good substitute for wood, until he gets west of the Rocky Mountains; as does the camel the Arabian when traversing his native deserts. The sod or earth is removed from a place about one foot wide, three feet long, and eight inches deep. Into this excavation the *bois de vache* and a little dry grass, or a few weeds, is placed, to which a match is applied, and in a short time fire sufficient for culinary purposes is produced; the sides of the excavation serving to support the sides of the vessel. The pit, likewise, by keeping the fuel in a close body and sheltered from the wind, so that it can not be blown away, economizes it. The same sort of pit is used when other sorts of fuel are scarce, and for the same reasons.

The day was clear and warm; the roads dry and hard, and the general aspect of the country more interesting than that over which we had been several days traveling, although more broken and characterized by a much less fertile soil. Naked and rocky hills bounded the country in the distance, on both sides of the Platte. There were a few groups of timber, and these were mostly quaking asp, confined to the margin and islands of the stream.

Many antelopes were feeding upon the plains, without having observed us. One of them was wounded by a hunter who succeeded in taking it at length, by means of my grayhound, Prince Darco. This animal is usually very wild and difficult to take. I know of nothing so fleet except a race-horse, which can come up with it on level ground, and a grayhound, that can come up with it on any ground that is open. Four wagons left us in consequence of our having turned away from the road; to wit, two of Mr. Crump's, one of Mr. Clark's, and one of a German, who had an unspellable name; and it was to me an unspeakable one also, though Greaser makes a near approach to the sound of a name I could not pronounce with my tongue, though greased ever so much. My German fellow traveler attached himself to the company we had overtaken at 1 o'clock. The other two proceeded forward and attached themselves to a company of seven wagons that had separated from a company in the rear.

Large herds of bison were scattered over various portions of the country on both sides of the river. One of the emigrants in the company with which we came up in the afternoon, and who encamped upon the plain, and in sight of us, very kindly presented to me some choice bison flesh. Having toiled hard all day I did the most ample justice to ribs and steaks, in all the varieties and changes which a prairie cook may make in roasts, and broils, and fries, and stews, and bakes; so that between cooking bison meat and eating it, I continued to pass away the evening very comfortably, and I may add, even intellectually; for the musquitoes, which had been very assiduous in their attentions for some evenings, were so remarkably agreeable upon this, that it required some skill and ingenuity to keep them out of the mouth which I desired to fill with bison meat. But the cold night air, at length, settled these troublesome little intruders, and left us undisturbed once more to our repast.

Messrs. Lard and Van Bibber having left us the day before, to hunt bison, and not having returned, much anxiety was felt lest they had fallen into the hands of the treacherous and cruel savages who infested the country.—(Mercury at sunrise, 52°; sunset, 71°.)

June 14.—*Sabbath.*—The morning was clear and cloudless, and at first quite cool, but about 8 o'clock the sun appeared to acquire new strength, and the air became warm and pleasant. Many of our faithful oxen were lying down upon the grass quietly chewing the cud, as if they knew that the day was one of rest.

My poor fellow Dake, however, came up and stood about, seeming not to realize that we proposed to spend the Sabbath in camp, and judging by his actions he was evidently at a loss to know why he was not to be yoked. The weary animals, like ourselves, greatly needed rest. I was convinced, from my previous experience, that the emigrants would travel further in a month, by permitting their cattle to rest upon the Sabbath; and my subsequent experience but tended to confirm the opinion. I am persuaded, therefore, aside from moral obligation, that emigrants should carefully observe the Sabbath as a day of rest. The end can not be attained by remaining in camp as many days in the month as there are weeks in it. The repose to be permanently useful must be periodical. To affirm otherwise would be as unreasonable as would be the affirmation that a man might with impunity omit to take his nightly rest, provided he was sure to sleep as many hours at the close of each month as he would have done had he slept the usual time each night. Nor am I singular in these opinions; they are corroborated by the testimony all the most thinking and observant travelers. Examinations before the British House of Commons also conclusively prove, if human testimony is worth any thing, that oxen and horses live longer and perform more labor when permitted to rest one day in seven.

The rest of the Sabbath would likewise greatly benefit the weary emigrant himself; and enable nature to restore the vital energies exhausted by the toils and fatigue of travel. A careful examination before a public institution in the city of London, employing about 2000 laborers, established beyond a doubt that men who rest upon the Sabbath perform more work, and perform it better, than the same men do when employed every day. Many of the planters of the West Indies formerly worked their slaves upon the Sabbath, but at length abandoned it, because it was less productive. But aside from this, the law of God is most explicit upon the subject, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Nor will individuals or a community, who habitually disregard the Sabbath, be blessed of God in their labors. France, when the Lord's day was abolished by public enactment, became an example of the truth of this affirmation. The history of ancient Israel, of western Europe, and that of the New England States are full of the most convincing and overwhelming proofs that social order and the supremacy of the law are maintained to an extent corresponding with the sacred observance of the Sabbath.

Although our cattle rested, the most of our people did not. The men went out to shoot bison, and the greater number of women were employed in washing.

The Rev. Mr. Cornwall had made an appointment to preach at an encampment of emigrants, about one mile and a half distant; and we were about to set off, when a messenger arrived, desiring me to go over for the purpose of amputating a boy's leg, that had been fractured below the knee, and also above it. We went over, and upon examination of the limb, gangrene was found to have commenced about the wound made below the knee, by a protrusion of the fractured bone. The friends of the lad had sent back to the California company for Mr. Edwin Bryant, who had, I believe, in the early part of his life, studied medicine, and perhaps anatomy and surgery, but had never practiced professionally. I had read books upon these subjects, for the sake of general information, and in connection with medical jurisprudence, which constituted part of my studies as a lawyer. But I had not so much as seen a limb amputated. I declined amputating the limb, until Mr. Bryant should have had time to come up. There was a cattle-driver in camp, who had been several years a servant in a French hospital, and had frequently been present when limbs were taken off. He commenced making preparations for the work. Butcher knives and whet-stones were soon in requisition. There was not a surgical instrument of any kind in either camp. Laudanum was given to the boy repeatedly without any effect, and he was taken from the wagon, and his body so bound to a shoe-box that his limbs did not rest upon it. The operator had just commenced operation immediately above the lower fracture, that is to say, about three inches below the knee, although I advised him to take it off above the upper fracture. About this time Mr. Bryant arrived, but declined to operate. He, however, conversed with me, and concurred with me in the opinion that it should be amputated, if at all, above the upper fracture. But our surgeon proceeded, until he had completed the incision in the flesh to the bone, all the way round, when a very offensive matter having followed the knife, my worst fears were realized, and the operator was at length convinced. A tourniquet was then applied above the upper fracture, and the operation was renewed. The boy bore his sufferings with the most wonderful fortitude and heroism. He seemed scarcely to move a muscle. A deathlike paleness would sometimes cover his face, and there can not be a doubt that the pain was most intense; but, instead of groaning, he would use some word of encouragement to the almost shrinking operator, or some expression of comfort to his afflicted friends. It was only when the person who held the phial of the spirits of camphor to his nostrils, chanced to remove it, in his eagerness to watch the operation, that the boy manifested any extraordinary degree of suffering. Then his lips would become bloodless, and he would exclaim, while he eagerly sought with his hands to restore the phial, "Oh! no, oh! no, let me have it to my nose."

The limb was at length severed, the arteries were secured, and the flap brought down, in one hour and forty-five minutes from the time the incision was made in the lower part of the limb. I had frequently been compelled to retire from the painful and most afflictive spectacle. But at the time when the whole work was completed, I was present, and observing that he was much exhausted, I asked him in a soothing tone and manner if he was suffering much pain. He clasped his hands, and partially raising them, exclaimed, "O, yes, I am suffering. I am suffering—so much." His lips quivered, his eyeballs gradually rolled back, and his spirit was gone.

Preaching was omitted in consequence of the time being thus occupied. I then returned to our own encampment with Mr. Cornwall, taking with me Mr. Bryant, to receive such hospitalities as an emigrant might be able to offer. Mrs. Thornton having learned that Mr. Bryant had arrived at the camp of our neighbors upon the plain, and judging from the relations of friendship existing between us that I would bring him home with me, and anxious, moreover, to do whatever she believed would please me and afford me an agreeable surprise, had prepared an excellent supper of stewed bison and antelope flesh, which she had arranged upon a neat white cloth, spread in the open air upon a grass plot, and around which she had contrived to gather, I know not how, many little things to please the fancy.

All the company had, without much ceremony, been invited to attend a wedding, at the tent of Mr. Lard, at 9 o'clock that evening. We accordingly gathered round the altar, where we found the Rev. J. A. Cornwall ready to act as officiating priest, and Miss Lard and her affianced, Mootrey by name, as victims to be offered upon it. The bride was arrayed in a very decent but gay-looking dress. I was not sufficiently near to determine what were the materials of which it was made. The groom had on his best, and something more. Some of the young women were dressed with a tolerable degree of taste and even elegance. There were no long beards, dirty hands, begrimed faces, soiled linen, or ragged pantaloons; and all looked as happy as the occasion demanded. Indeed, at that very time there were four other persons present who expected to be married in a few days.

I can not say that I much approve of a woman marrying upon the road. It looks so much like making a sort of a hop, skip, and jump into matrimony, without knowing what her feet will come down upon, or whether they may not be wounded and bruised.

The little sufferer before referred to, was buried in the night, and the silent and sad procession made a strange and affecting contrast, as it proceeded slowly, by the light of torches, to that lonely grave so hastily dug in the wilderness.

Strange as it may seem, that same evening another interesting event transpired—the birth of a child, in another company, that was encamped upon the plain: so that the great epochs of life were all represented at nearly the same period of time.

June 15.—We resumed our journey, and traveled fifteen miles over a road and country very much like that of the preceding day: the weather being clear and moderately warm.—(Mercury at sunrise, 52°; sunset, 74°.)

June 16.—We met a company of men on mules from Oregon City, which place they left March 1st, for Independence, Missouri. Some of them had suffered in their faces from the effects of frost, in crossing the mountains. They gave us a favorable report of the country. They stated likewise that they had seen few Indians, but a great number of bison, and that they had met 750 wagons, the most of which were going to Oregon, some, however, to California. Four persons with whom they had originally started from Oregon City, had remained at Fort Laramie, in consequence of illness. We encamped at the first ford of the south fork of the Nebraska, where we found one company consisting of twenty-nine wagons, and another of eight, which, by being there before us, acquired the right of first passing over. We halted about sunset, and were again obliged to resort to *bois de vache*, not being able to procure wood.

We observed on this day as also on the day before, at the distance of about half a mile to our left, some fifteen or twenty hills of about one hundred feet high, which seemed to rise out of the plain, which I was induced, from the circumstance of their being white, to believe were composed of chalk, limestone, or perhaps marble. I had no opportunity, however, for inspecting them.

We saw this day a multitude of bison. They seemed almost to cover the country in some places. The dark rolling masses, even in the distance, made a low, dull, rumbling sound, like an approaching earthquake—such was the rattling of their hoofs and horns. The bulls were rolling in the dust, and turning over and over from side to side; or, gathered in little groups, were engaged in obstinate combat; sometimes so intently as not to discover the hunter, until the sharp crack of the rifle was heard, and the deadly bullet received. Bisons constitute the poetry and Indians the romance of a life upon these vast prairies. Hunters, trappers, voyageurs, or emigrants, when they are in the bison country, relieve the monotony of the day's toil by the excitement of the chase. An immense herd extends over the plain, perhaps, for several miles round, in dense masses. The fiery hunter dashes in among them, upon a trained horse, as fiery as himself, and as keen for the sport. The dense masses open right and left before him, for he is in eager pursuit of a young cow, that finally receives his shot and falls. The rest of the herd sweeps on like a torrent; and the hunter reloads as he pursues the flying multitude; and his gallant steed, upon whose neck the rein lies loose and flowing, whose eyes flash fire and whose extended nostrils and open mouth exhibit his eagerness for the chase, soon brings him alongside of another fat cow—for he has been so trained that he knows which animal to select, as well the master he so proudly bears into the midst of the retreating herd. The observer upon a hill so far distant that he can not hear the crack of the rifle, sees the smoke curl away from its muzzle, and knows that another noble animal is leveled with the dust. The hunter having killed as many as he wants, dismounts from his panting steed, whose sides are dripping with foam; and having fastened the bridle to the horns of the yet bleeding beast, proceeds to take from it the ribs and a few choice parts, with which he returns to his companions, leaving the greater part for the wolves to feast upon at their leisure.

Then, after the camp fires are lighted, there comes on the roasting of ribs and *boudins*, the *chef d'oeuvre* of all who know how to appreciate good eating in the great prairie wilderness. Delicate pieces are cooked in appropriate vessels, or placed on sticks around the fire, by the noisy emigrant, hunter, or trapper, whom the very scent of choice fresh meat now makes garrulous. Stale anecdotes are retailed—puns, good, bad, or indifferent, are perpetrated; all kind of jokes and jests are cracked; or, it may be, veritable stories are related of a life full of startling adventure and the most thrilling incident. And thus if the weather be pleasant, and there is not an enemy to fear, the night is sometimes whiled away in merry conviviality and social cheer around the watch-fire of the camp. I say *watch-fire*, for although an enemy may not be supposed to be near, yet the emigrant should never forget that Indians are very uncertain in their movements, and as treacherous as tigers; and, that while he is enjoying himself, he may be much nearer than he imagines to becoming the hero of a tragedy. If, therefore, he have no particular taste for that sort of celebrity, he would do well to be upon his guard even during his *medicine* nights.

Road-hunters do not hesitate to tell very many marvelous stories of their respective adventures—things they have actually seen; or, what is the same thing, they certainly will see.

Lansford W. Hastings, who, if an opinion may be formed of him from the many untruths contained in his "EMIGRANT'S GUIDE TO OREGON AND CALIFORNIA," is the Baron Munchausen of travelers in these countries, says, at page 8 of his book, "Having been a few days among the buffalo" (they are not buffalo, but bison), "and their horses having become accustomed to these terrific scenes, even the '*green-horn*' is enabled not only to kill the buffalo with expertness, but he is also *frequently seen driving them to the encampment, with as much indifference as he used formerly to drive his domestic cattle about his own fields, in the land of his nativity.* Giving the buffalo rapid chase for a few minutes, they become so fatigued and completely exhausted that they are driven from place to place with as little difficulty as our common cattle. Both the grown buffalo and the calves are *very frequently* driven in this manner to the *encampment* and slaughtered."

It can not be necessary to affirm that no respectable writer will make such an assertion, and that no man of truth will affirm that the statement is consistent with fact.—(Mercury, at sunrise, 57°; sunset, 74°.)

June 17.—Our party unanimously determined to continue our route up the river in search of a new ford, instead of remaining until the companies before us had crossed. We resumed our journey in the morning, about 7 o'clock, and traveled about twenty miles, when we encamped for the night, three miles from the river, upon a very unpromising looking ridge, where, however, we had an abundance of grass and water. A dead and prostrate cedar furnished us with a supply of fuel. The day was clear and comfortably warm; and the face of the country, especially two or three miles away from the river, was dreary in its aspect, and barren and repulsive in its appearance. The musquitoes were very troublesome until about 9 o'clock, when the cold night air paralyzed them. We saw several species of *cactus* in bloom during the day. The bloom upon some of them was of a beautiful straw-color, while others were marked by a lively, fresh pink. We saw likewise a great number of bison upon both sides of the Nebraska. Some were in large herds—some were in small companies—and here and there might be seen a single one, by himself. He was, perhaps, a gloomy, disappointed individual, ill used or neglected by his kind.

We saw during the day several bison wallows. These we saw every day after entering the bison country. But on this day, a greater number than usual were seen. The bison seemed to be fond of rolling over in loose earth or in mud, like a hog. And they have certain places which they frequent for this purpose, so that they often make quite a hole in time, by each one carrying away in his long woolly hair a part of the soil. For the same reason, whatever that may be, they frequent high banks of soft earth, and work their horns into it, and their heads against it, until the long wool about them becomes so filled with sand and earth, that a rifle ball will not pierce it. I know not the reason of this propensity, but I have conjectured that it had its origin in an irritation of the skin; or, perhaps it is an effort to get off their winter covering.—(Mercury at sunrise, 64°; sunset, 79°.)

June 18.—We resumed our journey in search of a ford, Mr. Hall, however, affirming that it was "to head the Nebraska." At 10 o'clock A.M., we arrived at a place, where, upon examination, it was believed the receding of the waters would enable us to ford on the following day. It was therefore determined to remain in camp. The day was warm and clear. The road over which we passed was generally quite level and hard, and there was an abundance of good grass upon the plain, on the side of the river upon which we had pitched our tents. The hills came down to the river on the opposite side; showing, however, a break or opening through a narrow valley into the country in the rear and westward.

Mrs. Thornton and myself were quite unwell. She appeared to be in great danger of sinking under the fatigues and exposure incident to the journey.

In the evening, the Rev. J. A. Cornwall married Mr. Morgan Savage to Miss Dunbar, and Mr. Henry Croiyers to Miss Mary Hall.—(Mercury at sunrise, 58°; sunset, 72°.)

June 19.—In the morning, a very black cloud formed in the northwest, along which the lightning forked, portending for some time a severe storm. It passed away, however, in a short time; after which a brilliant bow appeared.

The wagon beds were raised about ten inches, by putting blocks under them, for the purpose of rendering them in some measure water-proof. We at length commenced crossing the river, which was here about a mile and a half wide; but it was necessary to proceed diagonally, so that the actual distance across became two miles. All was finally conveyed over without any material accident. It became necessary to take some of the dogs into the wagons to prevent them from drowning. We encamped upon the west side, where there was much sand and gravel, little grass, many rattlesnakes, and lizards without number.—(Mercury at sunrise, 63°; sunset, 71°.)

June 20.—Mrs. Thornton became at length so ill that she could with difficulty leave her bed, although her accustomed energy of purpose induced her still to undertake services for which her strength and health were manifestly unequal.

I have already remarked that the south branch of the Nebraska, at the place at which we crossed it, was one mile and a half wide. I omitted, however, to observe that it had a quicksand bottom, and that it was necessary therefore to avoid stopping the teams in the river, because when this was done, the wagons immediately commenced sinking.

From the observations I made, at different places along this stream, and judging likewise from all that I was able to learn from others, this is one of the characteristics of the stream, to its junction with the north branch, which Colonel Fremont places in latitude 41°, 5′, 5″, and longitude, by chronometer and lunar distances, 100°, 49′, 43″, and thence to its junction with the Missouri, distant three hundred and fifteen miles, and which, according to the same gentleman, is in latitude 41°, 8′, 24″, north, and longitude 95°, 20′, west.

The water is yellow and muddy, in consequence of the limestone and marly formation of a portion of the country through which it flows. Mr. John Torrey, in the preface to his catalogue of plants, collected by Colonel Fremont, in his expedition to the Rocky Mountains, says, "The valley of this river (the Nebraska) from its mouth to the great forks, is about four miles broad and three hnndred and fifteen miles long. It is rich, well timbered, and covered with luxuriant grasses. The purple *liatris scariosa*, and several asters, were here conspicuous features of vegetation. I was pleased to recognize among the specimens collected near the forks, the fine large-flowered *Asclepias* that I described many years ago, in my account of James' Rocky Mountain plants, under the name of *A. speciosa*, and which Mr. Geyer also found in Nicollet's expedition. It seems to be the plant subsequently described and figured by Sir W. Hooker, under the name of *A. douglassii*."

The morning was cool and cloudless, and the atmosphere in the distance among the hills appeared to be smoky, rendering it probable that the Indians had permitted fire to get out. As we were preparing to "catch up," a cloud of dust was seen rising in the distance upon the plain on the right bank of the river. It was soon ascertained that a vast herd of bisons were coming to water in dense masses down from the plains and the hills beyond. The most of them, however, scented us, or at length saw us, and turned so as ultimately to reach the stream some distance lower down. Yet some of them were not to be thus balked, and came boldly down to the watering, but there was a good mile and a half between them and our rifles.

I have omitted to remark that we every day had a "noon halt" of about one hour for the purpose of refreshing the cattle with water and grass, where they were to be had, and at least to rest them and to take a little food ourselves. And I will now mention that we continued to do this where and when it was practicable, until upon a subsequent portion of our journey it became necessary to confine ourselves to a very small allowance of food.

We resumed our journey from the place where we crossed the south branch of the Nebraska, about 7 o'clock A.M., and pursued our way up a deep and dry channel, down which had swept the torrents from the hills and plains above. After traveling about three miles we reached a high, open, and rolling, or rather hilly prairie, presenting a very desolate and forbidding aspect. Much of the way was sandy, and in some places we saw immense numbers of lizards. We traveled twenty miles, and encamped about sunset on the north branch of the Nebraska. During the afternoon I saw a plant growing very abundantly, which in many respects resembled buckwheat. It was about one foot high. The stems on which the leaves grew, started out from a common stalk near the ground, and spread out. The flowers were in large clusters upon a stalk, shooting up from the center, and some of them of a straw-color, while others were pink, and some white. Many persons in camp were quite unwell, and so many of them had been so during the previous ten days, that it was suspected we had been traveling over an unhealthy region.

The water of the north branch of the Nebraska was more discolored than even that of the south branch. Indeed, it appeared to be loaded with rolling sands, as the Missouri is with mud. I observed in the distance hills which presented the appearance of strata of marl, not unlike the white chalky or marly looking hills mentioned as having been seen on the east side of the stream; and it is from formations of this character, probably, that the Nebraska derives its discoloration. I have no means of determining the distance from this camp to the junction of the two streams. Both are broad, shallow, muddy, and unnavigable. The land between the streams at their junction, is a low, fertile prairie extending eighteen miles west, where the hills come down to it, at a place at which it is five and a half miles wide. The soil on both sides is sufficiently fertile, tolerably well supplied with grass, but almost wholly destitute of timber. The low lands in many places show a white efflorescence of salt; and the country in the prospect is broken, barren, and naked. Herds of bisons frequent many portions of the region; and savages, cruel, treacherous, and cunning, hang upon the rear of these roving bands, or hover around the emigrant's encampment, at night, like wolves prowling about the fold of the flock.

The main stream immediately below the union of the two principal branches, was measured by Colonel Fremont, and found to be 5350 feet wide. There are said to be many large islands in the main stream, well supplied with timber, having a good soil, and the most of them above the annual rise. There is no timber upon the bottom lands on each side of the main stream, except a few groves near the river. The bottoms are generally high, and not very well supplied with grass, while other portions, which are low, and probably overflow every spring, have an abundance of the most healthy and delicious food for cattle. The river is generally three-fourths of a mile wide, although in many places it is much more; and in its general appearance and characteristics, if we except its depth, it resembles the Missouri so "reeking rich" with mud.

It is probable that no part of the valley through which it flows affords timber sufficient to sustain any thing like an extensive settlement. A settlement and military post could be established with advantage at Grand Island, but it is not probable that it could be done at any other locality below the encampment of this date.—(Mercury at sunrise, 65°; sunset, 71°.)

June 21.—*Sabbath.*—We traveled over the most dreary country we had previously seen. The loose and hot sands were blown about in a manner the most distressing to the mouth, nostrils, eyes, and ears. Toward the close of the afternoon, nature wore a more inviting and pleasing aspect. We found good grass for the cattle, and an abundance of drift-wood for culinary purposes.

The day had been clear and hot; and although the winds were high, yet they were as warm as though they had become heated by passing over a sandy region. At sunset they died away, and there seemed not to be even a zephyr to ripple the smooth surface of the stream. A bank of dark clouds began before night to be heaped up in the west. In about two hours they gradually rose, the front leading the way toward the east, until the heaviest and darkest masses appeared to be over our heads; when the most tremendous winds burst in a moment upon the stillness, followed almost immediately by flashes of lightning that, for the time, blasted the sight, crashes of thunder that deafened the ears, and torrents of rain that deluged the hills with a flood descending in roaring and foaming torrents, that threatened to submerge the plain below. During the space of half an hour the clouds hurled their red-hot thunderbolts along the sky, and so thickly through the atmosphere, that it presented a continued and lurid glare of light, which gave a fierce and appalling aspect to the descending waters and the surrounding darkness. The thunderbursts became at length more distant, and less distinct, until they passed far away to the east in low and almost inaudible mutterings. The stars appeared one after another in all their accustomed brilliancy, and the scene, from being one of awful and terrible sublimity, became indescribably beautiful.—(Mercury at sunrise, 65°; sunset, 70°.)

June 22.—Several persons were ill in camp, yet not confined to their wagons. Mrs. Thornton and myself were among the number. The day was cool and clear, and the wind somewhat boisterous. We traveled until a little before sunset, over a very sandy road, and through a country that appeared to be very arid and uninteresting. We saw, however, some fine trees at a distance from our road, on the left. We encamped at length on a very beautiful prairie, having excellent grass, and a large spring of clear water in the midst of it.

Mr. Lard had left one of his dogs on the right bank of the south branch of the Nebraska, on the forenoon of the 19th. Poor Jowler finding himself abandoned by his friends—if that is not a misnomer—had sat down upon the bank of the stream, and howled most piteously, and so loud that he was distinctly heard by us across the stream, which was there one mile and a half wide. Finding that he would not be be sent for, he had swum the river; and came up with us during the night, almost starved, having been four days without food.—(Mercury at sunrise, 65°; at sunset, 68°.)

June 23.—The morning was foggy. We resumed our journey, however, at the usual hour, 7 o'clock. Proceeding along in front of the wagons, I observed my grayhound, Prince Darco, and Jowler, exchanging morning salutations; and I noticed that Darco did not express himself in the frigid formalities of well-bred dogs of the "fashionable world," where one thing is said while another thing is meant; but he gave his old traveling companion a warm and cordial greeting that came up from the bottom of his heart, equivalent to a right "Good morning, Jowler, I am glad to see you." This was, indeed, very clearly expressed in that peculiar wag of the tail, and the inimitable twist which he was wont to give to his neck and head, as he opened his great jaws, and thrust out his long tongue to lick the corner of his mouth, whenever he wished to testify his joy upon first meeting me in the morning.

Jowler, by a slight inclination of the head to the side upon which Prince Darco came up, and by slowly working the ears backward and forward, followed by a sluggish shake, as though they were being bitten by fleas, intimated that he was in good health, but that he felt very weak in consequence of his recent long abstinence from food.

"I observe," said Darco, "that you look very pale in the face."

"Yes, I am so weak that it is with great difficulty I can bark. I very much regret that I was so very unwise as to leave a comfortable kennel, well provided with an abundance of clean straw for a bed, and where

I never lacked for a plenty of good flesh to eat, to follow my master into a country where I shall perhaps be without a kennel, and probably have nothing better than a dry bone to pick."

Here Jowler set up a most mournful howl; and although being behind, and the dust at the time flying in my face, I can not affirm with truth that I saw him shed tears, yet he may have done so. Indeed, I felt the water come into my own eyes. Darco, however, resumed—

"Come, come, my dear dog, do not be so gloomy and desponding. I would fain comfort you, and inspire you with better hopes. We may have better kennels in which to sleep, and something better than bones to pick, in the country to which we go. It is true, a dog is very unwise who leaves a pleasant and healthful kennel, to travel two thousand five hundred miles across arid deserts, inhabited only by sand-crickets and savages, to make his home in a country where his condition as to a kennel and fare will not be improved. But, my dear Jowler, we have proceeded too far to retrace our steps now; and, as wise and prudent dogs, it becomes us to hope for the best."

"Wise and prudent, indeed," replied Jowler somewhat snappishly, "I would like to have you show me a dog upon this road who is wise and prudent. No, my dear Darco, do not deceive yourself by that sort of barking. The single fact that a dog is upon this road, without being tied neck and heels, and thrown into a wagon, and so carried along by the force of circumstances, proves that he is neither wise nor prudent."

At this moment, a donkey belonging to one of the emigrants came up, and joined in the conversation;

having listened to the dogs, as he heavily and sluggishly walked along.

"For my part," said he, "I can contrive to pick up a few thistles by the wayside, and I do not doubt that I shall be able to obtain an abundance of them in the country to which we are traveling. I am told that it is famous for thistles."

"Who told you to speak, Mr. Long-ears?" said both the dogs, barking at the same time, and flying at him simultaneously, "you never saw a clover field in your life; and have tasted nothing better than the thistles of the old field in which you were born and bred. Of course, then, you can be satisfied with thistles, because you never knew what it was to have better food. We all know you to be an ass, and that a change of pasture can not make your condition worse, but may result in making it better."

"Take that," said the donkey, kicking at Prince Darco; "and that, for your impudence," he continued, as he kicked at Jowler.

Prince Darco, being a grayhound, was very quick in his motions, and he contrived to elude the meditated blow. But poor Jowler, being a cur, was more slow in his movements. In addition to this, he was somewhat broken in his mind and spirit by recent calamity and starving; just as I have elsewhere seen many a clever dog under the influence of adverse circumstances; and not being so full of life, vivacity, and energy, nor so watchful, he received, before he was aware of his danger, a most terrible stroke in the face, from the heels of the resentful beast. The blow made him howl most piteously; and clearly demonstrated that even an ass may sometimes inflict a severe stroke, when least expected. In fact, the incident, taken in connection with the practical working of some of the arrangements which I had made for the journey, in consequence of my own want of experience in certain employments, determined me to have in the future progress of life, as little as possible to do with donkeys. I shall, therefore, never raise one upon my farm, if, by any means, I shall be able to own one—a circumstance somewhat problematical.

We proceeded until half an hour before sunset, when we encamped for the night in an open grassy plain, on the right of the road, and in sight of the celebrated Chimney Rock, which had been in view since the afternoon of the 22d.

Some of our party, proceeded on in advance of the teams, a little to the left of the way, for the purpose of examining this rock, which appeared to be not more than two miles distant. They had desired me to accompany them, but this I declined doing, because I had observed a remarkable peculiarity in the atmosphere during the twenty-four hours preceding, which made it impossible for me to judge with any tolerable degree of accuracy as to the distance of objects, which though they appeared to be comparatively near, yet required some hours to reach. They accordingly set off without me. After dark they returned to camp, being guided back by the light of our fires, and stated that when they turned back, they did not appear to be nearer the rock than they were at noon.

Mrs. Thornton and myself were quite unwell at the close of the day. Indeed, we had been seldom otherwise since our first coming upon the waters of the Nebraska. This I was inclined to believe was owing to the mixed salts with which the earth was every where impregnated, which must have imparted their qualities to the water. In all places where there was any soil the greater part of which was not sand, I had observed a white efflorescence of salts. In many places where the ground was cracked, I observed large crystals formed on both sides of the opening. Some of these I examined with great care, and found the crystals to extend down on both sides quite to the bottom of the opening. I also remarked that these seemed to be large, somewhat impure and discolored, while those upon the surface of the ground, usually found in low places, were small and white, looking very much like fine table-salt, and tasting, as I imagine this would, if compounded with glauber-salts, alum, and magnesia.

The day had been clear and warm; but toward evening clouds presented themselves in a variety of forms. Sometimes they appeared in detached masses; at others they rolled up from behind the western horizon, black, and portentous. At length clouds having thin, feathery edges, thickening fast as they extended back, and presenting a black mass of an angry appearance, formed suddenly, and extended rapidly, passing off to the southeast, in low, sullen growls. These were succeeded by others, more threatening, ponderous, and black; having immense heads, and huge aerial forms, piled upon and writhing around each other. These, too, passed off to the southeast, with low rumbling sounds; while the forked lightning gleamed in the main body of the threatening mass.

The shades of evening at length closed in, and there seemed to be a probability that we would have a pleasant night. About 11 o'clock, however, a cloud appeared in the northwest, which hung about the edge of the horizon for some time, black, heavy, and ominous. It finally began to move, grew larger, increased in velocity, as it flung out heavy folds, and at length reached the zenith. Cloud warred upon cloud; the "live thunder" leaped from one side of the heavens to the other, with a rapidity and crashing that seemed to rend sky and earth; while torrents of living fire descended, and ran like shining serpents along the ground.

I observed, during the day, the wild sage, or Artemisia, growing in many places.—(Mercury at sunrise, 66°; sunset, 70°.)

CHAPTER V.

JOURNEY FROM THE CHIMNEY ROCK CAMP TO FORT LARAMIE.

June 24.

THE morning was clear and pleasant, and nature appeared to be refreshed by the rain of the previous night. We started later than usual, not breaking up our encampment until 8 o'clock. Our friends of the Chimney Rock party of yesterday again set off, and about 11 o'clock arrived at the object of their pursuit.

I can not satisfactorily explain the remarkable deception as to distances. The following may account for it, in part, at least. The rays of light passing through a rare medium into a denser one, cause objects seen in the latter, by a person standing in the former, to appear to the eye not in their natural or real position, but raised above it to a height proportioned to the density of the medium in which it is situated; as a coin thrown in a basin of water will appear elevated above its true position. It, probably, in its general principles, is the same phenomenon that is known as the *mirage*, by which the traveler across the desert, who longs for water, "as the hart panteth for the water-brook," is cheated into a delusive hope, by imagining that he perceives before him lakes, reflecting from their clear and smooth surfaces, trees, plants, rocks, and hills.

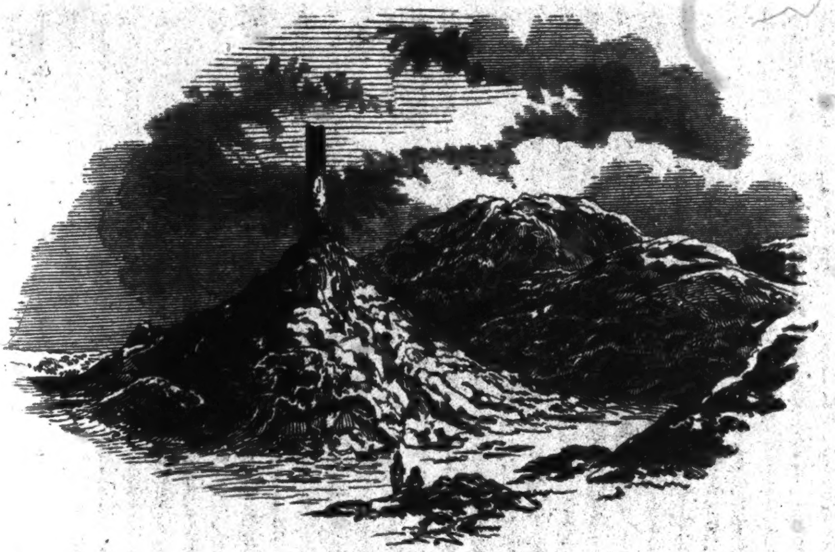
The same phenomenon is very frequently observed in other circumstances. An example of this, at once curious and instructive, was observed by Dr. Vince, at Ramsgate, which is mentioned in the Penny Magazine, Jan. 1834. Between that place and Dover, there is a hill, over which the tops of the four turrets of Dover Castle are usually visible at Ramsgate. But, on this occasion, Dr. Vince not only saw the turrets but the whole of the castle, which appeared as if it had been removed, and planted on the side of the hill next to Ramsgate; and rising as much above the hill on that side as it actually was on the other. And this image of the castle was so strong and well defined, that the hill itself did not appear through it. It should be observed that there is almost six miles of sea between Ramsgate and the land from which the hill rises, and about an equal distance from thence to its summit, and that the height of the eye above the sea, in this observation, was about seventy feet.

Sometimes the images of the *mirage* are represented as being upon the same plane with the original object. They usually, however, present the appearance of one object above another, sometimes in their natural position, sometimes inverted, sometimes doubled, trebled, or even quadrupled; and sometimes more or less elongated.

The Specter of the Brocken, which for so many years was the terror of the superstitious, and the wonder of the scientific, is a phenomenon of the same general character.

The principle upon which they are all dependent, is thus explained in the article already referred to: "Whenever a ray of light strikes obliquely a medium less refracting than that in which it was previously moving, it is turned back into the original medium, and a direction is given to it precisely similar to that which would have been the result of a reflection taking place at the common surface of two mediums. Now, the sand of the desert, or the surface of the sea, being heated by the rays of the sun, communicates a portion of its warmth to the stratum of air immediately superposed, which then dilates, and becomes consequently less dense, and therefore less refracting, than the superior strata. In this state of things, when an observer regards an object a little elevated above the horizon, the rays, which, in coming to him, traverse a layer of air of uniform density, will exhibit it in the natural position, while the light directed obliquely toward the surface of the earth, will be bent downward, and so come to the eye as if from an object placed inversely and below the former. This explains the inverted image below the object; but our limits will not allow us to apply the principle to a detailed explanation of all the forms of the phenomenon which we have stated. We must, therefore, content ourselves with saying that our knowledge respecting the subject is, that these effects result from a partial alteration in the density of the atmosphere, and the universal operations to which the light is subjected in coming to the eye. It is not necessary that the alteration should be a decrease of density, since, as the two opposite states of the atmosphere produce the same effects, the mirage at sea is often occasioned by the increase of density in the lower stratum of the atmosphere, from the quantity of water which it holds in solution."

Colonel J. C. Fremont ascertained that a position occupied by him, Sept. 5, 1842, on the right bank of



CHIMNEY ROCK.

the Nebraska, six miles above Chimney Rock, was in latitude 41°, 43′, 36″, N. This nearly ascertains the latitude of this celebrated rock. The name indicates its general appearance, looking as it does, like a vast chimney, or shot tower. It consists of marl and earthy limestone, which is the prevailing formation of the surrounding country; and it has been worked into its present curious shape by the continued action of the winds and rains, which have, within a few years, reduced its height from five hundred feet to about two hundred. It is situated about two miles to the left of the road, as the emigrant proceeds westward; and about twenty-five or thirty miles from our encampment of the evening of the 22d. The action of the wind and rain upon the soft marly formation of the country presents some very curious and interesting objects, which, seen in the distance, are remarkable imitations of magnificent works of art partially in ruins. One of these, called the Court House, was in full view during the afternoon of Monday. It had the appearance of a vast edifice, with its roof fallen in, the great door-ways partially obstructed, some of the window spaces filled with rubbish, and many of the arches broken and fallen, while others seemed to remain as perfect as if they had really been built thousands of years ago, by a people who have perhaps gone down into the vortex of revolutions; the last page of whose history has been given to the winds, leaving no trace of their existence, save these remains of architectural grandeur and magnificence, that now lift up their heads amid surrounding desolation; befitting monument of man's passing glory, and of the vanity of his hopes.

Far off to the left of the plains between Chimney

Rock and Scott's Bluff, were many views of remarkable and picturesque beauty, owing their origin to the effect of the winds and rains upon the same peculiar formation. The bluffs presented the appearance of the ruins of some vast ancient city. In one locality, there could be no difficulty in recognizing a royal bath. In the immediate vicinity, there was a vast amphitheater, having upon one side an excavation like an immense niche, with a platform before it, supported by pillars. Here it was imagined that the monarch might have sat upon his throne, surrounded by obsequious courtiers and servile slaves, while the life blood of men better than himself was being shed to make him a holiday; and while, it might have been, loud shouts and plaudits rent the air, he enjoyed the spectacle as one of rich and rare interest. Not far away, we saw what appeared to be a splendid mausoleum, where the noble ashes of his royal ancestors slept. Towering above all, was the temple of Belus, with its stairs ascending around a gradually diminished surface. Here I saw the old palace; there, the new one. In front of one of them I saw the towers that stood on either side of the entrance to the tunnel under the river connecting the two. Near at hand were the celebrated hanging gardens, considerable portions of them remaining in a tolerable state of preservation, and showing in many places hardy shrubs, that, having sent down their long roots into the partial opening of the supporting arches, still smiled in beautiful green, amid general desolation. Numerous streets, having on each side magnificent buildings and lofty domes, sublime in their dimensions and proportions, and beautiful in the outline and details of their architecture, extended far away, so that their remote ends were lost in the distance. A fortification, large enough to contain the army with which Napoleon invaded Russia, showed enormous bastions, frowning in massive strength, while the workmanship of its domes, parapets, and minarets presented a very remarkable fullness of detail. Away to the west stood a long line of the wall of the city, with its yet remaining battlements, towers, and loop-holes; mid-way was the vast arch, beneath which flowed the river, through the midst of the city, until turned by Cyrus the Great into a new channel, where it still flows, at the farther side of the plain, spread out in broad, shallow, and turbid streams, that sluggishly creep along among the sand-bars of what was the Euphrates once, but which is the Nebraska now.

Upon approaching still nearer, the mind was filled with strange images and impressions. The silence of death reigned over a once populous city, which had been a nursery of the arts and sciences, and the seat of a great inland commerce. It was a Tadmor of the Desert, in ruins. No signs of life were visible; a whole people were extinct. The imagination wandered back. The city had fallen into the hand of a beleaguering and sanguinary foe. No quarter had been given; citizen and soldier, old man and matron, young man and maiden, young children and helpless infants, had all fallen victims to a spirit of revenge and retaliation, and to a thirst for gold, and all the worst passions of the human heart. The evening succeeding the day of undistinguishing slaughter and outpouring blood, was one which the ascending fires made terribly sublime. The flames had spread, and in a few brief but dreadful hours, wrapped temple and dome, the palaces of the royal, the mansions and pavilions of the rich, and the cottages and hovels of the poor, in one vast sheet of consuming fire, that licked up the very dust of her thousand streets. Many multitudes, perhaps, in attempting to escape from the city, had been slain by their pursuers, who had heaped up their bodies in promiscuous masses about the gates; and under those very walls which still withstood the power of time through a long series of ages. In one day, the anxious crowds of citizens, and the untold thousands of contending soldiers, were swept away by a slaughtering foe, who had left none to bewail the dead, or to gather from beneath the ruins the bones of those who had perished in sanguinary conflict.

My imagination being thus excited by the remarkable and picturesque views presented to me, in shapes which the action of the wind and rains had wrought in the soft marly formation of the country, I permitted it to wander at will, and to fill the mind with images and scenes, such as I have described. But it being reported to me, by Albert, my ox driver, that one of the wheels of my wagon was making a most terrible groaning for grease, I was brought down from my celestial aerie with such force, upon vulgar realities, as not only made me feel very much ashamed, but broke both wings of my imagination, and, indeed, every bone in them, beside so soiling my feathers, and otherwise so seriously injuring me, that I have at best been but a limping bird ever since.

Col. Fremont, in his Journal, under date July 14, 1842, speaks of appearances somewhat similar, at a place known as Goshen's Hole, where the geological formation is like that of the Court House, the Chimney Rock, and the locality I have just described, and to which I have given the name of "*The City of the Desert.*"

"The fork on which we encamped," says he, "appeared to have followed an easterly direction up to this place; but here it makes a very sudden bend to the north, passing between two ranges of precipitous hills, called, as I was informed, Goshen's Hole. There is somewhere in or near this locality a place so called, but I am not certain that it was the place of our encampment. Looking back upon the spot, at the distance of a few miles to the northward, the hills appear to shut in the prairie, through which runs the creek, with a semi-circular sweep which, might very naturally be called a hole in the hills. The geological composition of the ridge is the same which constituted the rock of the Court House and Chimney, on the north fork, which appeared to me a continuation of this ridge. The winds and rains work this formation into a variety of singular forms. The pass into Goshen's Hole is about two miles wide, and the hill on the western side imitates, in an extraordinary manner, a massive, fortified place, with a remarkable fullness of detail. The rock is marl and earthy limestone, white, without the least appearance of vegetation, and much resembles masonry, at a little distance; and here it sweeps around a level area, two or three hundred yards in diameter, and in the form of a half moon, terminating on either end in enormous bastions. Along the whole line of the parapets appear domes and slender minarets, forty or fifty feet high, giving it every appearance of an old fortified town. On the waters of White River, where this formation exists in great extent, it presents appearances which excite the admiration of the solitary traveler, and form a frequent theme of their conversation, when speaking of the wonders of the country. Sometimes it offers the perfectly illusive appearance of a large city, with numerous streets and magnificent buildings, among which the Canadians never fail to see their *cabaret;* and sometimes it takes the form of a solitary house, with many large chambers, into which they drive their horses at night, and sleep in these natural defenses perfectly secure from any attack of prowling savages. Before reaching our camp at Goshen's Hole, in crossing the immense detritus at the foot of the Castle Rock, we were involved amid winding passages cut by the waters of the hill; and where, with a breadth scarcely large enough for the passage of a horse, the walls rise thirty and forty feet perpendicular."

Some of the hills far off to our left, beyond the bluffs I have been describing, appeared to have a few trees, which I thought were cedars. A fine large bison was killed by one of the party. They did not appear to be numerous in this region. We were under the necessity of using the *bois de vache* almost exclusively after leaving the south branch of the Nebraska. Previous to that time we had usually been able to procure dry sod, or to have wood by carrying it half a day or a day. The weather was warm, pleasant and clear. The road not so sandy as was usual after leaving the south branch.—(Mercury at sunrise, 64°; sunset, 72°.)

June 25.—We left the north branch of the Nebraska, and wound round into a little valley presenting more of the extraordinary bluffs before described and characterized by the same general appearances of the ruins of numerous edifices, sometimes washed by the rains and winds into the most fantastic shapes. We saw a species of insect here in great numbers which was new to us, and which is known among the emigrants as the sand-cricket, from the circumstance of their being usually found in sandy and arid districts. They were however really a sort of grasshopper. It is black, thick, and short, about thrice the weight of the hearth-cricket. About 2 o'clock we found a little rain-water in a ravine. We encamped at a place known as Scott's Bluff. At this place are two small springs of excellent water, one of them is under a high hill, where the emigrant road crosses the head of a small ravine. The other is better, more abundant, but one mile farther on, and at the head of a very deep ravine. We also had an abundance of cedar wood here, which grew in the ravine last mentioned. Indeed, the whole plain was covered with dry cedars, which a tremendous flood is reported to have brought down from the Black Hills about ten years before.

The water and grass at Scott's Bluff were good and abundant. The soil of the country after leaving the south branch of the Nebraska being generally very sandy, and much more sterile than that along the main stream below the confluence of the branches, we had had comparatively little grass for our cattle, and had been compelled to use the *bois de vache* for fuel. The grass upon the upper prairie had generally been either entirely wanting, or else its growth had been thin, yellow, and poor; and it was only in spots far separated, and upon low grounds along the streams, that we had ever found it at all abundant. Although the valley of the north branch of the Nebraska, up to where we then were, has a variable width of from one to six or seven miles, it would be a great mistake to imagine that, being low, it was well supplied with grass.

The place known as Scott's Bluff is an escarpment of the river, about nine hundred yards in length, rising boldly and in many places even perpendicularly from the water; rendering it necessary for the emigrant road to make a considerable detour to the left. It derives its name from the following circumstances:—

A party of Rocky Mountain trappers in the employment of the American Fur Company, under the command of a celebrated leader named Scott, was returning to St. Louis, in boats down the Nebraska. The water continued to shoal so much as to render it impracticable to proceed in this manner beyond the point on the river opposite to this place. Scott was sick and helpless, and was abandoned in the boat by his companions who, upon arriving at St. Louis reported that he had died, and that they had buried him upon the bank of the Nebraska. Some time in the following year a party found the dead body of a man wrapped in blankets, which the clothing and papers about it, proved conclusively to be that of the unhappy trapper; who, after being abandoned by his inhuman companions to perish, had so far recovered as to be able to leave the boat, and wander into these bluffs, where a more speedy death at the hands of the savages awaited him, or one more lingering by famine.

I saw here the wild wormwood tree, as also a species of the cactus which was new to me. It sent out leaves from near the ground, and around a common center. They enlarged and spread out, each being about fourteen inches long, three inches wide, and half an inch thick, with a smooth, velvet-green surface; having irregular edges armed with hard prickles about one inch in length. From the center a very straight green stalk, about half an inch in diameter, rose about eight inches above the leaves, and was crowned with a white flower, in shape and size very like that known in our American gardens as the snowball.

A beautiful white flower resembling the poppy grew here, upon a low plant, the leaves of which were armed with prickles. Black currants were abundant and pleasant to the taste. Cherries grew wild, but were small and bitter. I also saw a sort of pea, which tasted like the garden pea, and very much resembled it both in the appearance of the plant itself, and in that of the fruit. The hill sides were in many places covered with a species of mountain moss. Upon the high bluffs between our encampment and the river many Rocky Mountain sheep were seen. Antelope were also numerous. Prince Darco contrived to pick up one. Some of the hills had many cedars growing upon them, while others were naked.

A gun having been fired for some purpose near the camp, the report echoed and re-echoed several times. I retired to a place near three-fourths of a mile in another direction for the purpose of making the experiment unobserved.

Dark clouds were now sweeping along above the summits of the lofty hills, and some pattering drops of rain began to fall in the valley while the thunder rolled through the black and dense masses of vapor in tones of deep and solemn grandeur.—(Mercury at sunrise, 64°; sunset, 72°.)

June 26.—The morning was clear and cool, the wind blowing a gale from the west. Mrs. Thornton, who was, however, still suffering from ill health, with the aid of some of her female companions, ascended one of the very high bluffs from the top of which she had a fine view of the country, and of the north branch of the Nebraska, beyond Chimney Rock. The country over which we traveled was generally ascending, and presented a most barren aspect and painful sameness. The day was warm, and had it not been for a stiff breeze into which the gale of the morning had subsided, the heat would have been very oppressive. At 10 o'clock we found rain-water for the cattle. About an hour before sunset we encamped near the margin of the river, at some distance from the road, at a place from which it was difficult for the cattle to go down to the water. The evening was pleasant, and the winds were high during the night.—(Mercury at sunrise, 63°; sunset, 69°.)

June 27.—At noon we halted to rest in a little ravine, where we had good water, but very little grass. We resumed our journey, after our noon halt, somewhat refreshed, and proceeding on over a sandy and desolate country, encamped an hour before sunset upon the banks of a small stream, lightly timbered, and within ten miles of Fort Laramie. The marl and earthy limestone formation of the region through which we had been traveling for some time, had disappeared, and we had instead a grayish white limestone, which sometimes contained hornstone. I also saw some fine grained granitic sandstone.

A company of travelers, consisting of persons of both sexes, some of whom were from Oregon and some from California, returning to the States, were encamped upon a plain about a mile distant. They presented a very woebegone appearance; and brought us, moreover, an evil report of those lands. The Californians affirmed that the country was wholly destitute of timber, and that wheat could not be raised in sufficient quantities for bread; that they had spent all their substance, and were now returning to commence the world anew, somewhere in the vicinity of their former homes.

Among the Oregonians was a Mr. McKissick, an old gentleman, suffering from blindness caused by the dust of the way, when he first emigrated into Oregon. He was now being taken back to the States, with the hope that something might be done to restore his sight. —(Mercury at sunrise, 62°; sunset, 67°.)

June 28.—*Sabbath.*—We set off for Fort Laramie at about 7 o'clock, the usual hour of breaking up camp. The day was clear and warm; the country parched and sandy, and therefore furnishing very little or no grass. We arrived at the fort about 2 o'clock; where I was informed that the scarcity of grass in the vicinity was owing to the three preceding years having been remarkably dry. The valley of the north fork of the Nebraska being without timber, and the soil sandy, causes a rapid evaporation of the rain that falls; so that when there is any deficiency in the quantity of this, the grass must necessarily perish.

Between Fort Laramie and the junction of the two main branches of the Nebraska, which is two hundred miles below the fort, the formation consists of marl, soft earthy limestone, and a granitic sandstone.—(Mercury at sunrise, 62°; sunset, 66°.)

CHAPTER VI.

JOURNEY FROM FORT LARAMIE TO INDEPENDENCE ROCK.

FORT LARAMIE, according to Col. J. C. Fremont, is situated in 42°, 12′, 10″ N. latitude, and 104°, 47′, 43″ W. longitude. It belongs to the American Fur Company, and is built upon the left bank of the Laramie river, a bold mountain stream of clear and refreshingly cool water, which strongly contrasts with the warm, turbid waters of the Nebraska, in both its branches.

The fort has somewhat the appearance of a military construction, and presented a rather imposing front. It is built upon a rising ground, twenty-five feet above the water; and its lofty whitewashed, and picketed walls, when so seen as to take in the bastions, look quite formidable. The great entrance fronts toward the river; and being about fifteen feet long, floored, and covered by the square tower which defends it, affords a pleasant place to sit and enjoy the exhilarating breezes for which the surrounding country is famous. The fort is of a quadrangular form, having walls fifteen feet high, built, according to the Mexican usage, of *adobies*, or large sun-dried bricks, and surmounted by a wooden palisade. The four walls are defended by bastions, diagonally opposite to each other, and considerably raised. There is a small entrance in the wall, immediately opposite the main one, serving as a sort of postern-gate. The houses are generally one story high, and so built against the wall, that each

FORT LARAMIE.

apartment with its single door and window faces in front; so that the whole forms an open court, nearly one hundred and thirty feet square.

I was received by Mr. Bodeau, the gentleman in charge of the post, with much kindness; and he readily supplied me with moccasins, dried bison flesh, and seasoned timber to be used for false spokes to my wagon-wheels as might be found necessary. He informed me that the object of the establishment is for the purchase of furs and buffalo robes from the neighboring Indian tribes, who receive in exchange tobacco, blankets, whisky, powder, lead, calico, vermilion, looking-glasses, rings, ribbons, glass-beads, and cheap ornaments.

The introduction of ardent spirits into the traffic is defended on the ground that, in the present state of things, the itinerant or peddling trader, who is called by the French trappers, *coureur des bois*, having no permanent and fixed interest in the country, uses it in his traffic with the natives, and thereby compels the regular trader to do so, in order to prevent the Indians from going over to this unsettled rival.

An Indian will sell his furs, traps, robes, horses, lodge, weapons, and even his wife and children, for "fire water." To supply them with it has a direct tendency to destroy the trade, by the destruction of the Indians, which it necessarily effects in time. The regular trader is aware of this, and therefore has great interest in keeping it out. If, however, the *coureur des bois*, in violation of the laws of God, of humanity and of his country, sells spirituous liquors to the Indians, the regular trader must do so likewise, or abando the field to his unscrupulous rival.

The extraordinary rapidity with which the bisons have disappeared within a few years, has often been the subject of remark by travelers as well as by traders.

The Indian tribes in the country around Fort Laramie, and especially the Sioux and Cheyennes, become each year more and more hostile to, and jealous of the whites; and nothing but a dread of bringing upon themselves the military force of the United States, of whose power and strength they seem to have some confused idea, restrains them from making an open war upon the emigrants, as they pass through their country, on their way to Oregon. Some of the Sioux chiefs, who were at the fort, advised us, through Mr. Bodeau, to proceed immediately on our way, and join ourselves to larger parties of emigrants in advance, and not to remain in camp until Tuesday, as we had proposed. They stated that their people were in great force among the hills, some miles distant, preparing to send out a large war-party, to fight the Crows, and their allies the Snakes, through whose country we had yet to pass. They stated that several hundred lodges would be gathered on the following morning; and, as they were not pleased with the whites, and, in addition to this, were at that time sulky and cross, in anticipation of their fighting with the Crows and Snakes, it would not be advisable to be in camp when they should arrive; as they would annoy us by at least begging and stealing, if not by open robbery.

For the purpose of conciliating good-will, our party prepared a supper for all the Indians who then had lodges near the fort. Among the chiefs, was one who showed us a certificate from L. W. Hastings, to the effect that this savage had saved his life at Independence Rock, in 1842, by delivering him out of the hands of the Indians, who had there seized him.

Upon a hill, half a mile from the fort, I observed a place of Indian sepulture. Many of the dead were lying upon scaffolds erected for the purpose, and they were wrapped in bison robes. The bones of others had fallen down, and were bleaching upon the ground, in little inclosures made to protect them from beasts of prey. A few of the bodies were inclosed in boxes. The wolves howled around the place all night.

Mr. Bodeau appeared to receive with pleasure two large bundles of tracts, which I left with him for the use of the fort. Most of the white men about the place had taken Indian wives, and there were many little half-breeds about the doors. A worthless white woman, who had been in one of the forward companies, had stopped at this place.

Mr. Fitzpatrick, who has spent many years upon the plains around this trading post, and among the Rocky Mountains, says, that at Fort Laramie there is very seldom any snow, that he has never seen a depth of more than fifteen inches; and even this does not remain upon the ground more than two or three days. —(Mercury at sunrise, 62°; sunset, 65°.)

June 29.—We were all ready for an early start, being again admonished to hasten forward so as to unite with others for defense, as it was alleged that the war-party would set out to meet their enemies; and that if they should even pass us without molesting us, yet that upon returning, if they were victorious their pride would prompt them to be insolent, and if defeated their anger and resentment would be vented upon us. As we were about to leave camp, the Indians dressed in their best savage finery and ornaments began to appear in small bodies on horseback upon the neighboring hills, whence they swept down the long slopes, until we were surrounded by many hundred warriors.

Mrs. Thornton says, in her journal: "These Indians appear more independent and high-spirited than any we have seen. They seem to be in good circumstances. Some of them were really elegantly dressed, in Indian style. I shook hands with a great many of them, this being their manner of expressing a desire to be friends and at peace. Few of our city exquisites can present a hand so soft and elegantly formed as were those of these Indians."

I imagine that Mrs. Thornton looked upon these people with that sort of romantic enthusiasm for Indians, and Indian character, which the erroneous and pernicious sketches of them usually seen in our books are so well calculated to inspire. For myself, I must say that, regarding them with the impartial eye of reason, and in the light of facts, which shows objects in their natural colors, and not through fancy, by which every thing is seen in a false light, I saw nothing to admire, but every thing to excite mingled emotions of pity, contempt, disgust, and loathing.

A few miles from the fort we passed through the crater of an extinct volcano. About 2 o'clock we passed a large spring, about 150 yards to our right; but the wagons had generally passed before it was discovered, so that our cattle, although they were very thirsty, from having traveled in a warm day over hot sands, were yet without water.

The country over which we passed during the day was generally hilly, almost destitute of grass, but having a multitude of wild sun-flowers, prickly pears, and wormwood. The hills in the distance appeared to be covered with cedars. A little before sunset we encamped near the margin of a small stream, where we had but little grass. The bison had entirely disappeared.—(Mercury at sunrise, 61°; sunset, 65°.)

June 30.—On the following day great confusion prevailed in camp, in consequence of some of the Californians whom we had overtaken in the morning, and some of our own party, desiring to remain in camp; while others of both parties wished to proceed. Finally the Californians all determined to go forward. Messrs. Crump, Vanbebber, and Luce, who had left us on the preceding Sabbath, continuing with them.

Between 10 and 11 o'clock intelligence came to our little camp that a large body of emigrants had arrived at Fort Laramie, after one of their number, a Mr. Trimble, had been killed by the Pawnees; and that a large number of Sioux Indians would probably arrive at our camp during the day. This determined us to break up camp without delay; and at 2 o'clock we were again *en route* among the Black Hills, which we had entered soon after passing the large spring at 2 o'clock on the day before. We drove over a dreary and desolate country, and halted about half an hour before sunset, on the margin of a piece of low land at the left of the road, well covered with grass. Near by was a creek of excellent water, affording an abundant supply of wood. Laramie Peak, which can be seen from a point sixty miles east of the fort, was in full view.

Grasshoppers (known among the emigrants as sand-crickets) were seen in immense numbers during the day, and rose in a little cloud before us, as we walked along. We saw little or no grass, except along the ravines and water-courses.—(Mercury at sunrise, 60°; sunset, 53°.)

July 1.—We rose before the stars were gone, and had breakfast over before the sun was above the horizon. We broke up our encampment at 30 minutes past 9 o'clock, and at 10 o'clock, A.M., passed the yet smoking camp-fires of the party of Californians in advance of us. We passed a prairie-dog village during the day. I saw one of these little animals, and heard many more. The country was hilly and poor, although there were many very large pine trees. One of those hills was the highest and steepest we had seen. We saw, for the first time, the large hare; also many beautiful white flowers, one of delicate blue, resembling the flax blossom, but much larger. The common blue flax abounded. We encamped on the bank of a small creek, at a place from which we saw Laramie Peak towering up in the distance, with its clearly defined, dark outlines standing against the face of the sky, large, massive, and sublime.—(Mercury at sunrise, 64°; sunset, 67°.)

July 2.—We rose very early this morning; but in consequence of some of our cattle having wandered away, we did not move until after 7, A.M. The country over which we passed was hilly, with much sand in the little valleys and plains. We came to water in the afternoon; and in the evening encamped on the bank of a small stream of good water, where we had an abundance of wood; but grass was deficient both in quantity and quality. The day was clear, and the high winds blew about the sands, much to our annoyance. We saw few pines during the day. The face of the whole country wore a very dreary and barren aspect. The last five miles of our drive was over a red soil, and red argillaceous sandstone. We were both unusually ill, although neither confined to the wagon. The Californians encamped within a quarter of a mile of us.

Our cattle were either strictly guarded every night, or else *kraaled*, from the time of our leaving Wokaruska up to this time. We continued to observe this necessary precaution every night throughout the whole of our journey.—(Mercury at sunrise, 65°; sunset, 67°.)

July 2.—At a very early hour, we broke up our encampment, and were on our way. The red soil and red argillaceous sandstone of the previous day, were observed for several miles. The roads were neither so difficult or sandy. The country presented in many places the evidences of a former powerful volcanic action. The common blue flax that is cultivated in the States, was the prevailing plant of the country. We encamped on the banks of a pleasant stream, a little before sunset. Mr. Cornwall left us on the afternoon of this day, and joined himself to the Californians, who encamped three or four miles in the rear.—(Mercury at sunrise, 57°; sunset, 65°.)

July 4.—Having the last guard, I fired my rifle and revolving pistol, at the dawn of day, in honor of the anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence. The pulsations of my heart were quickened as I heard the morning gun, and saw the banner of my country run up to the top of the staff, in my own little city, and thought of the rejoicings of the nation. The Californians remained in camp to celebrate the day. We resumed our journey at an early hour, and after traveling over a barren country of sandy hills and valleys, arrived again at noon at the north branch of the Nebraska, where we halted. After watering our cattle, and resting about an hour, we resumed our journey. After traveling about six miles over a country which, although not a good one, was much better than that of the forenoon, we encamped on a pleasant stream, where we had enough of wood and water. At this place, we found black currants, which, upon being cooked, however, were not so agreeable to the taste as they had promised to be.—(Mercury at sunrise, 44° ; sunset, 63°.)

July 5.—*Sabbath.*—We journeyed on this day as usual, and over roads so exceedingly dusty, that, had there been much wind, great suffering must have been caused. At 4 o'clock, we passed two companies of Oregon emigrants, the one being led by a Mr. Campbell, and the other by a Mr. Crabtree. Two of our company had gone forward in advance of our wagons, for the purpose of proposing a union between these two companies. They declined receiving any new accessions.

At six o'clock, we encamped near some beautiful and pleasant springs, that broke out of the banks of a small creek, where we had wood sufficient for culinary purposes, and enough of good grass for the cattle.

July 6.—We crossed the river, at the lower ford, at 11 o'clock, and encamped early in the afternoon, on the bank of the same stream, at the upper ford. The grass was moderately good, and in quantity only sufficient for a small supply: wood also scarce. I saw on this day, a fine specimen of anthracite coal, said to have been taken from Deer Creek, west of Fort Laramie. The day was clear and warm, but our journey unpleasantly dusty. The country seemed generally very barren and unproductive.—(Mercury at sunrise, 56°; sunset, 64°.)

July 7.—After traveling over a sandy country, we nooned at a place where there was no grass, and only a little water, standing in pools, rendered very impure and unwholesome by mixed minerals. At 2 o'clock, we came to a large pool of very cool but brackish water. Not more than half the company watered their cattle at it, having deemed it unsafe, in consequence of the mire, which made it very difficult to approach.

The day was the warmest we had experienced, and the dust filled the lungs, mouth, nose, ears, and hair; and so covered the face, that it was sometimes difficult to recognize each other. The emigrant should not fail to prepare for this intolerable dust, by procuring several pairs of goggles for the eyes of each member of his family, so that if one or more pair should be either lost or broken, they may be supplied with a reserve for any emergency. The want of these goggles, besides the serious inconvenience which must necessarily result, is often attended with effects, amounting to much more than a simple inconvenience. The blindness of Mr. McKissick, whom we had met ten miles east of Fort Laramie, is an example in point. The goggles can be purchased in the United States for thirty-seven and a half cents. On the road, they are invaluable. I may not remark upon this subject again, and will, therefore, now say, that among the most serious inconveniences the emigrant will have to encounter upon this journey will be the dust. I have known the time when I would have given fifty dollars for a pair of goggles. We suffered from this almost insupportable flying sand or dust, for weeks, if not for months together. I mention this thing thus explicitly, because I desire to be practically useful to my readers, especially such as may contemplate the like journey. It is for the same reason that many other subjects are remarked upon, whose necessity or propriety might not otherwise be apparent.

Near sunset, some excellent sulphur water was found on the left of the road, and about one-fourth of a mile distant. Near the road were a number of pools of water, so impregnated with mixed minerals, as to be unfit for the cattle. We continued traveling over a barren and desolate country, until about ten o'clock at night, when we encamped at a place where were several beautiful springs, although there was no wood, and the grass was deficient. Four other companies were encamped at the same place. It was, upon the whole, a very hard place for our cattle. One of Rice Dunbar's sank down about sunset, and was left. The night was clear, beautiful and cool, and the moon was at the full. We found some of the emigrants roasting the flesh of a bison that they had killed late in the afternoon; a proof that herds of these untamed rovers of the far West could not be very distant.

The soil around our encampment was parched and burnt; the little grass which we found crisped under our feet, and the hardiest plants were perishing for want of moisture. The country was, consequently, barren and arid. No trees were any where visible. The situation being in an elevated naked region, was exposed to a very rapid evaporation, to which may, perhaps, be attributed in part its barrenness, and the numerous saline efflorescenes which were observed here, as they had been by us in all situations exposed to the sun, after we arrived at the main stream of the Nebraska.—(Mercury at sunrise, 49°; sunset, 68°.)

July 8.—We resumed our journey in the morning, which was clear, bright, and pleasant. Mrs. Thornton and myself proceeded forward, on foot, four miles to the well known Willow Spring, which takes its name from the great number of willows at that place. The water was good, when taken up before it became impure by flowing over ground containing a great amount of mixed salts. We proceeded forward until we halted near a spring of moderately good water, in a small prairie scantily supplied with crisped grass. Our weary oxen, poor creatures, greatly needed rest.

At this place the first open and very marked attempt was made to seize upon my property, and leave myself and wife in the wilderness, exposed to the tender mercies of the savages. David came to my wagon, with one Rice Dunbar, and coolly informed me that he intended to take from me two ox-yokes and their chains. He might have added—and two yoke of oxen, for the effect of the wickedness contemplated would have been to deprive me of that number. This would have left me helpless. Ere I could believe my senses, he had already carried away one yoke and chain.

I now saw that the spirit I had for a long time observed must be met and promptly subdued, if I was not prepared to make up my mind to a very romantic death for Mrs. Thornton and myself in the wilderness. Having never read any works of fiction, except the story of Jack the Giant-killer, I had not by novel-reading caught that spirit of romance under the influence of which I might have aspired to become the hero of some lachrymose story. I therefore determined that when this redoubtable Dutchman returned for the second yoke and chain, I would make an example of him for thus attempting by force to take away my property.

He took up the second yoke, and loaded himself with it and the chain; and I took up a musket, which although not loaded, had a bayonet upon it, and immediately came down upon him in a solid body, with fixed bayonet; charging with great spirit, in double quick time, I deployed, extended my flanks, and executed, with great skill and precision, a number of most masterly military manoeuvres; and, in fact, did every thing but cut up myself into divisions, until I so cut up the enemy, that he dropped my property. Very soon after this I succeeded in turning first his left flank, and then his right; when he commenced retreating, panic-struck and in great precipitation, disorder, and confusion, and so rapidly that his coat tail stuck out in very ludicrous style. I now concentrated all my forces for a full, vigorous, and final charge upon the enemy's rear; and accordingly bore down upon him with much enthusiasm, and was giving him great tribulation—indeed doing the most appalling execution—when Rice Dunbar and Albert reinforced him, and enabled him to make good his retreat, without further loss, behind a wagon; where he took post, shaking most terribly in his shoes, and crying, "Plut and tunder." I then sprang into my wagon and got my six-shooter, and by making a forced march was soon before the enemy's works, which I forthwith stormed. I then marched him out, and marched him before me to the first yoke and chain taken by him, which, with great docility, he took up and carried back to my wagon.—(Mercury at sunrise, 51°; sunset, 72°.)

July 9.—We resumed our journey in the morning at the usual hour. We traveled during the day over a level country, bounded by a range of broken hills, a few miles distant. The plain seemed to be pretty well supplied with dry grass, upon which we saw many bison feeding. We saw also during the day many very large granite rocks, which rose abruptly out of the plain to the height of one hundred feet. I saw, also, at one place, huge cubical blocks of granite, the cement which had united them having decomposed, and left them isolated. There was, likewise, beautiful serpentine, semi-transparent, and of a deep green color, not unlike emerald. Some two or three of the finest "stones," as one of my fellow-travelers was pleased to call them, I added to my little geological traveling cabinet. But I regret that subsequent disasters compelled me to throw them away. The day was clear, dry, and warm; the roads dusty, having many bushes of *Artemesia tridentata*, growing on either side.

Some distance to the left of the road, as we approached Rock Independence, about one mile and a half from it, we saw a large pond of water so strongly impregnated with the carbonate and bi-carbonate of potash, that the water would no longer hold it in solution, and a hundred tons of it might have been lifted from the bottom, to which it was precipitated by the process of evaporation which goes forward in the dry season. Along the edges of the pond it was found in broad and perfectly white sheets, from one to two inches thick; very much resembling snow, raised in large, broad cakes, after it has first been slightly strewed upon the surface, in the afternoon of a warm winter's day, and has then been frozen during the night. That which was taken up from the bottom of the pond looked precisely like fine salt, taken from a bucket of water into which so much has been thrown that it would hold no more in solution. These ponds were numerous in the subsequent portions of our journey.

The emigrants collected this salt, and used it, under the name of saleratus for the purpose of making bread light and spongy. Most persons liked the bread so made. I did not.

About an hour before sunset we encamped within one hundred yards of the celebrated Independence Rock. Between Fort Laramie and this place the rocks consists of limestone; gray, yellow, and red argillaceous sandstone; with compact gypsum, and fine conglomerates.—(Mercury at sunrise, 59°; sunset, 58°.)

CHAPTER VII.

JOURNEY FROM INDEPENDENCE ROCK TO GREEN RIVER.

THIS celebrated rock owes its name to the circumstance of a number of patriotic Americans celebrating, at this place, the anniversary of the National Independence. They were passing through the country, and having reached the rock on the evening of July 3d, they spent the following day in patriotic festivity. According to Col. Fremont, it is in longitude 107°, 56′, west, and latitude 42°, 29′, 36″, north. His description of this rock being quite as accurate, upon the whole, as any thing I could present, I extract it from the report of his expedition of 1842:—

"This is an isolated granite rock, about 650 yards long, and 40 in height. Except in a depression of the summit, where a little soil supports a scanty growth of shrubs, with a solitary dwarf pine, it is entirely bare. Every where within six or eight feet of the ground, where the surface is sufficiently smooth, and in some places sixty or eighty feet above, the rock is inscribed with the names of travelers. Many a name famous in the history of this country, some well known to science, are to be found mixed among those of the traders, and travelers for pleasure and curiosity, and missionaries among the savages. Some of these have been washed away by the rain, but the greater number are still very legible."

Again, he says, under date of August 23, 1842:—

"Yesterday we reached our encampment at Rock Independence, where I took some astronomical observations. Here, not unmindful of the custom of early travelers and explorers of our own country, I engraved on this rock of the far West a symbol of the Christian faith. Among the thickly inscribed names, I made on the granite the impression of a large cross, which I covered with a black preparation of India rubber, well calculated to resist the influence of wind and rain. It stands amid the names of many, who long since have found their way to the grave, and for whom the huge rock is a giant grave-stone. One George Weymouth was sent out to Maine by the Earl of Southampton, Lord Arundel, and others; and in the narrative of their discoveries, he says:—'The next day we ascended in our pilgrimage, that part of the river which lies more to the westward, carrying with us a cross—a thing never omitted by any Christian traveler—which we erected at the ultimate end of our route.' This was in the year 1605; and in 1842, I obeyed the feeling of early travelers; and left the impression of the cross deeply engraved on the vast rock, one thousand miles beyond the Mississippi, to which discoverers have given the name of Rock Independence."

The above extracts express in appropriate terms the feelings and actions of our gallant and enterprising countryman; and which, perhaps, if we reflect that the cross is by many accepted as a symbol, were natural enough, under the circumstances.

I did not see upon the rock the tree of which Col. Fremont speaks. It had probably been blown down. I observed, however, a number of bushes growing, which had fixed their roots in the scanty soil, which in some places filled up the interstices of the rock. Their general appearance was that of a gooseberry bush, although smaller; the fruit yellow, and in taste and color very much like a ripe persimmon. I found several of these bushes growing several miles in the rear of the encampment of this date; and I observed that they appeared to love to fix themselves into the interstices of immense rocks. Of these berries, the Tartars are reported to make a kind of *rob*.

Upon the western side of the rock, there was a space of about ten acres of smooth ground, upon a level with the plain, out of which the rock appeared to have been lifted, and surrounded by the rock on three sides, where the walls are about 120 feet high, and many hundred feet thick.

Mrs. Thornton and myself who were said to be "always either writing, or prowling about after weeds, and grass, and stones, and sich truck," started off on an "exploring expedition."

We went to a place about half a league west of Rock Independence, and immediately south of a large pond, in every way like the one I described as being on the left of the road, and one mile and a half from the rock, except that the bi-carbonate of potash seemed to be neither so pure nor so abundant.

The whole surrounding country was characterized by numerous places in every direction showing a white efflorescence of salts; to which a rapid evaporation—the great heat of the sun beaming down upon a soil, entirely unprotected by timber, and having no outlet for the little water that falls upon it in the winter—without doubt contributed. The ground was barren, descending toward the pond, and having upon it a great number of bushes of the *artemisia tridentata*, or wild sage, that filled the air with a scent of camphor and turpentine. My observations at this place, as also all along after leaving the south branch of the Nebraska, convinced me that the barrenness of the country is produced by the extreme dryness of the climate, and not by the geological formation of the region.—(Mercury at sunrise, 59°; sunset, 58°.)

July 10.—We resumed our journey. Mrs. Thornton and myself lingering some time to look again upon the immense rock, which seemed to lift itself out of the plain to so great a height, that we could but gaze upon its majestic figure with something of awe and wonder.

The following remarks of Mr. John Torrey, Botanist, in his preface to the "Catalogue of Plants, collected by Lieut. Fremont in his Expedition to the Rocky Mountains," in 1842, will degree illustrate the botany of the country between Rock Independence and the junction of the two main branches of the Nebraska:—

"The route along the north fork of the Platte" (he ought to have called it by its appropriate Indian name, Nebraska, or Shallow River), "afforded some of the best plants in the collection. The *senecio rapifolia*, Nutt., occurred in many places, quite to the Sweet Water; *lippia* (*zapania*) *cuneifolia* (Torr., in James's Plants, only known before from Dr. James's collection); *cerocarpus parvifolius*, Nutt.; *erigonum parvifolium* and *cæspitosum*, Nutt.; *sheperdia argentea*, Nutt., and *geranium Fremontii*, a new species (near the Red Buttes), were found in this part of the journey. In saline soils on the upper Platte [Nebraska], near the mouth of the Sweet Water, were collected several interesting *Chenopodiacaceæ*, one of which was first discovered by Dr. James in Long's Expedition; and although it was considered as a new genus, I did not describe it, owing to the want of the ripe fruit. It is the plant *Flora Boreali Americana*, of Bates. He had seen the male flower only. As it is certainly a new genus, I have dedicated it to the excellent commander of the expedition, as a well merited compliment for the services he has rendered North American Botany."

We proceeded on our journey over a high and rocky ridge, about eight miles, when we encamped on the right bank of Sweet Water River, one mile and a half above the Devil's Gate. This place, with so ominous and forbidding a name, I visited with Mrs. Thornton, having to assist her across the stream, which at this season of very low water was about two and a half feet deep.

Of the varied scenery for which the surrounding country is so much celebrated, I regard this particular locality as presenting views so exceedingly picturesque, that it is felt at once to be more grand, and at the same time more beautiful, than any other collection of objects within the whole compass of vision. Before entering this enchanting spot, the change is instantly realized as being powerful and striking. The emigrant covered with dust, has been traveling over a long and dreary way, where every object before him presented the same ashy hue of desolation. He descends a long slope; and at length enters upon this interesting spot, where he can not fail to recognize and feel the sudden change of scenery from that over which he has passed, and to observe the remarkable contrasts in the different portions of that which surrounds him. The valley is about five miles wide, and is bounded by wooded mountains, on the south, rising to the height of two thousand feet. An arid, barren, and sandy plain, having little growing upon it except *artemisia tridentata*, which has become odious and hateful, from the circumstance of its being always seen—and always connected with sterility—presents the appearance of a brown heath, stretching off from near the right bank of the river, to the foot of the desolate-looking mountains on the south. Crossing over the several waters to the left bank, about ten miles above the encampment, this brown heath and sandy plain is exchanged for rich meadows, from the greensward of which broken and granitic masses rise abruptly in sterile grandeur to the height of fifteen hundred or two thousand feet, terminating in a line of broken summits. Their heads are not covered with mountain ash, nor are their gray sides harmonized by mosses, lichens, and yew-trees. But, except in the crevices of the stupendous rocks, and here and there on a ledge, where a few hardy pines have clustered together, they are totally destitute of vegetation. They are precipitous, and bear on their sides fragments of rock, which in the distance look much like the ruins of edifices, but seen nearer, are found to be isolated masses in the shape of pyramids, that have either fallen down or are rising up from the plain, amidst deep verdure, and a profusion of flowers. After proceeding a short distance down, along the foot of this immense ridge of rock, a deep and narrow valley opens out upon the river; although the eye is prevented from penetrating it by its irregular and devious windings, which so shut in the sides upon each other, as to render a distant view impossible. Pursuing our way down the base of these mountains of granite, a beautiful little valley comes down from the country above, and opens upon the river at the foot of an isolated hill. A small stream flowing through the plain, sometimes wandering close along at the foot of the precipitous mountains, and then winding away from it in a serpentine manner, to the opposite side of the meadow, contributes to diversify the scenery of this charming locality. The verdure and flowers on each of its banks are in pleasing contrast with the naked sublimity of the rock upon the north side of it, and the sandy plain which spreads out from near the right bank to the forbidding looking mountains upon the south.

Following down the stream, it becomes more rapid, and at length noisy, as if resolved to acquire a sufficient degree of momentum, either to leap over, or to dash through the precipitous granite mountains, that present an obstacle to its passage to the plain beyond. Now, angry, noisy, and resolved, it dashes in terrible fury against the side of the opposing masses; anon, it forces for itself a passage three hundred yards in length, and thirty-five in width, between vertical walls four hundred feet high; and then leaving the place almost entirely choked up by immense fragments of rugged, dissimilar, and frequently grotesque and fancifully appearing fragments that have been thrown down in the struggle, it passes on, and away through the plain beyond, leaping and shouting like a young giant rejoicing in his strength. The rocks which inclose and fill up the passage are forced and scattered; they now uncover their heads in the clouds, and overhang the dark recesses of the narrow passage thus rent, and look down into it, frowning in craggy grandeur upon the fallen and broken masses beneath.—(Mercury at sunrise, 51° ; sunset, 68°.)

July 11.—Traveled fifteen miles over a road not quite as sandy as some over which we had passed. The day was very warm, and we were all grateful for rest, when about an hour before sunset we encamped on the bank of the Sweet Water, which wound close along the foot of an immense naked granite rock, or rather mountain, in all respects like that immediately above the Devil's Gate, and presenting, as that did, a precipitous face, many hundred feet high. . We pitched our tents on a narrow strip of land lying between the stream and the rock. Its shadow was long, and truly grateful to the worn travelers who reclined at its base upon the grass, or busied themselves with the ordinary camp duties. We used, as usual, drift-wood and *bois de vache* for fuel. We had but little grass. Noted several cacti, and found a number of very fine specimens of Cornelian.—(Mercury at sunrise, 44°; sunset, 61°.)

July 12.—*Sabbath.*—We resumed our journey, and at noon encamped on the bank of the river, near the companies of Messrs. Dickinson and West. Most of the men went out to hunt bison.

In Mrs. Thornton's journal I find the following:—"I now write entirely alone, with no eye upon me but that of the great God. As this little river flows gently by, and waters and refreshes the dry and parched valley, so may his grace flow in upon my thirsty spirit, which longs for my Saviour as does the panting hart for the cooling stream. This is a journey that tries the temper and disposition, no less than it does the bodily frame. Dear Saviour, be very merciful to us, and give us wisdom and grace according to our necessities. And may they be to us as a well of water springing up unto everlasting life. O, let thy presence and blessing be with us through this day, and through life."

Scattered over the plain along which our road conducted us, were several small isolated hills, consisting of marl and white clay, in horizontal strata.—(Mercury at sunrise, 41°; sunset, 70°.)

July 13.—We made an early start, and drove twelve miles, until 3 o'clock, when we encamped on the river, about two miles from the main road. Grass was neither good nor abundant. The day was warm and dry; and the roads continued dusty and sandy.—(Mercury at sunrise, 56°; sunset, 80°.)

July 14.—We resumed our journey at an early hour; and after traveling twenty miles over a moderately good road, encamped on the left bank of the river, at a place one mile from the road. The Wind River chain of mountains was in view, appearing in many places to be covered with snow, while in others the mountains towered up in vast irregular masses, formed into a serrated line of broken and jagged cones.

Some of the company found during the day a large pond of salt water, the margin of which was thickly encrusted with pure muriate of soda. I observed a species of pea, which resembled the lilac in appearance and color.—(Mercury at sunrise, 57°; sunset, 68°.)

July 15.—We remained in camp. The day was cool, and rainy at intervals. There appeared to be a heavy snow-cloud upon the Wind River Mountains.—(Mercury at sunrise, 55°; sunset, 62°.)

July 16.—We left camp with the rising sun. The morning was clear, but disagreeably cold. At 10 o'clock we halted in an open plain, at a place where the Sweet Water is shut up between high, perpendicular walls of rock. This is, therefore, the head of the valley, which, commencing about one hundred and twenty miles below, with an average width of about five miles, and bounded on both sides by granite mountains, here terminates.

The following extract from Mr. Torrey's preface, already quoted, will be interesting to those desiring general information upon the subject of the botany of the Sweet Water Valley.

"Along the Sweet Water, many interesting plants were collected, as may be seen by an examination of the catalogue. I would, however, mention the curious *œnothera, Nutallii*, Torr. and Gr.; *euratia lanata*, Moey (*diotis lanata*, Pursh.), which seems to be distinct from *E. ceratoeides; thermopsis montana*, Nutt.; *gilia pulchella*, Dougl.; *senecio spartioïdes*, Torr. and Gr.; a new species, and four or five species of wild currants (*ribes irriguum*, Dougl., &c.). Near the mouth of the Sweet Water was found the *plantago eriophora*, Torr., a species first described in my 'Dr. James's Rocky Mountain Plants.' On the upper part, and near the dividing ridge, were collected several species of *castilleja; pentstemmen micrantha*, Nutt.; several *gentians;* the pretty little *androsace occidentalis*, Nutt.; *solidago incana*, Torr. and Gr.; and two species of *eriogonum*, one of which was new."

The grass was good and abundant. I saw the common blue flax here, and Mrs. Thornton found some ripe strawberries. Capt. Fremont encamped at this place August 12th, 1843. His barometer placed the elevation at 7220 feet.—(Mercury at sunrise, 52°; sunset, 40°.)

July 17.—The little company with which I had been traveling having left camp, I remained until Ex-Gov.

Boggs came up, about 10 o'clock, with some sixteen wagons, when I joined his company, and we ascended on our right to a high and somewhat broken prairie, or rather open country, upon which we encamped at 6 o'clock, at some distance from the river, near a small stream. The day was very cold, in consequence of the snow upon the Wind River Mountains. We had seen the snow falling upon these mountains for several days. The snow line was now distinctly seen; and the mountains looked beautiful as their grand white peaks glittered in the sun. We had often imagined that we saw the snow peaks, but they had certainly been partially hidden by the clouds that lowered there, while the rain fell at intervals in Sweet Water Valley.—(Mercury at sunrise, 47°; sunset, 46°.)

July 18.—We resumed our journey, and traveled over a high and dry ridge, that in most places was totally destitute of vegetation. At noon we came down into an open valley, through which the Sweet Water flowed in a clear, beautiful, and swift mountain stream, that was now beginning to lose itself in the many small branches that made its head. Upon its banks were trees of beech and cotton-wood, of small growth. We nooned at this place, and then forded Sweet Water for the last time, and took leave of the waters running toward the home of our childhood and youth. We began to ascend by a very gradual elevation, along a road that led us through a desert of upright stones. The face of nature changed; the grass entirely passed away, leaving nothing but everlasting gray rocks, that lifted up their forms out of the soil in naked sterility, or were but imperfectly covered with artemisia. Here the tempests of six thousand years had beaten. Dark clouds were frequently rolling over, and then the sun would come out and seem to smile; while the white snow shone above the snow line, along the Wind River chain of mountains, some of which rose a thousand feet into the region of perpetual frost. Every thing seemed to have undergone a change. There was a gloomy vastness in the distant prospect, and an awful solitude in the immediately surrounding scene; a sense of which, when associated with the conviction that we were about to drink of the waters that flowed into the great Pacific, made the day one of the most melancholy of my life.

The temperature, the atmosphere, and the heavens, seemed to have changed. We had, almost from the time of leaving the Wokaruska, been slowly toiling with our teams, over vast plains, up high hills, and along sandy valleys; yet still, upon the whole, mounting and bending up, and up, and up. But this was a fact which, although known, had not yet been felt. Now, we seemed fully to comprehend that we had indeed ascended to the region of the clouds. Then these dark masses, that rolled gloomily over our path, finally disappeared, and far below we beheld scenery sublime and grand, that appeared to gleam up awfully through wild depths of azure. High, rugged, cold, blue mountains towered far up on either side, into a region where all save the voice of the storm is hushed, where all is cold and chill; and where the mountains wrap around them the drapery of the clouds, and cover their heads in mist.

The ascent to the top of the pass is so gradual that it is somewhat difficult at first to fix the culminating point. We had approached it from Rock Independence, over a gradually ascending plain, one hundred and twenty miles in length, and our road conducted us to the summit by an ascent so regular that we did not, upon arriving at it, realize at first the elevation to which we had attained. It is, therefore, in this peculiarity entirely unlike the winding ascent by which the traveler toils up the Alleghany. The pass itself is generally a smooth champaign country, about nineteen miles wide, commencing at the rough, broken ground, at the foot of the Wind River Chain of Mountains, and terminating at Table Rock, where the rough and broken country may be said again to commence.

As we journeyed through the pass, I saw several oxen that had died. Poor old Brady dropped down in the team, and I was compelled to tell Albert to take his yoke off, and to drive forward, and leave him by the wayside to die. A little after sunset, we arrived at a small stream, which takes its rise in a spring near at hand, known as the Pacific Spring. It is a tributary of the Green River, or Colorado of the West, which empties its waters into the Gulf of California. The night was clear and cold; and if I may form an opinion from the howling, the place was "mighty wolfy." The soil upon the plains, in the vicinity of our camp, was sandy.

From Fort Laramie to this plain, the prevailing characteristic plants were the different species of the artemisia, which generally took the place of the grasses, and filled the air with the scent of camphor and turpentine. This South Pass possesses great interest when we come to observe that in its immediate vicinity the Colorado, the Columbia, the Missouri, and the Nebraska have their sources. Between Fort Laramie and the South Pass, the snow usually continues, during the winter, about three months; and is from fifteen to eighteen inches in depth.—(Mercury at sunrise, 52°; sunset, 51°.)

July 19.—*Sabbath.*—I proposed returning upon the road of the previous day, for the purpose of seeing if poor old Brady still lived, and if possible, to provide for him a little grass and water, and to do whatever else humanity, or a strong attachment to a faithful ox, might suggest. Some of the emigrants remonstrated with me against the enterprise, affirming that I could do nothing for him, and that, in addition to this, I would also be exposing myself to the savages; for they declared, that the locality at which he had been left was "a mighty pokerish-looking sort of a place." However, after the company had all resumed their march, I returned; but the poor fellow was dead, and the wolves had already commenced devouring him. I found, on my way to overtake the emigrants again, several Cornelians, a number of beautiful pieces of variegated marble, and a small fragment of granite, containing magnetic iron ore, in a sort of wash from the mountain-side. I came up with our party again about noon. We traveled over a desolate, undulating, and sandy country. The air was filled with the scent of the artemisia, and loaded with clouds of drifting sand and flying dust. Near the close of a day of toil and discomfort, we encamped on Little Sandy, which is a small stream of clear water, about three feet deep, and forty or fifty feet wide, running with a swift current over a sandy bottom, and finally discharging itself into the Colorado, or Green River of the Gulf of California. Upon each side there were dense groups of tall willows, and an undergrowth so thick as to make it almost impossible to pass through. The idea of hiding among the close and thick-leaved willows, here got into the heads of Star and Golden, the two greatest rogues in my team; and they in consequence gave my driver, Albert, some trouble to find them. All of my other oxen were honest and steady, that is to say Sam, and John, and Nig, and Tom were tolerably honest; while Dick was in all respects faultless. I never knew him to be guilty of a mean thing, or to skulk out of the way, when he knew that his old friend needed assistance. But upon the subsequent parts of our journey this became a favorite trick with Star and Golden. They would be seen feeding until near the time for "catching up," when suddenly they would be missing—in fact, they would be nowhere. Frequently afterward, when I had not a better driver than myself—not even Albert—or, worse still, my Dutchman, David, I have hunted for these oxen through every part of a thicket, as I believed; and would be about to give them over, as having been driven away by the Indians, when I would suddenly see them, not, perhaps, above fifteen feet from me, standing perfectly still, and looking directly at me. And when they saw that they had actually been discovered, they would of their own accord march out, with the most perfect alacrity and good-nature, and by their looks and actions, would plainly enough say, "Good-morning, good-morning. Oh, I am so glad to see you. You do not suspect us of hiding here?" Being thus fairly caught in their tricks, these rogues would go directly to the *kraal*, and wait patiently for me to yoke them.

A large number of Oregon and California emigrants encamped at this creek, among whom I may mention the following:—Messrs. West, Crabtree, Campbell, Boggs, Donners, and Dunbar. I had, at one time or another, become acquainted with all of these persons in those companies, and had traveled with them from Wokaruska, and until subsequent divisions and subdivisions had separated us. We had often, since our various separations, passed and repassed each other upon the road, and had frequently encamped together by the same water and grass, as we did now. In fact, the particular history of my own journey is the general history of theirs. This fact is mentioned now for reasons which will more fully appear hereafter. I shall, after having noted the principal events of our journey, again introduce the reader to some of these emigrants, for the purpose of enabling him to acquaint himself with the events connected with their journey from this place into Upper California. I shall, therefore, dismiss them here, with the remark, that the greater number of the Californians, and especially the companies in which George Donner, Jacob Donner, James F. Reed, and William H. Eddy, and their families traveled, here turned to the left, for the purpose of going by the way of Fort Bridges, to meet L. W. Hastings, who had informed them, by a letter which he wrote, and forwarded from where the emigrant road leaves the Sweet Water, that he had explored a new route from California, which he had found to be much nearer and better than the old one, by the way of Fort Hall, and the head waters of Ogden's River, and that he would remain at Fort Bridges to give further information, and to conduct them through.

The Californians were generally much elated, and in fine spirits, with the prospect of a better and nearer road to the country of their destination. Mrs. George Donner was, however, an exception. She was gloomy, sad, and dispirited, in view of the fact, that her husband and others could think for a moment of leaving the old road, and confide in the statement of a man of whom they knew nothing, but who was probably some selfish adventurer.—(Mercury at sunrise, 46°; sunset, 52°.)

July 20.—The previous night having passed away cheerfully and pleasantly, we all resumed our journey; our California friends turning to the left, and we continuing along the right-hand road, over a country, the face of which was a brown sand—the granite detritus of the mountain in the vicinity—until 3 o'clock, when we encamped on an open, grassy plain, on the banks of Big Sandy, which is another tributary of Green River. Blocks of granite, containing magnetic iron, were seen on both sides of our road. The escarpments along the creek showed a formation of party-colored sand. We had an abundance of good grass. Our fuel was drift-wood, *bois de vache*, and artemisia; the latter of which, burning with a quick and oily flame, made a very hot fire, and was always acceptable, when sufficiently abundant.—(Mercury at sunrise, 48°; sunset, 58°.)

July 21.—We remained in camp for the purpose of recruiting our cattle, previous to our entering upon a forty-mile, dry drive, known as Greenwood's "cut-off," which commences at this place, and terminates at Green River. The night and morning very cool. The soil of the plain in the vicinity of this camp is fertile; but that of the surrounding country consists of dry barrens, and, principally, of brown sand, the product of decomposed granite.—(Mercury at sunrise, 32°; sunset, 66°.)

July 22.—We set off upon our dry drive of forty miles at an early hour, having filled our kegs with water before starting. The country over which we traveled was a lofty sand-ridge. The wind was very high, and the clouds of dust and sand seemed at times to threaten us with destruction. The country was in most places so perfectly destitute of all vegetation, that it is doubtful whether even a cricket could live in such a desert. The road conducted us over a country generally level, and having nothing to break its dull uniformity, but thick clouds of drifting or whirling sand. The air was cool, but, altogether, the day was the most unpleasant one we had passed through. Our company traveled twenty miles and encamped, a little before sunset, near some ravines, in which there was a very little dry grass. The cattle were loosed from their yokes, and turned upon this until near dark, when they were gathered in and *kraaled.* During the day I gave to each of the oxen one quart of water, and two quarts to one that seemed to suffer most. The only agreeable feature of the scenery was the Wind River Mountains, the lofty snowy peaks of which, looked pure and beautiful, but cold, as they glistened in the rays of the sun.—(Mercury at sunrise, 36° ; sunset, 56°.)

July 23.—The company rose at 30 minutes past 2 in the morning. A hasty breakfast was prepared and eaten; after which we resumed our journey at 4 o'clock. Many of the party were sick, in consequence of the dust. The road during this day was very hilly and dusty, but happily for us, the air was cool and calm. At 3 o'clock, P.M., we arrived at Green River, and after crossing over, encamped on its banks, some distance below the place of crossing. Several other companies were also encamped at the same place.—(Mercury at sunrise, 27° ; sunset, 64°.)

WIND RIVER MOUNTAINS.

CHAPTER VIII.

OURNEY FROM THE GREEN RIVER TO THE FIRST ENCAMPMENT WEST OF FORT HALL.

GOVERNOR BOGGS, Wm. Boggs, Mr. Crump, and myself united ourselves to a company led by William Kirquendall. We encamped on the evening of Saturday, July 25th, about three miles below our encampment when we first came to Green River, on a beautiful little tributary of that stream. Our old traveling companions, the Messrs. Boone, Norris, Vanbebber, and Luce, remained behind.—(Mercury at sunrise, 40°; sunset, 64°.)

July 26.—Sabbath.—This day I was thirty-five years, eleven months, and two days old. I had never yoked an ox; but I was now about to commence driving my own team. How I should succeed in getting the cattle into the yokes, or attaching them to the wagon when yoked, or in driving them when thus attached, were questions, the answers to which were not comprehended in my philosophy. In short, they were subjects of "great medicine." But I resolved that, with the blessing of God, I would not permit my energy to be broken, nor my spirit to be saddened by misfortune, but looking to the Strong for help, and to the Wise for wisdom, go right forward, with a courage, resolution, and cheerfulness, too, which my circumstances seemed not to admit. I was in bad health when I started, and was much worse at this time, having frequently spit blood. I remembered to have learned that the most valuable part of a man's education is that which, under the influence of an active and energetic character, he receives from himself; and thus makes amends for the want of one more regular and finished in early life. I had great confidence in my spirit; but I had some doubts, as to the flesh-and-blood, bone-and-muscles, part of the business. But I will inform the reader that I now entered upon a "course of study," in which I combined "theory with practice" every day, until I think I might have passed a very respectable examination before a board of teamsters, and have taken the degree of O.D., which means not Oh Dear! but Ox Driver.

The reader will now keep in mind that from this point I drove my own team, and, therefore, had no time to go "prowling about after weeds, and grass, and stones, and sich truck." Although the daily journal entries were regularly made, yet they are, from the above cause, necessarily less full.

We resumed our journey, crossing several tributaries of Green River, and passing over a very dreary country, which seemed to have very little vegetation other than artemisia, except along the streams, where the grass was tolerably abundant. About 2 o'clock we crossed a stream; and finding there no other place suitable for a camp, we proceeded forward over an exceeding hilly and dusty country, until 10 o'clock at night, when we found water and grass. The day was one of severe toil, and the night was spent in pain and prostration. Slept a little before daylight.—(Mercury at sunrise, 46°; sunset, 72°.)

July 27.—I woke soon after daylight with a sense of weariness and exhaustion, such as I had never before felt. The company, however, were very kind, and one of them, Mr. Perkins, assisted me to yoke the oxen, which he did with a willingness and kindness of manner, which, showing that my evident want of experience and physical strength excited his sympathy, filled my heart with gratitude to him. This man frequently aided me to yoke the cattle. I shall never cease to feel a grateful sense of my obligation to him for his ready and prompt assistance. We traveled over a rough country, ascending and descending two very high hills, mountains, in fact. The side by which we ascended had a small growth of quaking asps. A spring of clear, cold water, was found among the quaking asps on the left of the road, and near the top of the last mountain. The following is from the journal of Mrs. Thornton, under this date:—

"One of the greatest evils of the road for the last month has been the dust. Eastern Oregon, thus far, exceeds in dreariness and sterility any country I have seen. I hope I shall never see such another. The nights and mornings are becoming very cool. We had ice almost every morning last week. The days can scarcely be said to be hot. This is mainly owing to the winds. We encamped on a small creek passing through a little valley between two mountains, one of which we shall ascend in the morning. Performed the camp labor all myself—Mr. Thornton being so tired and faint. Got to bed about dark, and slept tolerably well all night."—(Mercury at sunrise, 48°; sunset, 64°.)

July 28.—The morning was cold and clear. We had ice one-eighth of an inch thick. I felt much better, and nature seemed to have risen with a sort of recuperative energy. Not having a Xerxes to write to the Athos before us, to get out of our way, and not being able to get out of its way, or go around it, we set about getting over it. I have observed in my journey through life, and in more than one instance, whenever any formidable obstacle interposed itself between me and the object I was endeavoring to arrive at; and that obstacle would neither get out of my way, nor be avoided, that it was never best to sit down, upon a rock at the foot of it, and waste time in whining; but that true wisdom always admonished me to take my staff in hand, and press forward with resolution and courage, until I got over it. In short, I have long since learned that it is both a foolish and an absurd piece of business for a man, if he have any brains, to beat them out at the foot of a mountain.

The mountain was steep and high, but all got up in safety. Mr. William Kirquendall, in a very kind and obliging manner, proposed driving my team for me, along and over a narrow ridge, near the culminating point, from which the descent was very gradual. To this gentleman I also feel greatly obliged. Now that I am writing, the many instances in which he assisted me, to drive my team, when I was really almost dead with asthma, comes up before me, with a vividness that fills my heart with gratitude.

Near 12 o'clock we came up to where a company of emigrants were about to bury Mrs. Campbell, who died at sunrise on the morning of this day. Our company halted, and as many as could leave the teams joined in the solemn procession. Sympathizing travelers, though covered with the dust of a toilsome way, mingled their tears with those of the bereaved husband. Her body was committed to the dust in the wilderness, more than a thousand miles from the abodes of civilized men; and I fancied as I saw the stricken survivor turn away from the lowly bed of that dead wife, to resume the toil of his yet long, arduous, and perilous journey, that he seemed bowed down by the sorrows that pressed upon his heart. His dejected look seemed to tell that the loving eye which had often brightened at his approach, even in her last painful and protracted illness, would beam on him no more; that he would never again on earth hear the sweet music of her voice—the voice of the mother of his children; never more would she inquire into his cares and toils, or whisper an encouraging or affectionate approval of his efforts, or, indeed, evince her wonted willingness to share them with him. His hand, ever ready to anticipate and minister to her wants, would never again press with tender care that aching head, which now ceased to feel exhaustion, pain, and disease. Her calm and peaceful spirit was gone, and there remained nothing to him to fill the painful void, or to assuage the deep sorrow of his almost bursting heart, but the pleasant remembrance of her gentle purity, sweet humility, wisdom, and generous and devoted affection. Her sweet expression of face, which was wont to diffuse all about her sunshine and smiles, and the heavenly radiance of her own lovely and beautiful character, were to beam upon him no more.

A community sustains more than an ordinary loss in the death of a valued mother—one who has been intrusted with the rearing of children, and to whom Heaven has committed their instruction. Upon the proper discharge of her duty, while conducting her interesting charge through the years of childhood and youth, and fortifying it for encountering the rough scenes and the "battle of life," or arming it with the great principles of virtue and religion, depend both its present peace and future happiness. When, therefore, I see one of these faithful and affectionate teachers of God's appointment go down to the narrow house appointed for all living, I can not but feel, that however humble and unobserved she may otherwise have been, the nation has thereby sustained a real loss. Mrs. Campbell terminated here her painful pilgrimage. Her wanderings had ceased; the weary traveller was at rest; and we turned away from that lone and far-off grave, sadder than when we came; and, as I hope, better for the reflections suggested by the solemn scene.

Slowly, and in silence, we resumed our journey. The face of the country assumed a more cheerful and agreeable aspect, in the valley in which we were now traveling. We found numerous groups of small timber, which was principally quaking asp. The soil began to appear more fertile. The sides of the hill were covered with a beautiful species of pine, which was new to me, and known, I believe, as the Cone or Sugar Pine. Early in the afternoon, we ascended a mountain of considerable but gradual elevation, the side of which was covered with pine and quaking asp. We continued along the ridge about one mile, when we entered upon a very long and exceedingly steep and difficult descent down the naked side of the mountain. The wheels were all locked. The cattle were then taken away from the wagons, except the wheel yoke, which was left not to pull the wagon, but to hold it back, and to guide the tongue; for the wagon otherwise would have been dashed to pieces. Mr. Crump's carriage was overturned, and although *its* top was most thoroughly broken in pieces, yet providentially *his* top was not broken at all, and in fact was none the worse for the occurrence, except that the hair upon it was filled with sand and gravel, which Mrs. Crump, in due time, made him shake out. Mr. Wm. Kirquendall and Mr. Burns very obligingly drove my oxen, with the wagon, down the mountain. We then passed over into a small valley, where we encamped one hour before sunset.—(Mercury at sunrise, 56°; sunset, 74°.)

July 29.—We traveled twelve miles, and at 4 o'clock encamped upon Bear River, in a lovely and interesting valley. When our cattle were turned loose to feed upon the dry grass, our white tents pitched, and the smoke began to ascend lazily from our camp-fires, around which our wives were gathered, busy in preparing the evening meal—a pleasant picture of great pastoral beauty was presented. The common blue flax grew very luxuriantly in the vicinity of the camp.

We saw two or three Snake Indians approaching the road in the morning. They did not, however, come to us. One of this tribe came into camp in the evening. He was tolerably well clad, but had nothing in his mien and bearing of that dignity and nobleness which some persons of a lively fancy imagine they see in Indians. The atmosphere was very smoky, in consequence of the grass in the valley and upon the hills having been fired by the Indians. The day was pleasant, and there was much in it that reminded me of that delightful season known in the States as the Indian summer. It was, indeed, no more than the 29th of July, but the grass was dry and crispy, the atmosphere was smoky, and even where there was no smoke apparent, it had a peculiarly yellowish hue. The sun seemed to shine with a light more than half subdued and softened; and every object presented the appearance of the early advance of autumn. The heat of summer had passed away in fading green. Sights and sounds the most beautiful and attractive had come, with the agreeable coolness which, in the evening, succeeded the pleasant warmth of the day. The gentle winds, as they stole among the boughs of a neighboring grove of quaking asps, that stood clothed in partially faded and changing green, scarcely disturbed, by their low rustling, the silence of the delicious shades below. The waters of Bear River, moved sluggishly along, reflecting in magnificence the rays of the declining sun. The mountain trout were ever and anon springing out of the clear water, at insects in the air, or were seizing those that floated upon the smooth surface. The sun, at length, sunk behind the mountains, amidst a rich and gorgeous blending of light, and shade, and colors, such as no painter's skill could imitate, and which it is almost impossible for the imagination to conceive; which, at least, none but the great artist can repeat. It soon settled down into a peculiarly soft and transparent twilight. The stars came out, and twinkled far above upon the canopy of heaven, in a manner that suggested the idea that they were the abodes of the sinless and blessed. And here, majestic nature, though in solitary grandeur, swelled my heart with grateful emotions of religious enthusiasm. The shades of night having spread over hill and valley in one direction, and the boundless landscape in another, so as to render indistinct such objects as were a little remote, yet not so as to conceal the general scene, the prairie was lighted up into a supernatural brilliancy, by the distant glare of spreading fires, where all was silent, but the crackling of the flames, and beyond which all was as black as the darkness of death. The blazes extended across the valley, and having soon reached the long line of high hills upon the opposite side of Bear River, crept along the top, their dark and heavy outlines gleaming brighter and brighter, until a fiery redness filled the large ascending volumes of convolved and curling smoke, that now rolled on eddying winds, and towered to the clouds. The fire spread, and widened, and ran along down the opposite side of the high hills, and then back, until it appeared shooting up its flames into the air, first in one place, and then in another, along the outlines of the hills that stood up boldly against the horizon, until there rolled along their whole length a vast sea of angry billows of smoke, and flame, and crackling fire, and burning spray. —(Mercury at sunrise, 59°; sunset, 73°.)

July 30.—We traveled over a beautiful country, having good soil and water, and an abundance of grass and some timber. Early in the afternoon, we encamped on a tributary of Bear River, where we had good grass for our cattle, and an abundance of willow for fuel. Soil fertile. Blue flax grows all over the bottom lands. —(Mercury at sunrise, 58°; sunset, 72°.)

July 31.—We left the river valley in the morning, and after ascending and descending another difficult mountain, came down again into the valley of Bear River, where we encamped on a creek, an hour before sunset, having traveled fifteen miles. We felt the heat to be more oppressive than we had before experienced since we entered upon our journey.—(Mercury at sunrise, 61°; sunset, 78°.)

August 1.—The morning was very pleasant, but as the sun ascended, it seemed to acquire strength, and the heat became oppressive. The dust of the roads, which were otherwise good enough, greatly added to our discomfort. We traveled until near sunset, when we again encamped in the beautiful valley of Bear River. The soil was fertile, and the grass both abundant and good. We obtained fuel from a group of dead quaking asps. Mrs. Thornton and myself were more completely exhausted than we had been at any time before. At night, the heavens were overcast with clouds that threatened rain, and the wind rose, and blew with great violence upon our tents.—(Mercury at sunrise, 61°; sunset, 70°.)

August 2.—*Sabbath.*—We were both very unwell. We traveled through a most interesting valley, but the roads were very dusty, and the winds high. About three miles before reaching our noon halt, I found several specimens of scoriated basalt. We nooned on a small tributary of Bear River, at a spring of cool, pleasant water, where we found an abundance of high, fresh, and nutritious grass. After an hour's rest and refreshment, we resumed our journey, and after traveling three miles, turned to the right, and encamped at a place which the company, like many others, mistook for the locality of the far-famed Soda Springs. It was, in fact, in the same basin where these springs were situated, and there were many small springs of the general character of those which are most particularly known as *the* Springs. In the immediate vicinity of this camp were many small elevations, and two large ones, each probably fifty feet high, composed of a white calcareous substance, to the summits of which springs, of a strongly marked mineral character, bubble up in columns of suffocating gas, which escapes from the water, and leaves it to flow down the sides of the conical elevations, where it leaves a deposit, resembling water whitened and thickened, by an admixture of lime. The sides of these cones were in some places discolored with what I supposed to be the oxyd of iron. The liquid, which in some places flows down, is of the color and consistency of water, made so thick with lime that it is only fluid, and makes a deposit, which, in time, forms a crust. Mrs. Thornton, in attempting to pass up the side of one of these elevations, felt it rise and fall very much beneath her feet; and fearing that she might be precipitated into unknown depths; and, as I was not present to assist her in the event of an accident, she feared to advance, and therefore returned. At the bottom was a spring, the water of which had a slightly acid and salt taste. Great quantities of suffocating gas were constantly bubbling up, with a hollow, rumbling sound, and disengaging itself from the water. I observed many places where, although there was no water, and no opening in the ground, yet a hollow rumbling, gurgling sound was heard below. An opening, about two feet deep, was made at one of these places, into the bottom of which came about six inches of water, which immense quantities of gas constantly escaping, kept in a state of agitation, like the boiling of a pot.—(Mercury at sunrise, 60°; sunset, 72°.)

August 3.—We drove one mile and a half, and encamped at the most remarkable group of soda springs. The ground in many places emits a hollow sound, upon receiving the tread of the feet. In the rear of the locality of the springs are several thousand acres of a flat rocky tract. The flat rocks appeared to come just up even with the surface of the earth. They are seamed in every direction, with continuous cracks or fissures of unknown depth. These are filled with small fragments of rocks which once presented every variety of angles, but which are now in a great measure rounded off. I conjecture, that in the vast laboratories of nature, below the surface, immense quantities of gas were generated, which being confined, and continuing to increase, finally raised up the superincumbent mass of rocks, and thus made the fissures which we now see; so that the gas escaped into the atmosphere above, leaving the fissures partially filled with fragments of rock broken by the convulsions. In time, the causes which generated the gas in the first instance, probably operated to produce more, which violently escaping through these fissures, put in motion the fragments that filled them, and thus by attrition wore away their angles. This theory is rendered probable, if we consider, that the springs of every sort in the neighborhood of the place are continually sending up columns of gas. The bed of the river, for several hundred yards, is at all times violently agitated by the gas which is generated below being sent up into the atmosphere. The nose, applied to many of the dry fissures in the rocks in the vicinity, detects the gas at once. I saw at several places in the neighborhood upright cylindrical rocks, consisting of the white substance deposited by the evomitions of the waters at the conical elevations already described.

They were from two to four feet in height, and from twelve to eighteen inches in diameter. At the top, they were very concave. I saw one that was nearly filled with water kept in a violent boiling motion by the gas, which ascended through an aperture that extended through the center, down into the earth. This had evidently been formed by the gradual deposit made by the water. The fact that it did not then run over and flow down the sides of the cone, proved a subsidence of the water. There was another from which the water had wholly disappeared, but the gas still escaped through the central aperture. Here was a total subsidence of the water. Another still showed the central aperture, but there was neither boiling water nor escaping gas. One of these rocks was beaten down, and broken into fragments; as a curious boy takes in pieces his toy, that he may see the inside. I saw, also, two other places where I believed that similar rocks had stood, but which had been broken in pieces in a similar manner, and probably for a similar purpose. There are, likewise, in the vicinity many small conical elevations, and several large ones, in the apex of a few of which is an aperture, through which, in some instances, the water still gushed out, and ran down the sides of the cone, leaving upon them a white sediment, which has, without doubt, produced these singular formations, which look more like works of art, than of nature. Upon the apex of some of these cones, the water bubbled, but did not flow down, while upon others it showed only at long intervals a single bubble of escaping gas; others still showed no water whatever; nor could I detect in the slightest degree the presence of gas, although the concavity still remained upon the apex, and the central aperture was still open, and extended down into the bowels of the earth.

These facts conclusively show, that these extraordinary springs have very much changed; they also render it probable, that they will ultimately change still more, if they do not entirely disappear. It is at least certain, that their existence is wholly dependent upon the gas, which owes its existence to the operation of causes I am not able to explain.

There are in the vicinity very many evidences of the former presence of a powerful volcanic action.

This is a place which I regard as presenting many inducements for the establishment of a military post and an agricultural settlement. The valley in which these springs are situated, is fertile and picturesque. The common blue flax is its characteristic plant. The grass is good and abundant. It contains the most extraordinary, and also the most pleasant springs in the world, and a visit to them is worth a voyage round the globe. The whole region presents scenery which excites extraordinary interest. The river which drains this valley flows into the great Salt Lake, which, besides being the salient point among the geographical features of the country, is the most remarkable inland body of salt water upon the globe. There are many circumstances which combine to render this important as a military position, with a view to afford protection to emigrants, and to form a nucleus around which to make a settlement. It is about half way between Independence, Missouri, and Oregon City, in Oregon; and also between the former place and San Francisco, in Upper California. The great South Pass, which is, in a qualified sense, in the vicinity of these remarkable springs, being near twenty miles in width, and having an easy ascent, possesses an immense importance, as being the great thoroughfare through which the commerce and traveling between the Mississippi valley and the shores of the Pacific must pass. Following a hollow of easy descent, the emigrant road leads to the valley of Green River, or the Colorado of the West, a tributary of the Gulf of California. This remarkable depression, therefore, renders it comparatively easy to take loaded wagons over the Rocky Mountains. The extraordinary number and character of the springs will in time make it a place to which invalids will resort for health, and gentlemen of leisure and wealth, for pleasure. It has also great water power, in addition to cedar timber for fuel and for building purposes. The soil is not, indeed, so fertile as that of the Mississippi bottom lands, but it is, nevertheless, fertile. In a word, then, it may be affirmed, that the vicinity of these springs to the Great South Pass, which must ever continue to be the place at which the Rocky Mountains will be crossed; the fact that they are about half way between Missouri and Willamette Valley; the interesting scenery; the timber and soil, and the properties of its waters; all recommend the place of their locality, as being important for the establishment of a military post, and a producing settlement.—(Mercury at sunrise, 60°; sunset, 70°.)

August 4.—Our cattle had wandered so much that it was difficult for us to collect them again, and in consequence we were late in breaking up our encampment. Gov. Boggs remained behind to assist Mr. Crump to hunt his cattle. The valley through which we passed was generally sterile. We nooned at a point opposite the Sheep Rock, one thousand feet high, where the road quits the valley of Bear River, and crossing a ridge which divides the valley of Bear River from the waters of the Pacific, reaches Fort Hall by the valley of the Portneaf River, at a distance of about fifty miles. Soon after our noon halt we passed a soda spring, and also another of ordinary water. The day was pleasant, but smoky, as usual. We crossed two small streams in the afternoon, and near sunset encamped at a third. Gov. Boggs came up with us, near dark. A few drops of rain frequently fell during the afternoon.—(Mercury at sunrise, 58°; sunset, 67°.)

August 5.—The day was pleasant. Rain fell in the afternoon, sufficient to lay the dust. Country broken and rocky.

August 6.—Passed over a desert, upon which nothing grew but the odorous and odious artemisia. One hour before sunset, we encamped within six miles of Fort Hall.—(Mercury at sunrise, 57°; sunset, 66°.)

August 7.—Near noon we arrived at Fort Hall. We purchased a few articles of supply at this place. Flour was $40 a barrel, coarse brown sugar 50 cts. a pound, and all other prices were equally high. About 1 o'clock we resumed our journey, and after traveling eight miles, encamped on an open, grassy plain.

CHAPTER IX.

JOURNEY FROM THE ENCAMPMENT WEST OF FORT HALL TO THE APPLEGATE CUT-OFF ON OGDEN'S RIVER.

Parthis mendacior.—Hor. *Ep.*

August 8.

THE company determined to remain in camp through the day, for rest and refreshment. In the forenoon one Jesse Applegate came into camp, and informed the company that himself and Colonel Nat. Ford had united together for the purpose of organizing a company of road-hunters; and that as a result, himself, Major David Goff, a brother-in-law of Col. Nat. Ford, Major Moses Harris, and Captain Scott, had led out a party of road-hunters from the Willamette Valley, for the purpose of exploring a new route, which should be both better and nearer than the old one to Oregon. I never could learn how it was that Applegate obtained the title of "captain," unless it was in some such way as that to which I once knew a "major" resort for the purpose of obtaining a supply of linen. *Captain* comes from the Latin *caput*, a head. But Captain Applegate has not enough head to make it appropriate to bestow upon him so great a title for the sake of a head which is not sufficiently large to be taken for the primitive of such a derivative.

Applegate affirmed the following things, among others: 1. That the distance to Oregon, via the Dalles Mission was from 800 to 850 miles. 2. That the distance by his cut-off was estimated by him to be at least 200 miles less than that route. 3. That the party who had explored the new road with him, estimated it at even 300 miles nearer. 4. That the whole distance was better supplied with water and grass than the old road. 5. That it was not more than 190 or 200 miles to the point at which his cut-off left Ogden's River. 6. That the road was generally smooth, and, with the exception of a dry drive of thirty miles, well supplied with an abundance of good water, grass, and fuel. "These things, which now seem frivolous and slight, will prove of serious consequence:" and if the total absence of all truth in each of these affirmations affords any means by which to judge of the principles of the man making them, he may unhesitatingly be said to be *Parthis mendacior.*

The affair had an altogether too warlike aspect: here was Colonel Ford and Major Goff, and Major Harris, and Captain Applegate, and Captain Scott, in addition to majors, captains, and colonels, that I may have forgotten. I know not how it was, but, without being able to assign a very definite reason for my opinion, beyond that having its origin in the expression of the man's countenance, I did not confide in his statements. I suspected that he was influenced by some motive purely selfish. At the time, however, I could see no such motives, because I had no knowledge of local causes and influences operating in the settled portion of Oregon. In the absence of facts, strong motives did indeed occur to my mind, which I thought I saw might operate upon him to mislead. At least there was no apparent motive likely to operate upon him, if I rightly read the lines of his face, which had for its object the welfare of the emigrants, aside from the success of some scheme for his individual advancement, and which might perhaps require for its success great pecuniary losses to the emigrants.

Ex-Governor Boggs is a gentleman in whose judgment I relied; and in this instance I most unhappily omitted to act from my own impressions and opinions. He unhesitatingly, and to the fullest extent, confided in the statements of Applegate; but, as we shall hereafter see, like myself, he had abundant cause to deplore his folly.

August 9.—*Sabbath.*—We resumed our journey, the most of our party being greatly elated with the prospect of good roads, fine grass, excellent water, and of having a road at least 200 miles shorter than the old one. As I journeyed along through the day I frequently heard emigrants say how much they felt themselves obliged to Colonel Ford, and Colonel Ford's brother-in-law, Major Goff, and Major Harris, and Captain Scott, and especially to Captain Applegate, the leader and master-spirit of this very formidable military phalanx. The day was one of great toil, and the heat excessive. Mrs. Thornton was so unwell and exhausted, as to be almost unable to be out of her bed.—(Mercury at sunrise, 60°; sunset, 71°.)

August 10.—We traveled rapidly all day, over very bad roads, and near night encamped. Weather clear and warm.—(Mercury, at sunrise, 61°; sunset, 73°.)

August 11.—Another weary day's journey through a barren country. Halted at an early hour.—(Mercury, at sunrise, 60°; sunset, 72°.)

August 12.—Mr. John Newton left our company in the morning, and driving forward united with one in advance. Our company encamped in an open plain about noon. Water and grass good; dry willows sufficiently abundant for fuel.—(Mercury at sunrise, 59°; sunset, 70°.)

August 13.—Mr. Roby died on this morning, in the company led by Mr. Dickinson. He had lingered long with a consumption, that stealthily and slowly, but surely, proceeded on in its work. He was a young man from Independence, Missouri, whose parents had united with him in the opinion that a residence in Oregon or California might restore him to health. The best possible provision had been made by his friends for his comfort and convenience upon the road. His brother, Dr. Rupert, of whom mention has been made in a former part of this journal, had accompanied him some distance into the great prairie wilderness, for the purpose of observing whether he would probably endure the fatigues and hardships incident to the journey. It is well known that consumption is a most flattering and deceptive disease, and that it sometimes seems to relax its grasp on its victim, and the lamp of life flickers up with a new and brighter flame, that for a brief period covers the faces of anxious friends with the light of hope. At the time of the separation of the two brothers, the deceased seemed to be unusually well and cheerful. But this favorable change was but temporary. The emigrants with whom he traveled did all that was possible to minister to his necessities, alleviate his sufferings, and beguile the tedium of the heavily-passing hours of his illness. But death at length came, and his body was wrapped in the garments of the grave, while a fearful and solemn stillness pervaded the whole camp. The morning was beautiful; strongly contrasting with the dreary and measured tread of those who bore the body to its final resting-place, and with the solemn aspect of the emigrants, who seemed not to breathe the morning freshness, and whose steps were wanting in their wonted vigor, as they followed the dead to burial.

Wm. Kirquendall and Charles Putnam left our company in the morning, to go forward with others, led by Captain Applegate, to mark and open the new road. The day was excessively hot. Mrs. Thornton was still very unwell, although not so ill as she had been. The face of the country wore a most dreary aspect; and there was little or no vegetation, other than the artemisia, and several species of cacti.—(Mercury at sunrise, 59° ; sunset, 68°.)

August 13.—The morning was warm. At 2 o'clock, P.M., we encamped, at the side of a natural well of cool and clear sulphureous water, ten feet deep, and three feet in diameter. It was covered with most remarkable and beautiful moss. The ground for about eight feet around was raised in a convex form, about two feet high, and the water rose to within about three inches of the top. Near at hand was a spring of good cool water, unaffected by the sulphur. Another company, that of Mr. Campbell, in which a Mr. Hicklin traveled, was encamped near ours. Mr. Hicklin was so ill as to be wholly helpless. His wife was only able to be up, by holding on to the wagon, or by leaning upon some object. Their two children were likewise ill, but not confined. They had for a driver a worthless fellow, who, becoming angry with Mrs. Hicklin, because of her desiring him to bring a bucket of water from the spring, left them in their helpless condition, and was employed by Mr. Crump, who traveled in our company. I have been informed that an individual in Mr. Campbell's company proposed to drive the team for $1 per day, but that Mr. Hicklin, refusing to pay so much, was abandoned. Subsequently, the company led by Mr. Dickinson came up, and finding the family in that helpless condition, and in a country filled with treacherous savages, furnished a driver. It is likewise probable, that Mr. Hicklin contracted to pay an agreed sum for the services of the man furnished.—(Mercury at sunrise, 60°; sun-set, 69°.)

August 15.—Mrs. Thornton was still very unwell. Messrs. Nealey, Burns, Perkins, and young Kirquendall, left in the morning, and we were thus reduced to seven wagons. The face of the country was very dreary. We passed over a portion of road, so rocky and rough, that I did not believe it possible to get the wagons over without dashing them to pieces. No material injury, however, was sustained. In the afternoon the heavens were overcast with clouds, and rain fell to lay the dust, which had previously been very oppressive. The toils and difficulties of the journey appeared to increase in number and magnitude as we advanced. About 9 o'clock at night we halted near two small springs of good water, at a place where we had very little grass.—(Mercury at sunrise, 60°; sunset, 70°.)

August 16.—*Sabbath.*—A little rain fell at dawn. We set forward about 9 o'clock, and traveled over a very hilly country. Although the day was not uncomfortably warm, yet the difficult hills caused it to be one of great toil and exhaustion. We nooned at a very fine spring of cool water, and then resumed our journey, which we continued till 3 o'clock, when we encamped on Goose Creek, where we had an abundance of water and grass for the cattle, and plenty of dry willows for fuel. About 10 o'clock, A.M., the rain commenced descending, and continued to fall, accompanied with thunder and lightning, until after we encamped.—(Mercury at sunrise, 57° ; sunset, 65°.)

August 17.—Traveled twelve miles; and after passing through a cañon, where the wagons were in great danger of being overturned, encamped again on Goose Creek.

August 18.—We passed through another cañon, and at 12 o'clock, we encamped at the head of Goose Creek. Rain and thunder during the day. Thermometer broke.

August 19.—We resumed our journey, and after traveling seventeen miles over a tolerably good road, encamped seven miles up a beautiful, but narrow valley, at a plain thirty miles from Ogden's River. We had good grass, and a plenty of excellent water, but no fuel, not even artemisia or grease-weed.

August 20.—Encamped in a very fertile valley.

August 21.—At noon we passed the grave of Mr. Burns, who died at 3 o'clock, A.M., and was buried at 10 o'clock, A.M. He left a wife and three children. I never look into an open grave, or stand by the side of one that has been recently filled, without the most serious and solemn reflections. Now, as I paused at this newly-made grave, covered thick with the white dust of travel, every improper passion within me grew cool, and a love for my race seemed to warm in my heart. But in addition to the circumstances which would ordinarily have surrounded me when standing in forgetful sadness at the lonely bed of one who, wrapped in his cerements, will sleep until roused from his slumbers by the voice that shall wake the dead, this man had been my fellow-traveler upon the road; and it was with an unusual interest that I now halted my team, and pondered the question, as to whether he had safely and prosperously terminated his weary pilgrimage. He had also, on one occasion, soon after I commenced learning to drive my team, assisted me to get my wagon down a very steep mountain; or rather, he and Mr. Kirquendall had taken it down without my doing any thing in the matter; and the act had touched my heart with gratitude. This made me feel a more than ordinary interest in the question, as to whether it was well or ill with him in the world to which he had gone. David, when he exclaims, "*Surely every one walketh in a vain show; surely they are disquieted in vain,*" showed that he at least felt that men are in great danger of attaching too much value to the objects which they pursue in this life. As I gazed earnestly upon that grave, as though I would have looked through the mass of earth that lay upon the breast of the occupant, I felt in that moment of deep and solemn reflection, all the force of the sentiment thus expressed. We are apt to attach an undue importance to the objects of our wishes, and to the success of our schemes and enterprises. Events often assume an importance which, in our estimation, attach to themselves the happiness of the whole after period of our lives; but which are shown in a short time to be of infinitely less value than we had imagined. Nay, we frequently believe that our whole future well-being depends upon our executing certain favorite purposes and plans, which are found to end, not in bitter disappointment only, but are absolutely fatal to all our warmest and brightest hopes. It is very probable that Mr. Burns had long and anxiously labored for the removal of the obstacles which opposed his entering upon this journey. Reason may, perhaps, have spoken to him in vain upon the subject. He still regarded the removal of these opposing circumstances as absolutely necessary to his health or pecuniary advancement, or to both. The great object of his anxious days and sleepless nights had at last been attained. And what was the result? The exhausting toils, and the wearing and prostrating hardships of the journey, had borne him down to the grave. The living are made to feel that most objects of human desire and pursuit, even when attained, are Dead-Sea fruits, which, outwardly beautiful, yet turn to bitter ashes upon the parched lip and the burning tongue. Religion would not have us forget the dead, but cherish for them affections that shall be immortal. This fills the heart with higher, holier, and better hopes; and takes away the bitterness of our recollections, by pointing to a glorious and sinless world of joy and peace, where we shall meet and enjoy the society of friends from whom we were separated on earth. The anguish of the mourner is at first usually such as to preclude the calmness of reflection and hope. He cherishes his own bitterness, and refuses to be comforted by aught of earth; for every thing in it is impressed with the remembrance of one upon whom he has been accustomed to repose for happiness. But the solaces of religion at length descend upon his spirit, like oil upon the turbid waters, and present to his mental vision objects of sublimity and magnificence, upon which he may place his trust; and hallowed hopes of more enduring happiness shed their soothing influence over his sorrowing spirit.

Leaving the lone and quiet grave of our departed fellow-traveler, we resumed our journey, and traveled until 2 o'clock, when we encamped in the Hot Spring Valley, at a place where, although we had fine grass, yet the water was deficient in quality and quantity; and we had no fuel except artemisia, and a few willows, which were brought three-fourths of a mile. We passed, upon our left hand, a very large hot spring, covering near an acre of ground.

The entry of this date was the last one made in the second volume of the notes of my journal. The third commenced with August 22; and the entries in it were made daily, up to the time that Mrs. Thornton and myself left the first camp in the Umpqua Mountains, on the morning of Wednesday, November 4. This volume contained a minute and accurate account of Applegate's cut-off, and of the incidents of the journey upon that road. I can only conjecture what disposition was made of the third volume. I sent back a man into the Umpqua Mountains for these volumes, and for several other articles of property. I subsequently obtained from him the first and second volumes of my journal; and circumstances render it probable that he appropriated the third. It is known that he appropriated nearly all of the other property. The motive for keeping back the third volume was to prevent the true character of the Applegate cut-off from being made known. But the loss of it has not been so great as I at first imagined it would be; for I have since been enabled to recover the dates of the principal incidents of the journey, commencing October 18, 1846. To these dates the general facts, as far as remembered, and regarded as being in any degree calculated to illustrate the character of the road, or the nature of the journey, are carefully referred.

We had not, when we encamped on the evening of August 21st, yet arrived at Ogden's River, but we believed that we were within a few miles of the head of that stream. This river derives its name from Peter Skene Ogden, Esq., who is the executive officer of the Hudson's Bay Company west of the Rocky mountains, and is the principal officer in charge of Fort Vancouver.

The Indians, along the whole length of this river, are very troublesome. They steal the cattle, and conceal themselves behind the rocks and bushes, from which they assail the emigrant and his stock with their poisoned arrows. One of them was shot in our camp, at one of our halts, with a rifle, by Mr. Lovelin, and with a shot-gun by Jesse Boone, a great-grandson of the celebrated Indian fighter, Daniel Boone, of Kentucky. It was always necessary to guard the cattle while feeding. One of the forward companies had rather a serious battle with these robbers of the desert. Many of the Indians were slain among the willows, where they first lay in ambush. Some were slain in a natural fortress, to which they had fled, upon being driven from the willows. Some of the whites were seriously wounded, among whom, I recollect, were Messrs. Whately and Sallee. The latter died from the effect of the wound; which, though slight in itself, yet being inflicted with a poisoned arrow, continued to inflame, and infuse the fatal virus through the system, until death ensued.

This valley varies in width from two to ten miles. The soil, in many places, is fertile; the grass generally good and abundant; but there is a great want of timber. The road, for the most part, was tolerable. Water was generally had at convenient distances; but this was not always the case. The waters of the river, like those of the Arethusa—and like Jesse Applegate's fictions respecting his cut-off—often sink in one place, and are found rising again at another. We continued our journey down the river, until we became most thoroughly satisfied that we had traveled much more than 190, or 200 miles, at which distance from our first camp west of Fort Hall, we had been induced by Applegate to believe we should arrive at the point where his cut-off leaves Ogden's River. We at first supposed that we must have passed it unobserved; and it was seriously debated, whether we should not halt the company, and send back some of our number to hunt for the point, at which it was supposed we had passed the road. We continued on, however, from day to day, until we were all of the opinion that we had passed it long before, and that we were on our way to San Francisco, in Upper California. At length we were surprised to meet Major Goff at the forks of the road. He proposed to pilot us over this cut-off of Applegate's. The distance of this point from Fort Hall, as it is directly on the traveled way, from that place to the Bay of San Francisco, is important. But in consequence of having been so dexterously relieved of the third volume of my journal notes, I am not able to fix it with absolute certainty. There are a number of facts, however, which will enable me to approximate to it. We met the "captain" at our encampment, eight miles west of Fort Hall, August 8th. We resumed our journey next morning, and continued traveling until the evening of the 21st, when we believed we were near the head waters of Ogden's River. Allowing no more than twelve miles for each day, we must have traveled, up to that time, 156 miles. Ex-Gov. Boggs, in a letter to me, dated "*Sonoma, Upper California, April* 20, 1847," speaking of the time when we arrived at the forks of the road, says, "I do not recollect the day of the month we separated at the forks of the road" (Applegate's cut-off), "but to the best of my recollection it was after the middle of September, or about the middle." This would be at least 25 days from our encampment on the 21st of the preceding month, when we were supposed to be near the head of the river. From this camp, then, to the place where Applegate's cut-off leaves Ogden's River is 300 miles, allowing 12 miles for each day's travel. This, added to the 156 miles of our camp of August 21st, would make the distance from our camp, at which the veracious captain met us, 456 miles. Ex-Gov. Boggs, as will be seen by another extract from his letter, believed that we had traveled 400 miles after we were on Ogden's River. This, added to the 156 miles we had traveled up to our camp of August 21st, would make the total distance from our camp of Aug. 8th, to the forks of the road, 556 miles. A journal kept by Mr. Charles James Stewart, who entered upon the Applegate cut-off September 6th, that is, about ten days before I did, makes the distance 450 miles, and yet this veracious and commissionless Captain Applegate, caused us to believe that it was no more than 190, or, at most, 200 miles. That this distance is not too great, is shown by an extract from a letter of Ex-Gov. Boggs. He says, "From the forks of the Oregon road to Johnson's House on Bear River, is about 270 or 280 miles." This would make the distance from Fort Hall to the first settlement in Upper California 728 miles. This is rather under than over the usually estimated distance. It shows, moreover, that we were, in a certain sense, in the settlements of California, when we were about to turn to Oregon City, from which we were still as far as we were when we left Fort Hall.

Ex-Governor Boggs, perceiving that we had been misinformed, as to the distance, thought it unadvisable to proceed. He says:—

"From the best of my judgment, we must have traveled 400 miles on Ogden's River. I know that I was so much disheartened with the length of the road on Ogden's River, before we reached the Forks, that I lost all confidence in Applegate's judgment of distances; and concluded, if he had made as great an error of judgment in the residue of the route, that we should not be able to reach the settlements before winter set in, and that we should in all probability perish. These considerations determined me to take the route to California."

I have no fault to find with this extract, except that its terms do not appropriately describe Applegate's conduct. It is folly—it is worse than folly—to handle such men delicately; to mince and mouth their offenses, by speaking of their actions and motives in terms which do not appropriately describe them. The proper course is to expose their conduct, that others may not become their victims. Such a course will at least deter others from attempting similar deceptions.

This Captain Applegate, it will be remembered, informed Ex-Governor Boggs, that by taking his cut-off we should save at least 200 miles:—Take 200 miles from 850, and the distance from Fort Hall, according to his statement, is 650 miles. Of that 650, we had already traveled 450, which, according to this veracious captain, left but 200 miles between us and Oregon City; although the fact was, that we were really about 830 miles distant. The difference, then, between 830 and 200 will afford a very good measure of the worth of Applegate's word, respecting the road; and this, be it observed, is as near an approximation to the truth, as any thing I have ever known him to say of the road.

CHAPTER X.

JOURNEY FROM OGDEN'S RIVER TO BLACK ROCK.

At no time, had I confided in Applegate, except through my confidence in Ex-Gov. Boggs, who, having known something of him in Missouri, expressed the opinion that he might probably be relied upon. But now, the fact of his confidence being withdrawn, taken in connection with the glaring untruths as to the distance to this point from our encampment of August 8th, perplexed and confounded me. At length, however, I determined to go forward on this cut-off, having no choice between this and a settlement in California, which country I believed at the time to be under a government that would require of me a renunciation of my citizenship, which I resolved I would not make. The veracious captain had very prudently gone forward, with I know not how many colonels, and majors, and captains. He thus kept his precious person out of the way of receiving harm from the outraged and duped emigrants, who were unfortunate, rather than weak, in their reliance upon his statements. To have shot him would certainly have been wrong. But that the injured and incensed emigrants, had he been with us, would have poured out his blood upon the sands of the desert, over which his cut-off conducted us, within the next three days, I have no doubt.

A Mr. Wm. Stokes had often expressed a wish to me for employment as an ox-driver. I had uniformly declined; assigning as a reason, that I had already suffered great inconvenience, and pecuniary loss, from ox-drivers, of whom, at one time, I had two; I had learned to drive my own team; and that, although very feeble, I had been able to get forward in peace and quietness, at least. I finally, however, at this place, consented to take him, with the understanding that he was to go entirely through with me.

Applegate had informed us, that at the place where his road left Ogden's River, we should enter upon a dry drive of thirty miles, ending at the Black Rock; and that this was the only one we would have. It is unnecessary to state that we had now no confidence in any thing that had been affirmed by him. That we were about to enter upon a perfectly untried and unknown desert, there could be no doubt; but, judging from the extent to which his assertions as to the previous part of the road differed from facts, we very naturally inferred, that we should find this drive to be sixty, or even eighty miles, instead of thirty. Accordingly, after filling our kegs with water, we entered this desert, with heavy and desponding hearts, having no longer any assurance as to the real character or length of the road, between one watering place and another. As we were leaving our place of encampment, we saw a dense cloud of dust rolling up in the distance behind. This we believed to be raised either by a large body of hostile Indians, or by the company of Messrs. Brown and Allen, whom we knew to be not far behind us. We continued to travel very rapidly all day over a desert that appeared to be boundless, having nothing growing upon it but a few scattered bushes of artemisia, at long intervals. The earth appeared to be as destitute of moisture, as if a drop of rain or dew had never fallen upon it from the brazen heavens above. We encamped for the night upon the side of a mountain; and there being neither water nor grass for our poor, toil-worn cattle, they were carefully guarded through the night. I had gone forward in the morning, and found, within about three-fourths of a mile of our encampment, and far up the side of the mountain, a very small vein of water, that moistened the ground a few yards around. I removed a considerable quantity of earth with my spade, so as to make a little reservoir. Into this the water very slowly collected, and enough was obtained for tea; and from it, a few of the cattle received, perhaps, half a pint of water apiece. I divided among the poor fellows of my team a keg of water I had brought from Ogden's River. The weary emigrants at length retired to their tents for rest; but I took my now empty keg up the side of the mountain, where, by remaining until between one and two o'clock in the morning, I succeeded in obtaining enough of the precious fluid to fill my vessel.

We resumed our journey very early on the following morning, and traveled with great rapidity over a rolling, arid, and barren country, until about half an hour before sunset, when we halted to rest our cattle a little, and to take some food. The oxen looked wild and famished. We had now traveled about forty-five miles, instead of thirty, and we knew not how far it was yet to water or grass.

The country over which we had passed was dreary beyond description. There were in it no diversities of color or form, to relieve the mind by their variety.

The earth was iron, and the heavens brass. Every thing was parched and arid; and all those sources of beauty, which, from their being so generally diffused through nature, are usually regarded as things of course, were here dried up by a hot sun beaming down upon sand and rocks. Here was none of the living luster of a gay and beautiful spring, dressed in robes of the richest green, smiling upon the wooded hills and the grain-covered valleys, or laughing and dancing along the brooks and rivers. Here were none of the rich glories of autumn, laden with delicious fruits. There were neither sounds of melody to charm the ear, nor sights of beauty or grandeur to please the eye, and delight the heart.

Just as the sun was sinking, we resumed our journey, and after descending a little hill we entered a country more forbidding and repulsive than even that I have described. There we occasionally saw a stray and solitary bush of artemisia. It was a country which had nothing of a redeeming character. Nothing presented itself to the eye, but a broad expanse of a uniform dead-level plain, which conveyed to the mind the idea that it had been the muddy and sandy bottom of a former lake; and, that after the water had suddenly sunk through the fissures, leaving the bottom in a state of muddy fusion, streams of gas had broken out in ten thousand places, and had thrown up sand and mud, so as to form cones, rising from a common plane, and ranging from three to twenty feet in height. It seemed to be the River of Death dried up, and having its muddy bottom jetted into cones by the force of the fires of perdition. It was enlivened by the murmur of no streams, but was a wide waste of desolation, where even the winds had died. It was a wearisome, dull, and melancholy scene, that had been cheered by the beauty of no verdure since the waters of the flood had subsided, and the dove left the patriarch's window to return no more.

The oxen hurried forward with a rapidity, which will be considered great, if we remember that they had now been two days and one night without either water or grass. Some cattle had already perished, and we hastened forward, anxious and distressed, amidst the silence of the night.

At length, about half an hour before daylight, in the morning, myself, and four others, arrived at the Black Rock, where we found an immense spring of scalding hot water, which cooled after flowing off to a place where it spread out upon a plain; and afforded moisture to sufficient grass for our cattle during a short stay. Other wagons continued to come up until 10 o'clock. Mr. Crump's team was so reduced that it became necessary to send back aid to him. Mr. David Butterfield brought him into camp about sunset. His team had then been without water and grass three days and two nights, during a drive the length of which was variously estimated at from sixty to seventy miles; but which a man, abhorred for the sufferings occasioned by his heartless untruths, had caused us to believe was no more than thirty miles. Some of our cattle perished in the desert, and all that survived were greatly injured. And now, that we had got to water, it was greatly impregnated with mixed alkaline salts, that made it unfit for use at the springs, even had it been cool there. But, in addition to this, it flowed off over ground filled with the carbonate and bi-carbonate of potash, which imparted to the water a taste which caused it to be known among the emigrants as saleratus-water.

The reader will remember that when we were about to leave Ogden's River, we saw a large cloud of dust in the distance, which we believed, at the time, had been made by either a company of pursuing Indians, or by the emigrant company of Messrs. Brown and Allen. I have since been in California, where I saw Mr. Brown, who informed me that they entered upon this cut-off, and sent forward one of their company forty-five miles, on horseback, and that they were met by him after the wagons had traveled thirty miles, without finding water, as they had been told. Their messenger stated, upon meeting them, that he had been fifteen miles farther forward, without finding water. It was finally deemed hazardous to rely any longer upon the word of this untrustworthy guide. They therefore turned about, and made a hasty retreat to Ogden's River, where they remained for a brief period to recruit their cattle, after which they proceeded to California.

I believe it can be demonstrated that the wanton liar always unites the fool with the knave. Falsehood never fails to defeat its own end. For, although it may possibly succeed in a single instance, as in the present case, yet the thing will be sure to become notorious, and then, his character for veracity being gone, his power to deceive goes with it. Paley says, that much of the pleasure, and all the benefits of conversation, depend upon our opinion of the speaker's veracity. The mere man of the world can not *afford* to be a liar; the Christian is restrained by principle. I believe it is Lord Chesterfield, a mere man of the world, who relates an anecdote in point. I relate it from memory, and may not use his precise words. I commend it to the particular attention of all commissionless, shirtless, hatless, and bootless colonels, majors, and captains; more especially, since it is told of a "*colonel*."

It would seem, then, that a Col. Chartres, who, Lord Chesterfield says, was the greatest rascal in the world, and who had, by all sorts of crimes, amassed immense wealth, sensible of the disadvantages of a bad character, was once heard to say, that, although he would not give one farthing for virtue, he would give ten thousand pounds for a character, because he should get a hundred thousand pounds by it. Lord Chesterfield concludes by asking, whether it is possible, then, that an honest man can neglect what a wise rogue would purchase so dear.

To the reader, who shall peruse these pages to the end, a reference to this anecdote will show that it is very fruitful in suggestions. For the present, I shall only remark: First, That although Col. Chartres is affirmed to be the greatest rascal in the world, yet that refers to a past age, and does by no means include the present: Secondly, He had a commission: Thirdly, He had a shirt: Fourthly, The fact that he amassed his wealth by great crimes leaves us at liberty to infer that the colonel may have stolen the shirt from an emigrant, in some mountain; and thus have established in that age a precedent for a similar military exploit in this. The commission, as I understand the law, after a very careful examination of all the best authorities upon the subject (see Plowder on *majors*, vol. vi. p. 1106; Coke on *captains*, vol. x. p. 1420; Kent on *colonels*, vol. viii. p. 740), is very necessary to the existence of real *bona fide* live captains, colonels, and majors; and the shirt (see Dogberry on shirts, p. 1), is equally essential to their comfort, not to say any thing of the decency of gentlemen of the military profession, especially if they are very military.

CHAPTER XI.

JOURNEY FROM BLACK ROCK TO THE WESTERN SIDE OF THE SISKIA MOUNTAINS.

WE remained at Black Rock one day and night, for the purpose of resting and recruiting our exhausted cattle; after which we resumed our journey, and traveled about eight miles, to the Great Hot Springs, in the vicinity of which we found a limited supply of grass. Our road between these two camps conducted us over a dry, grassy plain, and usually near the foot of a high and naked precipitous bluff. The tops of these high bluffs or hills appeared to be covered with volcanic scoria, or a substance resembling the slag formed in iron furnaces. Their sides presented a great variety and blending of colors, including almost all those of the rainbow. These had evidently been produced by the action of intense heat, which had left different colors in different places, according to the degree of heat applied, and the temperature of the atmosphere into which the masses had been suddenly projected while thus heated. Indeed, without attempting to account accurately for the phenomenon, the hills appeared to have been in some way scathed and blasted by subterranean fires.

At various places upon the plain, columns of steam were seen to ascend from amidst the grass and weeds. Upon approaching the place, and parting the herbage, so as fully to expose the opening, an aperture of perhaps not more than six inches in diameter, would be seen filled with scalding hot water, but not running over. Some of these openings were a foot in diameter. None of them discharged their water, but all of them were, probably, very deep. Into one, the diameter of which was not more than ten inches, I let down a weight, with cords two hundred and four feet, without finding bottom. The temperature of these Hot Springs varied very much. The water in some was not above blood-heat; while that in others was so hot that meat would have cooked in them in a very short time. They were all remarkably transparent, and they emitted an odor like that which is observed from weak warm lye. I frequently noticed large bubbles of ascending gas. But the immediate vicinity of our encampment was the most extraordinary locality of springs I had witnessed. Within a few yards of the tents, was a sort of raised and marshy bed of flags, upon one side of which was a spring, which was cool at night and warm during the day. From this we obtained water for drinking and for culinary purposes. The females washed our garments in the water taken out of this spring, and afterward took them round and boiled them in a scalding hot spring upon the other side of the flags, not more than sixty feet from the first spring. Had it been uniformly either cold or hot, there would have been no difficulty in accounting for it. As it is, I know of no other way than to suppose that it derives its water from the hot springs, which percolates through the bed of flags, which, being cooled by the night air, cool in turn the water, which afterward makes its way into the bed of the spring.

About one hundred yards from this, the Great Boiling

Spring is situated, in a very deep basin, several hundred feet in circumference, having precipitous sides, and the spring in the center, being about thirty feet in diameter. Its waters are intensely hot, and it sends out a very rapid stream of about four feet wide, and ten inches deep. An idea of the intensity of the heat may be formed from the fact that Mrs. Lovelin, having accidentally got one of her feet in the stream, at a considerable distance below the springs, was so much scalded that the skin came away with the stocking.

I walked abroad, at the dawn on the following morning, to observe the ascending columns of the steam, which at that time rose in immense clouds, and ascended to a vast height. The day seemed to kindle from behind the giant mountains. At length, as the sun began to ascend above them, they appeared to rise from beds of flame, and to put crowns of fire upon their awful heads.

After remaining two days and nights at the Great Boiling Spring, we resumed our journey—"Hopes and fears in equal balance laid." We hoped that we should find some of Applegate's statements respecting the road to be true. We hoped that it would be seen that he had told us the truth at some time, by accident at least, if not by design. He had informed us that we would travel fifteen miles from the Great Boiling Spring, when we would come to springs, where we should obtain an abundance of excellent water. Having been previously so much deceived, it was natural for us to fear that we should find this statement also to be inconsistent with the facts. We, therefore, hurried forward, and soon entered upon as desolate and dreary a country, as the sun ever shone upon.

There was no sign of vegetation but the artemisia. Universal desolation was stamped upon all around. It seemed almost that nature herself was about to expire, so fearful was the sterility and dreariness. Scarce a vestige of vegetable life appeared upon that wide and far extended sand-plain. A bird had never spread its wings over that hot and burning waste. The noise of even a cricket, broke not the silence, so profound, that a foot-fall pained the ear. A thin, hot, yellow haze hung upon distant objects, while a sort of dazzling, glistening heat seemed to surround every thing near at hand. The scene was too dismal to be described. No object presented itself to the blood-shot eyes, but hot, yellow sand, and here and there a low rock just rising above the plain, with now and then a cluster of artemisia. A strange curse seemed to brood over the whole scene.

The bitter imprecations of many a maddened and almost frenzied emigrant, were poured forth, with startling energy and emphasis, upon the treacherous guide. Goff was accused of having been a party to the misrepresentations of Applegate, both as to this drive, and that to the Black Rock. But he pretended that he had not been with him at those places; but that he and others had gone to explore some other way, and that, in their absence, these portions of the route had been examined by Applegate, upon whose word they had relied as to the character of the road.

We had toiled on amidst great suffering, but instead of finding the spring, as indicated, we found a desert as dry and blasted, as if it had just been heaved up from some infernal volcano. We pressed forward, however, although the poor famishing cattle appeared to be almost frenzied. The sun at length set behind the mountains, with a red and angry look. But this brought with it a cool air that was a little refreshing, and the oxen hastened forward as though they were conscious that their lives depended upon the utmost expedition. At length at about 11 o'clock at night we arrived at water and grass, after having traveled a distance that was variously estimated at from twenty-five to thirty miles. I believed it to be at least thirty miles; and my opinion was based upon the time occupied in passing over the desert, as compared with the usual speed of traveling. One of the company did not get into camp until next day. The grass was deficient in quantity and quality, and the water was affected by flowing over earth impregnated with the carbonate and bi-carbonate of potash. At this place we came up with Messrs. Hall, Croizen, and Whately. Whately was suffering much from a wound received in a battle with the Indians on Ogden's River. In addition to these, our company now consisted of Messrs. Caldwell, Crump, Baker, Butterfield, Bosworth, Morin, Putnam, Newton, Lovelin, Boone, and Dodd, who was with Morin; and Stokes, and also with myself. Our cattle had suffered great injury from this drive, following almost immediately upon that of sixty miles, commencing at Ogden's River, and extending to the Black Rock.

We remained in this vicinity some two or three days, only changing camps a little to obtain better water and grass. At length we resumed our journey, and proceeded forward as fast as the enfeebled condition of the teams would permit. We traveled over a country that was generally very barren, until we arrived at the Sacramento Valley, where my wagon was dashed in pieces upon an exceeding rough and dangerous road. Here I cast aside some more of my property. I succeeded in making an arrangement with Mr. David Butterfield, for the use of one of his wagons, he having one that was nearly empty. I ought, perhaps, to have remarked that, upon certainly ascertaining at Ogden's River, that we had been deceived by Applegate, Mrs. Thornton and myself took only about two-thirds the amount of food we had previously considered necessary.

We had been informed by this man at Fort Hall, August 8, that if we took his road, we would be able to arrive at the end of our journey, as early as the first of October, though we should travel no more than twelve or thirteen miles each day. This rate of traveling would have enabled us to have arrived at the end of our journey at that time, had the distance really been no more than 650 miles. It was, however, as late as the 15th or 16th of September, when we arrived at the forks of the road, where we, for the first time, fully realized that we had been duped. The deception as to the distance to this point, and the new deceptions, which almost every subsequent day revealed, made me feel a very painful uncertainty, as to the future, which, in my opinion, rendered such an allowance of food prudent, in view of the length of time, we might have to be upon the road, beyond that for which we had originally calculated. Others also became alarmed, from the same causes, and limited themselves in the amounts of their food. Many, less prudent, seemed to act upon the opinion that there was plenty of food, while there was any. We continued traveling over an exceedingly barren and desolate country, passing over several dry beds of former lakes, until we arrived at a lake which was said to be the Tlamath, although it is certain that none of our party knew it.

A very bad Umpqua Indian having, upon a subsequent part of the road, relieved me of my third volume of journal notes of this part of the road, I write from memory only. The lake, for the most part, is an immense meadow, surrounded by mountains. During a portion of the year it is doubtless covered with water; but this, it is probable, is supplied by melting snows from the mountain, and soon runs off, leaving the shallow basin covered with grass for the remainder of the year, except in places where the Tlamath river, which flows through the midst of it, spreads out into a marsh. We approached it upon its northeastern side, and then traveled round to the south side, where we came to the foot of a tremendous mountain spur, which terminated in a precipice overhanging the lake. This made it necessary for us to cross this point, which was very high, and appeared to have an angle of near forty-five degrees. To travelers such as we were, with our teams now very much broken down by toil and continual want of water and food, the sight was truly appalling: it made the heart sick. In this matter, too, we had been shamefully deceived. Messrs. Baker, Butterfield, Putnam, and myself united our teams, and although we put from eighteen to twenty-three yoke of oxen to each wagon, it was with the utmost difficulty that we were able to take them up at all. At length we succeeded in arriving at the top of the eminence, commanding a prospect of the surrounding country.

Although our cattle were greatly distressed and exhausted by the effort, I could not refrain from pausing to admire the scenery. There was nothing of the richness of the coloring, and the happy disposition of the lights and shades, of green, leafy forests. And yet as the eye swept around the neighboring mountains, and over the intervening lakes, there was a beauty and splendor, of which I then felt a strong sense, that was, without doubt, in part owing to the fact, that I had recently been passing over a country of such unsurpassed sterility. Around were many promontories and summits, of singular and varied forms, standing up against the horizon; with their bold outlines distinctly marked, and showing the dark shadows that stretched across intervening valleys, and vailing many objects in dim uncertainty; while the rays of the declining sun appeared to kindle a strong light, so as to exhibit the general outline in a sort of mellow and subdued beauty. The rays of the departing sun fell upon the lake, and appeared to impart life and motion to every object. The waters at this season of the year were only partially spread out, and they were alternately glassy or gently rippled. Far away in the distance an observing Indian paddled his frail canoe. Nearer at hand were some of the treacherous savages seeking to get, with their canoes, among the tall canes, grass, and flags, in order the more successfully to assail our cattle. Noisy water-fowl were scattered about in flocks upon the bosom of the lake, which was now gay and brilliant with the tremulous luster of the departing sunbeams. Above the mountains were piled, in fantastic and airy shapes, clouds upon clouds, of various forms, and brilliant colors. These all seemed to have been built up on a sky magnificently illuminated with a vivid yellow luster, that deepened to a bright crimson at the upper edge. As we descended the mountain to a low piece of land, where we again came to the lake, the sun disappeared behind the mountains, the colors changed to those which were dull and hazy; and these at length wholly disappeared. We reached the plain below, where our weary cattle were unyoked, and the camp-fires kindled, as the shades of night closed the scene, and invited us to refreshment and repose.

We resumed our journey from this point, and traveled through a desert with small oases, remote from each other. We passed over the dry bed of former lakes, which are probably covered with water during the season at which the snows melt. We crossed one that was about ten miles wide, having upon its western side a cool stream of water of great beauty, that ran down the side of a wooded mountain, and spread itself out in a grassy plain below. Here we saw some pine trees of a large size. They were the first we had seen, in many a weary league, through many a weary week, that could with propriety be said to be trees. And now that we saw them, it was like meeting old and much-loved friends. The sight of these refreshed the eyes and gladdened the heart. The wind, as it passed through the suspended and waving foliage of the lofty pines, seemed to wake a low monotone, that would sometimes swell upon the ear, dirge-like yet sweet; and then gradually sink to a whispered lament. The leaves and slender branches would then, perhaps, answer in different voices from the hill side, as the breeze came sweeping over from the plain, eliciting sweet music, like that of the many-toned harp. The sounds of the noisy and babbling streams that came running down the side of the mountain, and seemed to be hurrying to the plain, united with the whisper of the wind in the grass, and the moaning of the branches of trees, the verdure of which had been consumed by fires kindled by the savages, added their changes and harmony to the anthem of nature. Even the howl of a wolf in the grassy plain before me; the hooting of an owl in one of the trees above, and the scream of a cougar upon the mountain side, seemed to soothe and satisfy. It had been so long since I had seen a country where any thing *could* or *would* live, that almost any sound indicating life, or even the probability of it, was pleasing to my ear, and soothing to my heart. And while the breeze was sighing among the pines along the hillside, and the wild winds rushed in fitful gusts far up the mountain side, where the spirit of the tempest seemed to dwell, and to show his dark and awful form; and while in the solemn night, the twinkling stars above seemed to roll sublimely through the sky, all the monotones, though sad and wild, which the many-fingered winds awoke among the rustling leaves, seemed full of music to my care-worn and anxious heart.

On the morning following we resumed our journey, and continued along around the foot of the mountain and the border of the plain, crossing several beautiful refreshing streams of water, that came down from the mountain to refresh the plain, and to clothe it in verdure. About the middle of the afternoon we entered a depression, up which we traveled two miles, when we came to a place of springs, at which we encamped. There being no grass at this place, we drove our cattle back two miles to the plain, where they were guarded from the Indians.

The next morning we resumed our journey, and after immense toil, succeeded in ascending a very high and steep mountain, to gain the top of which was itself labor almost enough to break down fresh and strong teams, much more such as ours were, worn down and exhausted, in consequence of long privation. We had been traveling during a long time over a sterile and blasted country, where no verdure relieved the eye, or redeemed the scene from utter desolation. We had not seen trees for many months, until we had made our recent encampment among the pines. But from the summit of this mountain I looked upon a most magnificent and well-watered valley in the foreground, while hills and mountains, covered with noble forests of Cone Pine rose in the distance. The mountain was a vast ridge, which rose to an immense height, and divided two valleys, which extended until they were lost in the distance. The first was that in our rear, and along which we had been traveling. Its general character has already been described as that of desolation, and extreme sterility. Upon the opposite side of this valley, and bounding it in that direction, was a lofty range of jagged and broken peaks, and enormous rough crags, that were piled upon each other in sublime and seemingly illimitable desolation. Mountain extended behind and above mountain, and crag was piled behind and above crag, until they rose to an elevation that enabled us to observe the beautiful white clouds that sometimes rested upon them, while at other times they floated before them, so as alternately to shut them in and conceal their deformity, and then to disclose them in all their sublimity. These alternations greatly added to the grandeur of the scene.

The summit of the mountain upon which I stood, enabled me to have a perfect view of the valley in front. The characteristics of this differed materially from the former. While that, as seen from this vast observatory, was gray, arid, dull, and appeared to be so barren, that the beholder could with difficulty be persuaded that any thing could exist on it, this was bordered by evergreens, which imparted to it a cheerful and pleasant aspect. The grass of the open part of the valley was, indeed, dried, and converted into a sort of hay. The green, wooded mountains rose above each other in the distance, and were so varied in their forms and elevations, as to present the most agreeable varieties of light and shade, while far away on our left, and above the mountain, masses upon masses of clouds had congregated, and were retreating before the wind; sometimes penetrated by the sunlight, and turned into shining heaps of fleecy silver. Lower down, and hanging in the clear atmosphere, were seen, more toward the west, radiant clouds, that slowly and gracefully floated across the valley. Still lower—the green mountains seen in the distance above them—were others that were white, still, and motionless, looking like aerial islands, suspended in mid-heaven, above the beautiful valley, that seemed to repose in the bosom of the hills.

The descent from the mountains was gradual and smooth, and therefore not difficult. We crossed a narrow part of the valley, and encamped upon an open grassy plain, and near a beautiful small stream of pure, cold water, in the immediate vicinity of a magnificent pine forest. I felt a hope, although a delusive one, as it subsequently proved to be, that we had, at last, escaped from naked sand-plains, and artemisia or sand-deserts. To me this appeared to be truly a bucolic region.

The great woodlands and lofty mountains at length began to vanish away in a shadowy expanse, under the gloom of a still and quietly coming twilight, that covered distant forms with vagueness and obscurity, or exhibited them in an uncertain and fading light, which enabled the imagination to indulge in the creation of fragments, and phantasms of edifices, or to call up before the mind spectacles of beauty and sublimity.

The solemn night at length vailed all distant objects in darkness, when suddenly a signal-fire, probably kindled by some savage, who had just discovered our camp-fires, was seen to start up on the top of the mountains we had just crossed. Soon another and another answering fire blazed along the top of the mountain, and then continued to spread until the whole of the upper part of the ridge appeared to be one continued sheet of crackling flame and circling smoke. The latter rolled up in huge wreaths, that gradually grew less dense, and received and transmitted the light of the burning mountains, which gave to them a golden and crimson radiance, the splendor of which increased every moment.

We resumed our journey from this place, and in a short time entered upon a country as barren and desolate as any we had previously passed over. Having toiled on through a hilly, broken, and barren country, we at length came to a plain on Tlamath River, where we encamped. Indians appeared in considerable numbers among the trees, upon the opposite side. They were fired upon, and fled without receiving any harm.

On the following morning we commenced ascending a mountain usually known as the Siskia Mountain. I know not why it is so called. It was very high and steep, and the ascent was exceedingly difficult. After the most extraordinary labor and exhausting toil, we succeeded in arriving at the summit with our wagons, although most of the teams were well nigh broken down by it. While I waited for a time for Messrs. Baker, Butterfield, Putnam, and Crump, to come up, I stood to survey the wild mountain scenery before me. We had entered the dense forest of fir-trees and pines, which covered the mountains with their thick and dark green foliage, soon after leaving the river. In the distance we had seen, as we imagined, precipices, which in some places were perpendicular, while in others they appeared to exhibit overhanging rocks of stupendous grandeur. The road had passed at some distance below, between two immense rugged mountain spurs, that rose to a sublime height above the noisy dashing of the angry waters of the foaming Tlamath, that thundered and roared tumultuously far below, along a rocky cañon, which was so shut in by steep precipices, overhanging rocks, and the closely interwoven foliage of lofty firs and pines, that the light seemed scarcely to penetrate to where the eye with difficulty wandered toward the bottom. The forest, upon the side of this rude and rugged mountain, was very dense and lofty, and gave to it a bold, wild, solemn, and irregular appearance. In most places, the huge trees were interwoven; but in some places there seemed to be large breaks or openings. But now, although the atmosphere was clear and bright, as I stood and looked over the valley from which we ascended, yet below the covering of the dense and closely interwoven pine tops that grew upon the side of the mountain, all seemed to be dark; and all was silent, except the loud cry of the drivers cheering the overwrought oxen to their toil.

My wagon being in the road, Mr. Newton at length insisted upon my moving forward. Mr. Townsend moved forward with us, and we soon entered a dreary forest of deep and somber shade, that covered the summit of the mountain. This stretched away we knew not whither. A dreary solitude seemed to brood over a scene which appeared to be so secluded as to be destined to be never again wandered over by the feet of man. All that we knew of the mountain, was vague and uncertain. Applegate had mentioned it by name, indeed, and had spoken of the ascent as being short and easy. But this—like almost every thing he had said of the road—we learned, by sad and painful experience, to be untrue. We only knew that many fierce savages prowled among its rugged recesses, and we only wished that they had prevented Applegate from passing through it.

Anxious to get our famishing and exhausted cattle to water and grass, we continued to press forward, until extreme darkness made it impossible to proceed without the utmost danger of dashing the wagons to pieces upon the rocks and trees. Three of my cattle also appeared to be in great danger of becoming entirely useless to me, in consequence of weakness. We chained our oxen to the wheels to prevent them from eating laurel, or being killed by Indians. We made a large fire, at which Mrs. Thornton prepared tea; we having brought a little water with us from the river.

This, and a small allowance of crackers, only equal, however, to the amount to which we had confined ourselves for several weeks, she divided with our unhappy companions in peril and travel. Mr. Townsend was without fire-arms, but I supplied him with a musket, and taking my rifle and revolver, I stationed myself as a sentinel behind a great tree, so that the shadow which the fire caused it to make, might cover me from the sight of lurking savages. The few and feeble travelers soon retired to their respective wagons for a brief repose, and in a short time they slept soundly.

At midnight I awoke Mr. Townsend to take my place as guard over the weary sleepers. In a short time I too yielded to the refreshing influence of sleep, which strengthened my weary and exhausted frame for another day of toil and travel. A merciful and gracious providence wisely concealing from me the fact that this was the last night that we would have a wagon in which to repose while upon the road.

I ought to remark in this place, that I had informed Applegate, when he met us on the 8th of August, that the amount of food in the company was not sufficient to sustain it beyond the 1st of October, even upon a very limited allowance; and that, if either the length or the character of the road was such as to detain the emigrants beyond that period, there would be great danger of many perishing with hunger. My opinion upon the subject was not the result of any accurate knowledge of facts, but I was induced to form it from general observation of what I could not well fail to observe in the camp. Accordingly on the night of our encampment in the Siskia mountains, some of the emigrants had not an ounce of bread, and only a small quantity of very poor, unwholesome, and innutritious beef.

Early on the next morning our traveling companions, Messrs. Baker, Butterfield, Putnam, and others, whom we had left still toiling up the steep and difficult ascent of the mountain, came up to us, when we unchained our poor starving oxen, and once more resumed our painful and perilous journey. About 11 o'clock poor Tom, now faint and exhausted with want of water and grass, sank down upon the road; and the languid expression of his eyes, and the white upon the end of his nose, plainly enough told me that nature could no longer sustain the weight that oppressed it. To me it was truly a misfortune to lose the services of an ox, but aside from the regret occasioned by the pecuniary loss, Tom's long continued and faithful services through so many dangers and hardships, had excited within me a very strong attachment, and even gratitude. So great was this, that I would have been willing to pay more than five times his value to any one who would have taken him safely into the settlement, where I believe I would have pensioned him upon a clover lot during the remainder of his life. But this was impossible, and I turned away to hurry forward, in order, if possible, to save the lives of the remainder of the cattle. I left him in the wilderness to famish and die, indulging doubtless in vivid recollections of some well-known old green field in Illinois. As I turned away, I imagined that the poor fellow looked at me with a reproachful expression, which seemed to say, "Is it possible you are about to leave me here to die?"

We continued to hurry forward over this rough mountain-ridge, as though we were sensible that the

Angel of Death was close behind us. Early in the afternoon another ox, faint, and exhausted, sank down; him, too, I left to die. He had been a faithful fellow, and I felt a sincere sorrow upon parting with him. My emotions can not be comprehended by any one who has not passed over such a road, and received from day to day, from week to week, and from month to month, the efficient services of so faithful an animal. About 2 o'clock we arrived at a small valley, in which we found a little impure water, standing in pools, and also a very small quantity of dry and innutritious grass. At this little valley I came up with Josiah Morin, and others, who having succeeded in ascending the mountain before us, had gone forward, being piloted by Goff. Resting the oxen about an hour, we resumed our journey, feeling a most painful sense of the danger of all our cattle perishing for want of food.

Our veracious Captain Applegate had caused us to believe that we would have but one dry drive upon his cut-off. Previous dry drives have already been narrated; and here was another painful, and to us dangerous evidence of his misrepresentations. We had now been upon this drive one day, one night, and until 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the second day, and yet we knew not how far it was to water and grass.

We had not proceeded more than half a mile, when it was evident that the wreck of my team could no longer take forward my wagon. Mr. David Butterfield took my blankets, bison robes, rifle, shot-pouch, and a little food into his wagon, upon the condition that I would unite the remainder of my team with his, until we should arrive at water and grass. I was, under these circumstances, compelled to leave my wagon, and its contents in the forest, with a great probability of its being robbed and burnt by the savages before morning. We had not proceeded above half a mile when Duke sank down upon the road, and with a faint and mournful low plainly said, "Well, my master, I have toiled for you a long time, but nature can endure no more, and I must now lay me down and die."

I lingered over the poor fellow for a few moments, and his fidelity, his willingness to labor, and the important services he had rendered me, passed before my mind. For the time being I ceased to remember that he had sometimes been a little testy, willful, and even presuming, as favorite servants often are. My heart smote me, too, as I recollected that I had on one occasion struck him with the ox-whip, for having made rather an improper use of his single horn, as I was about to pass him. This, indeed, he had frequently done. But I now reflected that I ought to have excused this harmless liberty, since having but one horn, it was as natural that he should desire to let people know that he had at least that one, as it is for little dogs to be snappish, or for very small men to be captious.

Turning away from my old and true friend, whom I was there compelled in my extremity of danger to leave to die in solitude by the way side, I proceeded on with Mr. Butterfield.

October 11.—About 10 o'clock at night, we arrived at a fine stream of beautiful clear water, upon the western side of the Siskia Mountains, upon which we had been two days and a night without water and grass. We found here a tolerable supply of grass. It was with a grave face, and a burthened and anxious heart, that I on that night received my little morsel of food from the hand of my wife, who bade me be courageous, assuring me, that although we should probably suffer greatly beyond what we had supposed to be our power of endurance, we should not actually starve, or see a time when we would be *entirely* deprived of bread, so long as there was a God of Providence, upon whose faithfulness she leaned for the fulfillment of the promise, "His bread shall be given him, and his water shall be sure." I confess, however, with shame and humility, that I had my doubts and fears upon the subject. And this is a fact which I would have suppressed, and kept from appearing upon the pages of my journal, had I consulted either my head or my heart, instead of my conscience.

CHAPTER XII.

JOURNEY FROM THE SISKIA MOUNTAINS TO THE WESTERN SIDE OF THE UMPQUA MOUNTAINS.

"Wise were the kings, who never chose a friend,
Till with full cups they had unmasked the soul,
And seen the bottom of his deepest thought."

October 12.—*Sabbath.*

ALTHOUGH the grass at this camp was not sufficiently abundant to make it advisable to remain at it longer than necessary, the company, in a very obliging manner, proposed to remain in camp during the day, for the purpose of enabling me to make some arrangments for having my little store of food and clothing taken forward. Mr. Hall agreed to carry my provisions for two-fifths of my bread stuff, and some articles of clothing. Josiah Morin contracted to carry the remainder of my clothing in one of his wagons, in consideration of my giving him the exclusive ownership of John and Nig, and their yoke and chain, and the use, into the settlements, of all the other oxen that still survived, and were fit for service. I gave to Major Goff, a medicine-chest, a set of cut-glass bottles filled with medicine for the journey, a cast-steel spade which I had carried up to this time, for the purpose of working the road where necessary, and a number of other articles, as a compensation for returning with me to the place where I had left the wagon. Having been one of the instruments used by Applegate in misleading the emigrants, it was his duty to have rendered me assistance without compensation. But the conduct of some of these road-hunters has given them an infamous notoriety, which has its parallel in the character of a class of outlaws and banditti, who during many years infested the Florida reefs, where they often contrived so to mislead vessels, as to wreck them; when, without scruple or ceremony, they, under various pretenses, would commence their work of pillage.

Early in the morning he preceded me. I obtained from Mr. Morin a number of cattle, which, when united with the wreck of my own team, was sufficient to enable me to bring forward my wagon.

Upon ascending the mountain, I could not, although weary and greatly depressed, refrain from gazing a moment at the scene before me. The ground at its foot was dotted with white tents, from before which the curling smoke went lazily up in beautiful wreaths, into the cool air above. Many of the cattle appeared to be too tired to feed, and were lying about upon the little hill-sides, ruminating in the sun. Some of the emigrants were busied in making arrangements for diminishing in some manner the weight of the load in their wagons. Others were silent, and appeared to be stupefied with their distresses. Children were crying for bread. Over all this scene, the sun shone as bright and clear as ever. A few fleecy clouds hung in the distance, suspended in a transparent atmosphere. The valley was invested with the verdure of firs and various other evergreens, which wore the freshness and beauty of nature, washed in the showers of June, and bathing in the glittering sunlight of spring. Range after range of mountains rose above and behind each other, clothed in rich and varied hues.

Late in the afternoon, I returned, bringing my wagon into camp. Mrs. Thornton and myself were then busied until 2 o'clock on the following morning, in selecting and repacking such articles as were not to be thrown away. We at length retired to rest upon our blankets in the open air, anxious, worn down by toil, and faint from want of food.

October 13.—The morning dawned, and with its returning light we rose to renew the toils of the day, and to encounter its unknown cares. We resumed our journey, but so rapidly did my strength forsake me during the day, that ere its close I found it would be impossible for me to drive my team, even should it not be taken from me by some new misfortune. My wagon, my large oiled tent, cooking utensils, even a small rocking chair, which I had retained up to this time, for the comfort and convenience of my wife, in addition to much else, had been left in the morning. At that time, it seemed to be an afflictive providence that compelled me to leave them. But, in the afternoon, I felt that this property had been taken from me just when I ceased to have the strength to look after it. Having, then, nothing to do but to walk along, without having to labor with the team, less strength was necessary, and I realized that my calamity compensated me in some degree by bringing with it a reduction of toil. I felt, at first, that I could not let my property go. I had, indeed, been throwing property out of my wagon, almost ever since leaving Ogden's River; but I could not consent to make so great a sacrifice at one time. In short, I did not see that my property must go, in order that I might gain relief from toil, to which I was wholly unequal; but now, I saw in that relief some compensation for my calamity. At first, my losses, which, although they would not have been great to one who had much, yet to me, who possessed but little, were very great, appeared to be irreparable, and attended only by evil. The day, however, revealed a remedy, which did not appear above the surface of the flood of misfortune that overwhelmed me, sweeping away in its angry waves my little property, and leaving me and my courageous and generous wife, and all our hopes, a pitied and pitiable wreck. But now, that I became sensible of my utter want of physical strength to do more than walk leisurely along the road, the loss assumed the aspect of a positive blessing. The bias of my mind with respect to the future, inclined me to hope. The language of Dugald Stewart is so expressive of my own feelings and opinions, that I adopt it as my own. He says:—

"The common bias of the mind undoubtedly is (such is the benevolent appointment of Providence), to think favorably of the future; to overvalue the chances of possible good, and to underrate the risk of possible evil; and in the case of some fortunate individuals, this disposition remains after a thousand disappointments. To what this bias of our nature is owing, it is not material for us to inquire; the fact is certain, and it is an important one to our happiness. It supports us under the real distresses of life, and cheers and animates all our labors, and although it is sometimes apt to produce, in a weak and indolent mind, those deceitful suggestions of ambition and vanity, which lead us to sacrifice the duties and the comforts of the present moment to romantic hopes and expectations, yet it must be acknowledged, when connected with habits of activity, and regulated by a solid judgment, to have a favorable effect on the character, by inspiring that ardor and enthusiasm, which both prompt to great enterprises, and are necessary to insure their success. When such a temper is united (as it commonly is) with pleasing notions concerning the order of the universe, and in particular concerning the condition and the prospects of man, it places our happiness, in a great measure, beyond the power of fortune. While it adds a double relish to every enjoyment, it blunts the edge of all our sufferings; and even when human life presents to us no object on which our hopes can rest, it invites the imagination beyond the dark and troubled horizon, which terminates all our earthly prospect, to wander unconfined in the regions of futurity. A man of benevolence, whose mind is enlarged by philosophy, will indulge the same agreeable anticipations with respect to society, will view all the different improvements in arts, in commerce, and in the sciences, as co-operating to promote the union, the happiness, and the virtue of mankind, and amidst the political disorders, resulting from the prejudices and follies of his own times, will look forward with transport to the blessings which are reserved for posterity in a more enlightened age."

We continued traveling over a generally rough, barren, and inhospitable country, having in it a great many hostile savages, until—

October 18.—*Sabbath.*—We met Messrs. Brown, Allen, and Jones, and some two or three other persons. The two first had come out to the wilderness for the purpose of meeting their friends in the company of Messrs. Brown and Allen, who have already been mentioned as having retreated back, in haste, to Ogden's River, when they at length became convinced of Applegate's want of veracity respecting the road. These persons, it will be remembered, finally proceeded into California, where they arrived safely and in season. The two first named gentlemen who met us were the sons of those emigrants. The last mentioned gentleman, Mr. John Jones, brought two large fat cattle, for he relief of the almost starving emigrants. These he killed and sold to the emigrants, after driving them several hundred miles through the wilderness, at a price that did not exceed that which he had paid for them in the settlements. He had been with the company of road-hunters, led out by Applegate, and had, after arriving at Ogden's River, and thus seeing the whole of the proposed road, pronounced it to be impracticable for wagons; and he expressed the opinion that to send any one to Fort Hall to meet the emigrants, for the purpose of inducing them to take this road, would be a most inexpedient and criminal act. He said he knew the emigrants could not be induced to enter upon the road, if the truth respecting its length and character had been told them; and that a man would richly merit the severest indignation who should, by willful falsehood, induce men to peril the lives of their families, by taking them upon this road. In short, honest Jack Jones had too much integrity to seek to promote his own pecuniary interests at the sacrifice of principle.

In order, however, to prevent the consequences of these very seditious opinions, honest Jack Jones was not permitted to proceed any farther, than to the forks of the road. Here he was detained while the veracious captain proceeded on up Ogden's River to meet us. Had Jones met us, he would have informed us of the real character and length of the road. When the emigrants finally came on down to the point, at which the Applegate cut-off leaves Ogden's River, this gentleman told them, that they had been deceived, and misled by the grossest misrepresentation, and by an unpardonable and most wicked suppression of facts. They had begun by that time to have some proof of this, in the real distance from Fort Hall to that place as compared with what they had been induced to believe it was. It was then, however, too late to retreat, upon receiving the suggestions of Mr. Jones, that the statements of Applegate were untrue; or, upon feeling their own convictions, that they were, indeed, duped, and were likely to become the victims of the most shameless betrayal.

Mr. Jones, knowing that the emigrants would be in great danger of perishing for want of food, had gone forward into the settlements for beef-cattle, with which to meet them. He had left some with the forward company, and had now brought two to us. One of the emigrants proposed to buy both beeves, and to pay a higher price than was demanded. But Mr. Jones refused to sell in this manner, alleging that he wanted no more for the cattle, than he had paid, and that he had driven them out, not for the benefit of any one or two families, but for the relief of the whole company. It was an act that showed he was humane, as well as honest and truthful.

October 19.—Messrs. Brown and Allen succeeded in inducing some of our party to return upon our back trail for the purpose of meeting their friends and relatives. It will be remembered, that at that time, we did not know any thing certainly of them.

We resumed our journey toward the settlements, accompanied by Labin Morin, and a son of Goff's. In the forenoon, we crossed Rogue River, which we found to be a bold and clear stream, three feet deep, about five hundred feet wide, and flowing rapidly over a bottom covered with large boulders. Late in the afternoon we sent out a small party for the purpose of surprising a body of Indians, who had killed an ox of Josiah Morin's, which had been unable to go any farther, and had been left. The savages had, however, taken the precaution to station spies between the dead ox and our camp, and thus they avoided a surprise.

The two fat cattle that had been brought to us by Mr. Jones had proved to be a very seasonable supply. But the reader will at once see, that this food would very soon be consumed by such a body of half-starved emigrants.

October 20.—We remained in camp, only changing in the afternoon to a place about two hundred yards distant, for the sake of convenience. In the afternoon I saw a body of Indians, through bushes and grass, about half a mile distant, who appeared to be aiming to get at some cattle. I accompanied some three or four persons along under the foot of a hill, by getting under the cover of which we were out of view. Having arrived at the proper place, we rushed around the point, with our rifles in hand, inspired with valorous courage, when, lo! the mighty enemy we were about to attack, with such vigor, proved to be but a company of squaws, returning from digging cammas-roots. "O, shoh!" said one, chagrined and disappointed, "I hoped that we were about to have a little chunk of fight." We returned to camp, somewhat crest-fallen.

October 21.—We resumed our journey over a wooded and broken country. The return of each day brought an increase of our cares, anxieties, and labors, and a diminution of our strength, in consequence of the scarcity of healthy food. One of the great sources of our anxiety was the expectation of the speedy commencement of the rainy season. We knew that this, causing heavy roads, and very unpleasant and difficult traveling, would also bring with it new sufferings. We most dreaded, as a consequence of these rains, the rising of the streams, and the making the mountains so slippery, as to render them impassable. For some time the clouds wore a melancholy aspect, much in harmony with our gloomy feelings. At length we heard the low moaning of the wind among the pines and firs, which was followed by some rain-drops, and soon after, the long dreaded rainy season commenced. This brought with it new, and, if possible, more bitter denunciations of Applegate. We continued our painful and exhausting journey, half starved, wet, and cold.

October 26.—This day Messrs. Brown and Allen, and party, returned to us, informing us that they had proceeded as far as the Siskia Mountains, without learning any thing of the fate of their friends. I succeeded in hiring Mr. Allen to carry into the settlements a traveling bag filled with clothing, which would probably, otherwise, have fallen into the possession of one who hung about the camp, and seemed to hold himself in readiness to appropriate any property he could lay his hands on.

October 27.—The cold rains having driven Mrs. Thornton and myself from our bed of blankets, upon the ground, under the open sky; and Messrs. Brown, Allen, and Jones being driven from theirs, which had no more pretension, except that it was made on the lee side of a log, we succeeded, with much difficulty, in making a fire. At no previous time had my heart been so much touched with the misfortunes of my wife. The ground was muddy, the air damp and cold, the rain was descending, we were without shelter, half starved, and exceedingly debilitated: added to which, we knew not where all these misfortunes would end, or what new calamities might yet be in store for us. She did not complain in words; but she looked feeble, hungry, and haggard, and appeared to be suffering severely. I could not but reproach myself for having exposed her to the dangers and sufferings incident to such a journey. Up to this time I had avoided all open expressions of displeasure concerning the cruel and heartless betrayal of Applegate, knowing that the mind should be given to the one great object—that of escaping from the perils in which we had become involved. Nor did I even allow myself to indulge feelings of intemperate anger against the author of our misery, although as I looked upon my much-suffering wife, by that gloomy camp-fire, it required some fortitude to repress them.

Early in the morning we resumed our journey, and traveled through a dense forest of pines and firs, and down a hill-side, where we picked up several arrows that were shot at us by the ambushed savages. Late in the afternoon we encamped on a little prairie, near a small stream of water.

October 28.—We resumed our journey, and after traveling all day through the rain and mud, and over a broken country, of alternate prairie and timber lands, encamped near the foot of the Umpqua Mountains.

The rocks in the vicinity of our encampment were interjected, in many places, with veins of quartz, masses of which were seen upon the surface, in various portions of the immediately surrounding country. The soil that lay upon the talcose rock was gravelly, mostly of a red color. In the afternoon, before encamping, I found a few specimens of a plant, very common in Upper California, and known there as the soap plant, from the circumstance of its adaptation to the purpose for which that article is used.

October 29.—We were now about to enter a pass in the Umpqua Mountains, which Applegate thus describes in the Oregon Spectator, Vol. ii., No. 4.—" A pool of water, about fifteen feet in diameter, occupies the dividing ground between the waters of the Rogue River and Umpqua. There is from east to west about twenty yards of land between the mountains, which rise abruptly to the height of fifteen hundred feet. *The descent each way from this point is very gentle;* that to the south is about three miles, and conducts by *a good way* to the open country; that to the north is about twelve miles in length. For three or four miles there is sufficient space of level ground, and but little work required to make a good road; but below this the stream increasing in size by the entrance of affluents, and the mountains closing in upon it, the road must descend in its rocky bed, made more difficult by some large stones and short falls; or be graded along the side of the mountain, which, having loose soil or decomposed basalt, can be done with the greatest facility. These last two or three miles, when the hills recede, and leave, by frequent crossing the creek, a bottom wide enough for a road the remainder of the distance."

This description of the pass of the Umpqua Mountains was published by Applegate after we arrived in the settlements, with a view of still keeping up the delusion, and so to entrap future emigrants. But he had verbally communicated to us the same description, when he met us on the 8th of August.

We were now about to leave our encampment, and enter a pass thus described. We had long since learned by unhappy experience that this man's veracity could not be relied on. In addition to this, Messrs. Brown, and Allen, and Jones, who had passed through it, affirmed, that we would find this so far from being a truthful description of the pass, that there was too much reason to fear many cattle would perish upon this "very gentle" descent, and that most of the wagons would be lost upon this road, which "conducts by a good way to the open country." I beg the reader, when perusing these pages, to bear in mind the fact, that if I at any time err in the smallest matter, or make any mistakes (for I will not suppose myself infallible), there are many persons in every part of Oregon, who, having been in either the company in which I traveled, or in the advance companies, are prepared, from personal observation, to correct the mistake.

The information of Messrs. Brown, Allen, and Jones, filled us with new consternation, notwithstanding we had become accustomed to each day bringing some fresh evidence of Applegate's delusions. But we entered upon the road, and, after immense toil to man and beast, encamped on the mountain at sunset, only *three miles from our last camp.* The whole company were extremely exhausted, as well as the cattle. Mr. Hall did not get his team into camp until after dark. We had traveled, therefore, but three miles, over a road which Applegate says is "a good way," and the descent of which is "very gentle!" We remained in this camp several days.

November 1.—*Sabbath.*—Josiah Morin, whom I had hired to carry some of my clothing, was compelled to leave all his large wagons, and go forward with a small two-horse wagon, having little else in it than the bed clothing of the family. This left Mrs. Thornton and myself in an almost helpless condition. I had, indeed, paid Mr. Morin for conveying my clothing as I have already stated; but he seemed to feel that his first duties were, nevertheless, due to his own family, and the preservation of his own property. At the time, I regarded it as extremely selfish, although I did not complain of the act. Subsequent reflection, however, under different circumstances, has caused me to regard it differently. I may here remark, that my previous and subsequent observations, during our eventful journey, induced the conviction, that suffering and peril are great promoters of selfishness. In no situation in which a man can be placed, will he so fully and so quickly exhibit his real character, as upon such a road. A sailor, named Grinnel, expressed this thought by saying, that if a man was a dog, and should enter upon this road, it would be impossible for him to conceal it, since circumstances would be sure to occur every day that would be certain to cause him to bark. Some author, I do not remember whom, has said (I quote from memory), in the language of the motto at the head of this chapter:—

> "Wise were the kings who never chose a friend,
> Till with full cups they had unmasked the soul,
> And seen the bottom of his deepest thought."

I do not like the language, because it is Bacchanalian. It would have been more in accordance with my taste and experience, had it read:—

> "Wise were the men who never chose a friend,
> Till *cold and hunger* had unmasked the soul,
> And showed the bottom of his deepest thought."

November 4.—Having at various times upon the journey from Ogden's River, thrown away my property, I had little remaining, save our buffalo robes, blankets, arms, ammunition, watch, and the most valuable part of our wardrobe; and fearing that we would yet lose the most of this, Mrs. Thornton selected the more expensive articles of clothing, and I packed them into two sacks. I succeeded in hiring a man to carry these upon his horse. We finally determined that, on the morning of this day, we would make an effort to pass the mountain. We were very weak, in consequence of the want of sufficient and healthful food. The road was very muddy, and the rain was descending in the gorge of the mountain, where we were, while the snow was falling far above us upon the sides. There was a close cañon, some few miles ahead of us, down which we would have to wade three miles in cold mountain snow-water, frequently above the middle. Considering Mrs. Thornton's weak and fee ble condition, it was extremely doubtful whether she would not perish in it. My own powers of endurance were such as the reader may easily imagine. Mrs. Thornton, myself, and Prince Darco, started early on the morning of this day, I carrying my rifle, revolver, large knife, some ammunition, and a morsel of food in my shot-pouch. We struggled forward, wading cold mountain streams, and through mud up to the knees. We passed many cattle that had perished, their bodies lying in the road. We also passed many wagons that had been abandoned, in consequence of their proprietors finding it impossible to take them over. We passed the only wagon that Josiah Morin had attempted to take through from our encamptment of October 29. We found it upon a road of which Applegate says, that, "For three or four miles there is sufficient space of level ground, and but little work required to make *a good road.*" We passed household and kitchen furniture, beds and bedding, books, carpets, cooking utensils, dead cattle, broken wagons, and wagons not broken, but, nevertheless, abandoned. In short, the whole road presented the appearance of a defeated and retreating army, having passed over it, instead of one, over which had passed a body of cheerful and happy emigrants, filled with high hopes, and brilliant expectations, and about to enter a land of promise.

Upon approaching near the entrance of the close cañon, we came to where many most miserable, forlorn, haggard, and destitute-looking emigrants were encamped. Some of the men looked as angry and fierce as tigers, under the influence of their justly excited indignation and wrath against him who had thus jeopardized the lives of their families. Some of the men appeared to be stupefied by their misfortunes. One of them, a Mr. Smith, had lost every thing, and he appeared to be overwhelmed. His wife had on a coarse and tattered calico-dress. She was thinly clad, and the covering for her head was an old sun-bonnet. Her child was not in a better condition, while that of her husband was, perhaps, even more pitiable. They had not a cent of money; though had it been otherwise, it would not have purchased food, for there was none to be sold. In addition to this, they were so weak, in consequence of want of food, that it was believed they would scarcely live through this journey. I remonstrated with this hapless fellow traveler, persuading him that it would be better for him, and his wife, to perish in the cold snow of the cañon, than to await a more miserable death by starvation at that place. He seemed to see at once the folly of remaining there, either to brood over his calamities, or to heap harmless anathemas upon the head of his betrayer. He immediately took up his child, and about a pound of food, and desired his afflicted and almost helpless companion to follow him.

A relative of his of the same name, had been standing at that place a few days before, counseling with some of the party, as to the means of escaping their present danger. As he was thus anxiously deliberating, death summoned him away, and he fell dead in a moment, leaving a poor widow with with seven helpless and almost starving children. I was informed that they had nothing for food, but the flesh of the cattle that had just perished. How deeply must that bereaved wife and mother have felt this agonizing affliction. If she viewed her present afflictions with any other than the eye of Christian resignation and faith, she must have experienced a double calamity, and one without compensation. Every event seemed to conspire against her; and it may be that wearied with present misfortunes, and exhausted with the almost certain prospect of more, her hold upon life, aside from a sense of duty to her children, had well nigh departed, and she was ready to go for relief and repose to the quiet grave. She may, in following the corpse of her husband to his last resting-place, have heard no voice of comfort issue from it, or have received no lesson of instruction, and learned no new fact, except that the light of his eyes was forever removed from her sight. If, however, these calamities were regarded by her with an eye of faith, she discovered gracious purposes in this combination of afflictions, having a tendency and an aim directed and controlled by a Great and Good Being.

A Mr. Brisbane had also died here, and I was informed that a child had died at this place; so that there was indeed a dark accumulation of sorrows casting its sad shade over this memorable spot.

Reluctantly leaving our unhappy fellow-travelers, we proceeded on until we came near the entrance of the cañon. I greatly feared that Mrs. Thornton would perish in it. In order that she might have as much warmth and strength as possible, I proposed, with well-affected cheerfulness, that she should take shelter under a large fir-tree that afforded a partial protection from the falling snow and rain, for the purpose of resting a little and taking some food, a small amount of which I had carried in my shot-pouch. She affected to be very cheerful and courageous, and desired me to take out our dinner. This I did, determining to avoid eating any of it myself, in order that she might profit by my economy, and thus preserve as well as possible her remaining strength. But when the little store was taken out, she did not "want to take food,"—she did not "feel well." I knew from my own sensations, that a half-famished person would not "feel well." And I knew that she greatly needed food. I was also convinced that her real motive in declining to eat, was one of compassionate regard for my own necessities. I saw in a moment her purpose, and while my heart was touched with her generosity and unselfishness, I said, with seeming cheerfulness, "Come now, little wife, none of your tricks upon a traveler. You know that I am a man of my own head. If you do not want to eat, yet I want you to do so; and that is just about the same thing, for you and I are one, you know. Besides, when we were married you promised to obey me, and all that sort of thing. Don't you remember?" A pleasant smile covered her face, like sunshine breaking out from a cloud, and she replied that she believed she did remember having promised something very much like that. She accordingly took the food; but I observed in a short time that she had contrived to avert her face, and when I managed to get a glimpse of it, her tears were falling like great rain-drops. Upon finding that her weeping had been discovered, she laughed at the mouth and cried at the eyes, like the sun half in view and half concealed by a cloud, and said, "Well, you might take a little food, if it was ever so little; so you might, and then I would not feel so sad."

The pass in the Umpqua Mountains is a depression which, speaking from memory, is about two miles wide at its entrance. It soon narrows to about one mile, where the mountains rise to the height of about 2000 feet on each side. Although it is a depression, there are many very steep and dangerous hills to ascend and descend. It is also seamed and cut up by drains that carry off the waters from the mountains on each side. A dense forest of immense fir-trees, oaks, arbutus, prunus, cornus, yews, dogwood, hazel, spiræa, and castanea, covers the mountain with its thick foliage and branches. We were now standing under the close boughs of a fir-tree, at a place where the sides of the defile came very near together, leaving only a very narrow gorge, called a cañon. This is a Spanish word, denoting a very narrow, rocky defile in a mountain, having sides perpendicular, or nearly so, with a stream of water running through it during the whole or a part of the year.

The cañon, which appears to have been rent asunder by some vast convulsion of nature, is about three miles long, having the whole of its width occupied by a very swift stream of cold snow-water, varying from one foot and a half to four feet in depth, and running over a bottom covered with boulders from four inches to five feet in diameter. The rocky walls on each side are in many places perpendicular; in others they recede so as to form an angle of about forty-five degrees with the plane of the horizon. Every object in view seems to be formed on a grand scale. The rocks, when not perpendicular, are rude and rugged, and seem to have been piled up in a most irregular manner. Huge masses, abrupt in form, and hoary with the mosses which ages have collected, tower up into mountains, the sublime height of which constitutes an impassable barrier. Through this narrow passage the cold mountain torrent dashes along, three or perhaps four miles, when a little valley, at first only a few yards wide, begins to open out, and at length expands to about half a mile. Through this valley the stream flows in a serpentine course, so that the traveler is obliged to ford it forty-eight times in the distance of about three miles, when he finds himself upon the open plain, on the north side of the mountain, and distant about twenty miles from where he first entered the pass.

Mrs. Thornton and myself at length left the partial shelter of the fir-tree, and entered this stream with a "rocky bed, made more difficult by some large stones and short falls." We each had a long stick in our hands to support ourselves, and to prevent the water from sweeping us into deep holes. Prince Darco swam down the stream, contriving frequently to rest himself by holding by his fore feet to the side of some rock. Mrs. Thornton, upon suddenly descending into the cold snow-water, above the waist, was much chilled, and I thought at first that she would perish. I chafed her temples, face, and wrists, and she revived. In the first moment of consciousness, she bade me not be alarmed, saying that she was yet worth two dead women. After proceeding down about three-fourths of a mile, we halted to rest a little upon some rocks, where the water was not more than eighteen inches deep. Even this was a relief, in fact, a positive refreshment, compared with our condition in the water up to the waist. We resumed our journey, and at length Mrs. Thornton began to lose all sensibility upon one side. I supported her as well as I could, but at length she complained of indistinctness of vision, and soon became totally blind. I need not say what were my feelings in that moment of the heart's bitterest anguish. I could not, for all the world, have carried her dead body out of that cañon. The thought, therefore, of her dying in that place, and under the circumstances which then surrounded us, had in it something peculiarly horrible. Her lips were thin and compressed, and as white and bloodless as paper; her eyes were turned up in their sockets; her head fell back upon my arm, and every feature wore the aspect and fixedness of death. I rubbed her wrists violently, chafed her temples, shook her, and called aloud to her. At length she revived, and with returning life sight was restored. She still complained, however, of partial insensibility on one side. But we hurried forward as well as we could; and at length, in great exhaustion, and almost chilled to death, we emerged from that cold mountain stream.

As we passed through this disastrous cañon, we saw a great many cattle that had perished, and were lodged against and among the rocks. A short distance from the place where we left the narrow gorge, we came to the tent of the Rev. Mr. Cornwall. He had already passed the cañon, but such was the toil endured by the oxen upon Jesse Applegate's "level land," "good way," and "gentle descent;" and such was the chilling effect of the water, that the oxen nearly all died the following night. He was, therefore, now in a totally helpless condition.

Mr. Cornwall was in no condition to afford us any shelter under his tent. It was literally filled with others as helpless and distressed as ourselves. But the privilege of standing at his fire, was, in itself, a favor that made us feel grateful; and its warmth, when contrasted with the cold and suffering occasioned by the waters of the disastrous cañon, made us, for the time, comparatively happy.

There were several men about the fire. Among them was the Mr. Smith, whom I had persuaded to attempt the passage. He got through, with his wife and child, and although almost exhausted, still he was now far more happy than persons generally are under circumstances much more favorable to happiness and comfort. We made a large fire, and dried our garments as well as we could, by standing about in the open air, and under clouds, that frequently reminded us that they had not yet parted with all their contents.

I still had a morsel of food in my shot-pouch, and also a very small quantity of the very best tea. Mrs. Thornton prepared our little supper, and although it was neither so good as it might have been, nor yet quite so abundant as was particularly desirable just about this time, still it was something, and we were certainly very grateful for it. After all the occupants of the tent had lain down to sleep, I obtained the use of a chair, and a little bench about four feet long, having a back to it. This seemed like a very rapid multiplication of comforts. I placed them before the fire, and sitting down upon the chair, I had Mrs. Thornton recline upon the bench, with her head and shoulders upon my arm, where we slept until morning, when she declared she had never enjoyed a better rest.

November 5.—We resumed our journey, and after wading Cañon Creek thirty-nine times, we were enabled to avoid it by clambering along the side of the mountain. We at length emerged fully into the open plain, and about noon arrived at the place of general encampment, on the left bank of the Umpqua River. Here I found the wrecks of all the companies who had been induced to enter upon a road along which our wagons were lying in scattered fragments, upon the side of the hills, upon the tops of the mountains, and along the rocky glens, and the almost impassable cañons, which marked this disastrous cut-off. Some of the emigrants had lost their wagons; some their teams; some half they possessed; and some every thing. Here were men who had a wagon, but wanted a team; there, others who had a team, but no wagon. Mr. Humphrey was the only man who, so far as I have since been able to learn, got to this point with a whole wagon and a complete team. All looked lean, thin, pale, and hungry as wolves. The children were crying for food; and all appeared distressed and dejected.

I desire again to call the attention of the reader to the following extract from the article written by this man Applegate, and published by him in the Oregon Spectator, Vol. ii., No. 4. Pretending to describe the pass in the Umpqua Mountains, he says:—

"A pool of water about fifteen feet in diameter occupies the dividing ground between the waters of the Rogue River and Umpqua. There is from east to west, about thirty yards of level land, between the mountains which rise abruptly to the height of fifteen hundred feet. *The descent each way from this point is* VERY *gentle.* That to the south is about three miles, and conducts by *a good way* to the open country."

A comment upon this paragraph is found in the cordition of the emigrants after passing through the cañon. Several of them had labored the whole day in arriving at "this point," around which the unscrupulous Jesse makes so many gross errors revolve. To "this point," we are told that the way is "*a good one;*" and yet, upon arriving at the camp made after passing through the cañon, I found Josiah Morin, who had left two wagons at "this point;" Mr. Hall, two; Mr. Lovelin, one; Mr. Boone, one or two. There may have been others. What can be thought of this man's statements respecting the "good way" to "this point?"

I had sent on to this encampment two packs of clothing, in one of which was concealed a little food. I had also sent forward a buffalo robe, and two blankets. I immediately kindled a large fire at the side of a fir log containing a great deal of gum. With poles, I made a frame, upon which to stretch one of the blankets, to shelter us a little from the snow and rain. The buffalo robe served for a bed, and the remaining blanket for a covering; and the soft side of a long oak stick of timber made a very passable pillow. We had become too weak, in consequence of want of food, to travel further. But there was a hope indulged, that food would be sent us from some of the settlements. Applegate had long before escaped into the settlements, and we had already learned too much of the character of that very veracious personage to expect relief in any way from that quarter, unless he sent out food on speculation. But single men, who knew of the condition of the companies, had gone forward on mules, and we hoped these would in some way be instrumental in sending to us the necessary supplies. In this state of uncertainty and anxious suspense, it became necessary, as a measure of prudence, to examine into the exact state of our little store of provisions, and to make a further diminution in the daily quantity to be consumed. We had two pounds of good tea, as many of loaf sugar, one pint of rice, one pint of beans, about half a pint of dried peaches, sixty table-spoonfuls of the dust or flour of crackers, about one pint of flour, and a half a pound of dried beef. This we determined so to apportion, as to furnish us each with three meals per day, for ten days. I do not remember our allowance of any of the articles except the crackers, which was one spoonful to each, in the bottom of the tea-cup.

Upon this meager diet we had already become so much reduced in strength, that we often staggered as we walked. Our knees were often seized with such a weariness and weakness, upon our attempting to walk, as to make it impossible for us to proceed more than one or two hundred yards without resting. Some of the emigrants in the camp are said to have commenced eating the cattle that had died in the cañon. This loathsome food had some time before been used, as was reported, by emigrants, at both ends of the cañon. Among them, as I have been informed, was a worthy man, whose name is Townsend. This is the same gentleman who spent the night with me in the Siskia Mountains.

Having arrived at the place where the emigrants were encamped, and having escaped the immediate peril of life, I began to collect my scattered thoughts, and to reflect upon the utter pecuniary ruin and desolation that had swept over me. I had saved but little from the wreck. There yet remained a long road over which I had to pass before I could arrive at the inhabited part of Oregon, between which and us there were two rivers, many large creeks, and one mountain, which was twelve miles across it. The road was exceedingly heavy with mud. Mrs. Thornton, whose energy, courage, and constancy, had hitherto risen with the occasions which rendered the exercise of these virtues peculiarly necessary, had by this time become so weak, in consequence of the want of sufficient food, as to be unable to walk far. I was in a condition in no respect better, and we had no means of conveyance.

While in this condition, I became greatly discouraged and depressed in mind, as well as reduced in my physical energies. I seemed to be approaching the eve of the breaking up of both. On one occasion, I had retired from our camp-fire, where obligations to my wife made it my duty to stay, for the purpose of comforting and cheering her. I sat down, sullen and despondent, upon the trunk of a huge pine, which many storms had at length broken and prostrated. In moody silence, I bowed my head upon the palms of my hands. A dark cloud rested upon the future, and intercepting every ray of hope, shut me up in the dark forebodings of a fearful issue.

I am ashamed to confess, that life amidst so many misfortunes was felt, at the moment, to be a burthen. I was ready to adopt the language of a better and far more patient man, and say, "What is my strength that I should hope, and what is mine end, that I should prolong my life. My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook, and as the streams of a brook they pass away." With Jacob, too, I exclaimed, "All these things are against me." I did not, at the moment, realize that the patriarch had spoken in ignorance; and that the very things which he deplored as being so much against him, were designed by a merciful Providence, as the means by which himself and family were to be saved from famine, and as the instruments to be employed for working out untold blessings for all posterity.

In this state of mind, I suddenly remembered that far back upon the road, I had seen a very large eagle flying backward and forward, in a half circle, far up in front of an immense precipice. I did not at first discover the object. She had built her nest upon a narrow projection of an immense rock of great height, and had so situated it that an observer would not fail to remember the passage, "Doth the eagle mount up at thy command, and make her nest on high? She dwelleth and abideth on the rock, upon the crag of the rock, and the strong place. From thence she seeketh the prey, and her eyes behold afar off." At length, however, I saw that she was endeavoring to induce her newly-fledged eaglets to leave their lofty rock-built nest, and take to the wing. She frequently fluttered over the nest, upon the edges of which the eaglets were sitting, after which she gracefully and majestically circled upward, evidently endeavoring to induce them to follow her in her aerial flight. This she did frequently; and the full-feathered eaglets often extended their necks to look after her; but in consequence of timidity, or a reluctance to leave their nest, they declined following. At length, after various unsuccessful attempts to induce them to come abroad, she appeared to be very angry with them for clinging to their nest, as though that was the only place in the world, or even the best one. She then darted at it, and threw it and her eaglets down the face of the rock. In a moment, she was below them with outspread wings, as though she intended to break their fall. Very soon, however, the young birds, who had manifested such an inordinate attachment for the little pile of brush, from which they first saw the sun, learned both the fact of their having wings and the manner of using them. They began to rise, at first, slowly and rather heavily. Soon the parent bird led the way, describing gradually enlarging circles as she ascended, while her young ones followed, and appeared every moment to rise with more ease and grace. Upward they continued to ascend into the vast expanse above; and upward still the noble birds arose, until the eaglets became mere specks upon the sky, and then disappeared, and soon the parent bird herself was lost in heaven's pure depth of blue.

With the recollection of this event were associated many texts of Scripture, familiar indeed, but never before making such an impression on my mind, because never before connected with such circumstances. Among these, I will refer to the following only: "He found him in a desert land, and in the waste, howling wilderness; he led him about, he instructed him, he kept him as the apple of his eye. As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings; so the Lord did lead him. He made him ride on the high places of the earth, that he might eat the increase of the fields; and he made him to suck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock."—"He shall mount up with wings as eagles, he shall run and not be weary, he shall walk and not faint."

I was immediately enabled to exercise a strong trust in God's providence, and I returned to our camp-fire with a mind at rest. As I came up, I heard Mrs. Thornton repeating a hymn, only one verse of which I remember.

> "A stranger lonely here I roam,
> From place to place am driven.
> My friends are gone, and I'm in gloom,
> I have no home but heaven."

The language indicates the state of feeling into which, for a brief period, she was plunged. I say *brief*, because she was usually remarkable for her cheerfulness; and because, moreover, upon my making her acquainted with the feelings of my own mind, she caught the hue of my own emotions. In a short time she was as cheerful as a lark, and we sat down to our simple and scanty meal, as happy as if it had been far better, and much more abundant.

That evening the clouds passed away, and I amused myself, during many sleepless hours of the night, while lying upon my back, by looking, from the side of our temporary shelter, at the heavenly bodies, and canvassing the reasons, *pro* and *con*, upon the curious and interesting question, as to whether the planets are inhabited. The reader will, without doubt, be ready to say that the question is one of idle and useless speculation. It was serviceable to me, at least, in enabling me to while away the heavy hours of a long and chilly night. And besides, I think the affirmative is supported by many interesting considerations and analogies. It has been held by many who have turned their attention to the phenomena of the heavens. The Chaldeans and Egyptians are examples. *Anaximander*, the successor of Thales, who died 547, B.C., taught that the planets were peopled with living beings. *Anaxagoras* taught, 450, B.C., that the moon was inhabited. And *Pythagoras* proceeded so far as to calculate the size of the animals on the moon. I believe that some French philosopher has expressed an opinion, based upon what data I know not, that the inhabitants of Saturn have seventy-two senses, while those of Sirius have nearly a thousand. I believe, then, that I have made sufficient apology for the manner in which I spent the wakeful and heavily-passing hours of that night. Let me see. *Chaldeans, Egyptians, Anaximander, Thales, Anaxagoras*, and *Pythagoras.* Yes, that will do.

The reader can, with difficulty, perhaps, realize how brief with me were those feelings with which I returned from the fallen pine to our camp-fire. We had often cheered each other with the assurance that we should never be without water, and a little bread, at least. As to the former, we had a river full of it immediately before us; and, as to the latter, we still had on hand several spoonsful. At length my wife informed me, Wednesday, November 12, as she came toward me with a few spoonsful of the dust of crackers in one corner of a little bag, that on the following Friday we would have an abundant supply of food. With a manner having little of cheerfulness about it, I desired to know when the mantle of a prophetess had fallen upon her. She said that our food, at even our short rate of allowance, would not hold out longer than to that time, which would, of course, bring us to our last extremity, when relief would be sent by a God who had promised that "His bread shall be given him, and his water shall be sure."

On the following morning, both being very weak and hungry, Mrs. Thornton and myself strolled along down the river bank, with the hope of seeing something that I might shoot for food. Wearied and exhausted, I was at length resting myself against a tree, when I suddenly saw persons approaching from the direction of the settlements. Upon their nearing the stream I went down to the bank, where I recognized Mr. Kirquendall, who, together with some others, had come with flour and fat beeves. They came to camp, where the animals were slaughtered, on Friday, November 14, when I obtained eighteen pounds of flour, twenty pounds of beef, and one pound of tallow, at a price which, although very high, would not cause a starving man to pause. In a short time Mrs. Thornton had prepared our supper, consisting of warm bread, beefsteak, and tea. The havoc which I committed upon these good things of Providence was tremendous, in fact astonishing, to all except very hungry people.

This supply of food was brought at a time when there was great suffering in the camp. It was sold to the heads of families in amounts having reference to the size of the families, and although the quantity thus distributed was so small that it was soon consumed, it was, nevertheless, of vital importance to the famishing emigrants. For this timely, supply I was informed, we were indebted to the "captain," whose humanity or cupidity was evinced by his first placing us in the condition in which we then were, in order that he might afterward make a very profitable market for his surplus produce. He first reduced us to the verge of starvation, that he might thus be enabled to gather up the last dollar that remained to us.

On the afternoon of Friday, Nov. 14, I hired of Wm. Kirquendall a horse for Mrs. Thornton and myself to ride alternately, on our way into the settlements. It would have been impossible for either of us to walk all the way, so I applied to one Asa Williams, whom Applegate had sent out, for the use of one of his horses for the purpose of carrying two packets of clothing. This clothing was all that I had been able to preserve during our passage through the cañon, and I need not say that I was anxious to preserve it. Williams demanded to see the clothing. Having selected a very fine suit of blue broad-cloth clothes, worth, in Oregon, about eighty dollars, he then informed me that he required that as a compensation. I did not hesitate. Had he demanded half of the whole stock, it would have been given. In truth, I would not, after hiring a horse of Mr. Kirquendall for the purpose of enabling Mrs. Thornton and myself to escape from that place of famine, have thought for a single moment of permitting the clothing to detain us at the place. I would, indeed, have piled the whole of it upon the fire, rather than have encountered any further risk of life.

I have spoken in this and preceding chapters, of matters upon which I would have been wholly silent, had I not deemed it necessary for the protection of future emigrants. In doing so I act upon the principle, "*Exempta jurat pinis e pluribus una.*" "Better one thorn plucked out than all remain."

I omit to mention the particular circumstances attending the appropriation of nearly all of the little property that misfortunes had left me, by a white savage, who prowled about the camp, because it is not absolutely necessary to guard future emigrants against the enterprises of needy and reckless adventurers.

Before closing this chapter I will also remark, that I believe the climate, soil, grass, and timber would sustain a flourishing settlement in the vicinity of the camp, upon the north side of the Umpqua Mountains.

CHAPTER XIII.

JOURNEY FROM THE NORTHERN SIDE OF THE UMPQUA MOUNTAINS—ARRIVAL IN THE SETTLEMENTS, AND RESIDENCE THERE.

> ".... These by promise he received
> Gift to his progeny of all that land,
> From Hamoth northward to the desert south."

November 15.

AT the time we were about to resume our journey once more, many of the emigrants (and among others the Rev. Mr. Cornwall), who could not travel, expressed an earnest desire that I would, upon arriving in the settlements, do all in my power to make their condition known to the people of the Wilhamette Valley.

With prospects ahead far different from those which so recently shut out the light of hope, we set out for the settlement, with a party led by Wm. Kirquendall. While we were upon the top of a mountain, which commanded a view of a large extent of country, distant about four miles from our late encampment, I saw persons upon the plain below, approaching from the direction of the camp. Upon inquiring of Mr. Kirquendall who they were, he informed me that they were Mr. and Mrs. Newton, and Sutton Burns, who were probably endeavoring to come up with us, in order that they might accompany us into the settlement. We continued traveling until about sunset, when we encamped. Mr. Newton, I have been informed, continued traveling until after dark, for the purpose of overtaking us.

We resumed our journey on the following morning; and Mr. Newton resumed his. It was upon this day, I believe, he was met late in the afternoon by three Umpqua Indians, one of whom spoke English, and informed him that he would do well to encamp at the place at which he then was, there not being water and grass as they affirmed at a convenient distance ahead. They asked for food, and it was given to them. After which they asked for three loads of powder and ball, and stated that they would bring in a deer. It was given to them, and all by them put into one gun as one load. Mr. Newton finally suspecting that harm was designed, desired them to go away; but this they refused to do. He sat near the door of the tent to watch them, but being at length overcome with sleep, he was shot. He immediately rose, and sprang into his tent for his gun, when one of the savages, seizing an ax, inflicted a blow which nearly severed one of his legs. The tent was then robbed, and the articles placed upon an American mare, owned by Mr. Newton, after which they fled.

Between the south and north forks of the Umpqua a new species of geranium was found; and also a tobacco plant (Nicotiana); a Ceonothus; and Laurus ptolemii. The bed of the north fork of the Umpqua, at one place where it was examined, was found to be composed of sandstone and clay-slate. About half a mile distant from this point, the slate gave place to basalt, not more than a mile distant from a sandstone range.

November 18.—On this day, just seven months from the time of entering upon our journey, we entered the head of the Wilhamette Valley. This was an important point in our journey, and I seemed to have thrown off from my shoulder, at the foot of the mountain, when I first entered the valley, a load of care that had long oppressed me. On Tuesday, the 25th of the same month, we arrived at the house of Mr. Lewis, where a little milk and butter having been added to our now rapidly increasing luxuries, we regarded ourselves as having renewed cause to be grateful.

November 29.—*Sabbath.*—We arrived at Forest Grove, which is the name bestowed by me upon a "claim" in Polk county, then possessed by Mr. William Allen, but which was subsequently, under the laws of the Provisional Government of Oregon, attached to my very extensive and productive estates.* To this gentleman I paid a sum for boarding with him during two weeks. We greatly needed rest, and regular and healthy food. And at this place we very much improved in health and strength. We were comparatively cheerful and happy also, for although we had lost upon our journey nearly every thing that we had owned, yet we did not permit the recollection of these losses to unfit us for the discharge of new duties, or the enjoyment of comforts that were now at hand. We could with great practical truth say with CREECH:—

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* Congress has since refused to recognize the validity of the law of the Provisional Government of Oregon, under which I made this "claim." It does not, however, materially diminish the amount of my wealth.—AUTHOR.

"Believe not those who lands possess,
And shining heaps of useless ore,
The only lords of happiness;
But rather those who know
For what kind fates bestow,
And have the art to use the store;
That have the generous skill to bear
The hated weight of poverty."

And although a portion of our losses had been occasioned by the most wicked untruths, and a much smaller portion by a violation of that clause of the decalogue which says, "Thou shalt not steal," yet we deemed them wrongs and losses which should not be permitted to cast a gloom upon the prospect before us.

We enjoyed a happy experience in realizing that this was, notwithstanding all our toil and suffering, not our permanent abiding place. We knew that "there remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God." Property and business might fail, but still the eye of hope could fix itself on other objects. The whole land also was before us, where to choose some pleasant, shaded, and well-watered spot, upon which to build a cabin and make a little farm. And there could be no doubt that the General Government of the United States would make to each emigrant a grant of a reasonable number of acres of land. Many acts of the Government had raised such an implied promise, and had induced emigrants to fill up the country.

Upon the whole, however, we were poor indeed, so far as poverty is measured by dollars and cents. But we did not realize the picture of poverty sketched by THEODORE A. FAY:—

"Perhaps," he says, "of all the evils which can befall a man, if not the very worst, poverty is, as society is constituted, the most difficult to endure with cheerfulness, and the most full of bitter humiliations and pains. Sickness has its periods of convalescence, and even guilt of repentance and reformation. For the loss of friends time affords relief, and religion and philosophy open consolation. But poverty is unremitting misery, perplexity, and restlessness, and shame. It is the vulture of Prometheus. It is the rock of Sisyphus. It throws over the universal world an aspect which only the poor can see and know. The woes of life become more terrible, because they fall unalleviated upon the heart; and its pleasures sicken even more than its woes, as they are beheld *by* those who can not enjoy them. The poor *man* in society is almost a felon. The cold openly sneer, and the arrogant insult with impunity. The very earth joins his enemies, and spreads verdant glades and tempting woods where his feet may never tread. The very sky, with a human malice, when his fellow-beings have turned him beneath its dome, bites him with bitter winds and drenches him with pitiless tempests. He almost ceases to be a man, and yet he is lower than the brutes; for they are clothed and fed, and have their dens; but the penniless wanderer, turned with suspicion from the gate of the noble or the thatched roof of the poor, is helplessly adrift amid more dangers and pains than befall any other creature."

I had indeed fallen into the hands of men who evidently regarded the emigrants as a sort of fair game, and who did not think it either criminal or dishonorable to rob them and to appropriate their goods. Needy adventurers and arrant scribblers of all work, without either character or principle, had made flying visits to the country, and by means of a book of untruths, such as Lansford W. Hastings' "Guide to Oregon and California," had *sheared* me. The seller of these books had *shaved* me, by taking my money for that which, had it been relied upon, would have led me astray. Jesse Applegate had *polled* me, by causing me to lose nearly all my property. Asa Williams, the young man whom he had sent out with his produce to sell to the emigrants, *scraped* me, by charging me ten prices for that assistance which was necessary to my being extricated from the dangers into which I had been plunged by means of the deceptions practiced upon me. Another individual, who prowled about the camp like a starved wolf, waiting to crack the bones that might be left around the fires, *pared* me, by appropriating my property. So that, finally—to extend a thought not my own—before I arrived in the settlement, I was *sheared, shaven, polled, scraped,* and *pared,* and I only lacked a butcher to take off my skin.

The kindness and good-will of the people of Oregon, however, with the above-named exceptions, were well calculated to alleviate a sense of my recent misfortunes and sufferings. His Excellency, GEORGE ABERNETHY, the Governor under the Provisional Government, and the Rev. GEORGE CARY, the superintendent of the Methodist missions in Oregon, and also the wives of both these gentlemen, were especially prompt in supplying our first and most pressing necessities. Nor were these the only individuals whose ready and delicate attentions won our esteem and excited our gratitude. In short—

> "Benevolence, and peace, and mutual aid,"

soon caused us to feel comparatively at ease; and whenever I found myself disposed to murmur and repine, the feeling was promptly checked by recurring to the hardships and perils of our recent journey.

On the 9th of February, I was appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of Oregon. In this situation, I was enabled to be useful, as I believe, to this young and interesting colony, by authoritatively establishing principles in the decisions of causes brought before me as a court of final adjudication, which rendered abortive many efforts at wrong doing; and one of which effectually checked a system, that had been adopted for the purpose of creating litigation. This is often done by small-rate lawyers, who dishonor the profession, and are always the curse of a new country.

Being without talent, learning, or merit of any sort, yet having sought, in an honorable profession, the means of escape from honest manual labor, they are compelled to resort to chicanery, cunning, and falsehood, and the basest means for the encouragement of litigation, and stirring up strife. They lend themselves, for some contemptible pittance, to any person as ignorant and as viciously disposed as themselves, seeking to harass a neighbor with a lawsuit, having its origin in some unimportant trifle, of no consequence, whether considered with reference to the principle involved, or to the pecuniary amount in controversy. Without being learned, they know just enough of the forms and processes of the law, to enable them to entangle in its meshes the simple and confiding, upon whose substance they then prey, and thereby contrive to eke out, from one term to another, a miserable and odious existence. In short they are a species of vermin, with which courts in new countries are often infested. They are usually without briefs, and always without character; and they continue to be the curse of their village and neighborhood, until the penitentiary reclaims its fugitives, and the gallows its victims; or until an enlightened and virtuous public sentiment drives them, with hisses and a whip of scorpions, back into their dens.

A man may have been a drunken enlisted soldier, who attached himself to the ranks of the army, in time of peace, to avoid the sewer or gutter on the one hand, and the alms-house on the other, and he may yet go into a new country with the greasy and tattered uniform of the rank and file hanging about him; and if he can by any means procure an odd volume of Blackstone, in six months he may write himself "Attorney and Counselor at Law." He may be an illiterate fellow, who never dreamed of rising to a higher or more useful station, than that to which his want of education, intellect and principle would naturally fix him; and although little if any above twenty-one years of age, yet with the occasional use of the other odd volume, he, too, writes himself, "Attorney and Counselor at Law."

A late number of the British Quarterly Review, referring to the history of the French Directory, in 1804, comments upon a state of things then existing in France, such as prevails in many villages of the recently populated portions of the United States, about which congregate mendacious and illiterate pettifoggers, whose disreputable practices, and want of education, principle, and character, often have the effect of bringing into disrepute one of the most useful and honorable professions.

"While the Directory," says the Review, "still flourished in 1804, young Guizot proceeded to Paris to study law. But the law was then at a very low ebb—the professions not having recovered the harsh regulations of the revolution, which admitted ex-butchers, ex-bakers, ex-nightmen, to assume the profession of barristers, under the name of *defenseurs officieux.* The individuals who performed the functions of counsel were called *hommes de loi;* but M. Berryer, the elder, tells us in his Memoirs, that, happily for the clients, they had no right to demand a fee. Guizot, after having attended the lectures for some time, and probably not liking the profession, as then constituted, appears to have abandoned the calling as a means of livelihood."

John P. Kennedy, Esq., describes with a masterly hand, and in a fine style, the "OLD LAWYERS." He says:—

"I have a great reverence for the profession of the law and its votaries; but especially for that part of the tribe which comprehends your thorough-paced stagers of the bar. The feelings, habits, and associations of the bar in general, have a very happy influence upon the character. It abounds with good fellows: and, take it altogether, there may be collected from it a greater mass of shrewd, observant, droll, playful, and generous spirits, than from any other equal numbers of society. They live in each other's presence like a set of players; congregate in the courts like the former in the green-room; and break their unpremeditated jests, in the intervals of business, with that sort of undress freedom that contrasts amusingly with the solemn and even tragic seriousness with which they appear, in term, upon the boards. They have one face for the public, rife with the saws and learned gravity of the profession, and another for themselves, replete with broad mirth, sprightly wit, and gay thoughtlessness. The intense mental toil and fatigue of business give them a peculiar relish for the enjoyment of their hours of relaxation, and, in the same degree, incapacitate them for that frugal attention to their private concerns, which their limited means usually require. They have, in consequence, a prevailing air of unthriftiness in personal matters, which, however, it may operate to the prejudice of the pocket of the individual, has a mellow and kindly effect upon his disposition.

"In an old member of the profession—one who has grown gray in the service, there is a rich unction of originality, that brings him out from the ranks of his fellow men in strong relief. His habitual conversancy with the world, in its strangest varieties, and with the secret history of character, gives him a shrewd estimate of the human heart. He is quiet, and unapt to be struck with wonder at any of the actions of men. There is a deep current of observation running calmly through his thoughts, and seldom gushing out in words; the confidence which has been placed in him in the thousand relations of his profession, renders him constitutionally cautious. His acquaintance with the vicissitudes of fortune, as they had been exemplified in the lives of individuals, and with the severe afflictions that have 'tried the reins' of many, known only to himself, makes him an indulgent and charitable apologist of the aberrations of others. He has an impregnable good humor, that never falls below the level of thoughtfulness into melancholy. He is a creature of habits: rising early for exercise; temperate from necessity, and studious against his will. His face is accustomed to take the ply of his pursuits with great facility, grave and even severe in business, and readily rising into smiles at a pleasant conceit. He works hard when at his task; and goes at it with the reluctance of an old horse in a bark-mill. His common-places are quaint and professional: they are made up of law-maxims, and first occur to him in Latin. He measures all the sciences out of his proper line of study (and with these he is but scantily acquainted), by the rules of law. He thinks a steam-engine should work with *due diligence*, and without *laches;* a thing little likely to happen, he considers as *potentia remotissima;* and what is not yet in existence, or *in esse*, as he would say, is *in nubibus*. He apprehends that wit best that is connected with the affairs of the term; is particularly curious in his anecdotes of old lawyers, and inclined to be talkative, concerning the amusing passages of his own professional life. He is sometimes, not altogether free of outward foppery; is apt to be an especial good-liver, and he keeps the best company. His literature is not much diversified; and he prefers books that are bound in plain calf, to those that are much lettered and gilded. He garners up his papers with a wonderful appearance of care; ties them in bundles with red tape; and usually has great difficulty to find them when he wants them. Too much particularity has perplexed him; and just so it is with his cases; they are well assorted, packed, and laid away in his mind, but are not easily to be brought forth again without labor. This makes him something of a procrastinator, and rather to delight in new business than finish his old. He is, however, much beloved, and affectionately considered by the people."

The above is a faithful sketch of the picture of an old and professionally-educated lawyer, and especially of one who has been several years engaged in the honorable practice of a profession which has been adorned by such men as Coke, Hale, Hardwick, Marshall, Story, Benton, Webster, and Douglass, and was an honorable one, until men were admitted to it who, besides being too illiterate to become acquainted with even its mere mechanical processes, are the refuse of the barracks, the loungers and drunken brawlers about dram-shops. While, in the language of Mr. Kennedy, "I have a great reverence for the profession of the law and its votaries, but especially for that part of the tribe which comprehends the old and thorough-paced stagers of the bar," yet I love to cherish a supreme contempt for that whole class of driveling pettifoggers who emerge from barracks, escape from dungeons, or seek to avoid the condition to which their vices, or their want of education, should confine them; and who contrive to obtain admittance to a profession in which they must necessarily steal, starve, or eke out a miserable and loathsome existence in the most dishonorable shifts to stir up strife between neighbors, who, but for them, would amicably adjust their differences.

A few months sufficed to enable me to build a cabin, and to obtain a very few articles absolutely necessary to housekeeping. The journey had taught us that many things which education and habit had caused us to feel to be absolutely necessary, were not so in fact, but only convenient and useful. I believe that we were not proprietors of more than one whole chair. Indeed I need not say *we*, for it was a rocking-chair belonging to Mrs. Thornton. Indeed, we were "well to do," for, in addition to this, we had one broken chair and two benches. In the commencement of our housekeeping in Oregon, all our former opinions as to what are indispensable were dissipated into thin air. I believe I never enjoyed more unalloyed happiness than I did in our Oregon cabin, wherein we were permitted to repose after so much toil and suffering. Although we had but little of this world's goods, yet we both enjoyed fine health, which was a blessing to which we had been strangers for fifteen years. The fine, healthful climate of Oregon had operated like a charm. When reviewing the past scenes and incidents of our journey, we could, in the fullest sense, adopt the language and spirit of the poet:—

> "Blest he, though undistinguished from the crowd,
> By wealth or dignity, who dwells secure,
> Where man, by nature fierce, has laid aside
> His fierceness, having learnt, though slow to learn,
> The manners and the arts of civil life.
> His wants, indeed, are many, but supply
> Is obvious, placed within the easy reach
> Of temperate wishes and industrious hands."

CHAPTER XIV.

BOUNDARIES AND MOUNTAINS OF OREGON.

BY the Florida treaty of 1819 between the United States and Spain, it was agreed that the forty-second parallel of north latitude, from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean, should constitute the southern limit of the United States west of those mountains. After Mexico had thrown off the authority of the parent country, by a treaty entered into between the United States and that republic, the same line of separation was established.

By the convention of 1824, between the United States and Russia, it was agreed that the Russians should make no settlement on the west coast of North America, or the islands, south of the latitude of 54°, 40′, and the United States should establish none north of that line.

By the convention of 1825, between Russia and Great Britain, it was in like manner stipulated that the British should occupy no place on the coasts or islands north of 54°, 40′, and that the Russians should make no settlements south of the same latitude; and it was, moreover, agreed that a line drawn from that parallel northward, along the summits of the mountains, within twenty miles of the sea, to its intersection with the 141st meridian of longitude west from Greenwich (passing through Mount St. Elias), and thence along the meridian to the Arctic sea, should be the limit between the Russian and British possessions on the continent of America to the northwest.

The country thus lying north of the forty-second parallel of latitude, and south of the parallel of 54°, 40′, was claimed respectively by the United States and Great Britain. These nations provisionally compromised their pretensions by an arrangement, made in 1818, and continued in 1827 for an unlimited period, to the effect that any territory in that section of America, claimed by either, should be equally free and open for navigation, trade, and settlement, to the citizens or subjects of both; the government of each being at liberty to abrogate the arrangement, after giving due notice of twelve months to that effect to the other.

Negotiations upon the subject of the conflicting claims were finally resumed, and at length resulted in the settlement of the Oregon Treaty, signed at Washington, June 15, 1846, and ratified at London, July 17 of the same year. By this treaty the forty-ninth parallel of latitude, to the Gulf of Georgia, was established as the dividing line between the British and American possessions on the Pacific.

The political boundaries, therefore, of Oregon are the Rocky Mountains on the east, the Pacific Ocean on the west, the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude on the north, and the forty-second parallel on the south.

Having thus shown the political boundaries of Oregon, it will now be proper to show what are the natural boundaries of that territory.

Oregon, considered as comprehending the territory drained by the Columbia river, together with the sea-coasts of that territory, lies within the following natural boundaries: On the east, the Rocky Mountains, extending from about the forty-first parallel to the fifty-third or fifty-fourth; on the south from the South Pass, in latitude 42°, 24′, westward to the dividing ridge between the waters of Lewis river and those of the Salt Lake, and thence to the Pacific Ocean near Cape Mendocino, along the highlands which separate the waters of the Tlamath from those of the Sacramento; on the west, the Pacific Ocean, from Cape Mendocino or its vicinity, north to Cape Flattery, at the entrance of the Straits of Fuca, near the forty-ninth degree of north latitude; and on the north, the Straits of Fuca from Cape Flattery, about 120 miles eastward, and thence by a line running northeast along the summit of the highlands separating the waters of the Columbia from those of Fraser's river, to the Rocky Mountains, at about the fifty-fourth degree of north latitude.

As nature has given external boundaries to that portion of Oregon which is drained by the Columbia, so she has marked it by a constant succession of mountain ridges and valleys, or plains of a small extent, which divide the country into three sections. The principal ridges are three, all of which run for the most part of their length parallel with the Pacific coast. That ridge which forms the eastern boundary of Oregon, and which separates the waters of the Atlantic from those of the Pacific, is known as the Rocky Mountains. It is the same chain which in South America is known as the Andes; in Mexico, up to the fortieth parallel, sometimes as the Mexican Cordilleras, but more frequently as the Anahuac Mountains. From the fortieth parallel northward to the Arctic sea, it is known as the Rocky Mountains.

Nearly all the great rivers of North America have their sources in these mountains, around a sort of circle of which the South Pass is the centre. The Missouri, the Yellowstone, the Nebraska, the Arkansas, and the Rio Grande, all take their rise here, and flow into the Atlantic. Here also the Colorado and the Columbia rise, flowing into the Pacific.

Many of the elevations in the Rocky Mountain chain reach the height of about 17,000 feet. A hopeless sterility characterizes nearly the whole chain, and for the most part renders it unfavorable to both animal and vegetable life. In the more elevated regions, eternal winter, clad in robes of snow, covers the rugged form of nature, and dark clouds vail its face. The great altitude and barrenness of this range would render it impassable but for certain gaps. Of these there are five that are known, and through which traders, trappers, and Indians annually pass. The principal of these are the following:—the South Pass, in latitude 42° north, through which the emigrants and others annually pass, from the United States to Oregon and California. That through which the fur-traders of the Hudson Bay Company annually pass, is situated between Brown's and Hooker's peaks. A third is situated between the sources of Maria's and Clarke's rivers. A fourth is situated between Henry's fork of Lewis river and Bighorn, which is a branch of the Yellowstone. I am not acquainted with the location of the fifth.

This range, like all the ranges in this country, has numerous spurs, many of which are also of great elevation. The first is that lying north of Fraser's river, and in which that river takes its rise. It has many high peaks, several of which are covered with snow the greater part of the year. It is a vast assemblage of peaks and heights, which are covered here and there with a small growth of firs and pine. From this spur, another puts out for a considerable extent down the northern or main branch of the Columbia; and another branch of the same spur extends down Fraser's river about the same distance. The altitude of both branches of this spur is less than that of the source of Fraser's river, yet it has several high peaks. Generally, it has but little timber upon it. In some places, however, it is covered with dense forests of pines. A spur of lofty elevation lies in the great bend of the Columbia. This is only partially covered with vegetation. Between the Flathead and Flatbow rivers there is another spur, which is even more sterile than the one just mentioned. Between the Flatbow and the Spokane, there is also another spur, which has several very considerable elevations. The greater part of this spur is thickly covered with trees, shrubs, and grass. The only remaining spur worthy of notice, in connection with this range, is one running near and along the Kooskooskee river. It consists of rugged cliffs and peaks, many of which are entirely destitute of timber, or vegetation, yet the less elevated portions of them are thickly covered with firs, pines, and a thick undergrowth of shrubs and bushes. This spur appears to be connected with the Blue Mountains, and to form a portion of that range.

The Blue Mountains are an irregular and broken chain of mountains, commencing about the forty-sixth degree of latitude, and running south to the southern boundary of Oregon, where they intersect the Tlamath range. These mountains are thought by many not to constitute a distinct range, but to consist entirely of spurs from the Rocky Mountains. But the better opinion is that they are distinct. Their general direction is parallel with the coast, from which they are distant from three to five hundred miles, and they bound the valley of Lewis river on the west. Its altitude is much less than that of the Rocky Mountains, yet it has several peaks which are near ten or eleven thousand feet high, and covered with perpetual snow. The range is in many places, and more especially in the little valleys, very fertile. It has numerous depressions, elevated plains, and valleys of limited extent, which produce an abundance of grass, and in some places most excellent timber, consisting principally of fir, pine, and cedar.

The *Presidents' Range* of mountains may be said to have its commencement with Mount St. Elias, which is about one hundred miles east of Prince William's Sound, in Russian America, and under the parallel of 61°, north latitude. Mount St. Elias is 18,000 feet high, and is believed by many to be one of the highest peaks in North America. This chain of mountains, from that point south to Fraser's river, is known as the Cascade Range. From the latter point, extending south, it is known among the patriotic American citizens of Oregon, as The Presidents' Range. Its general direction is from north to south, and nearly parallel with the coast. It has numerous lofty peaks, which, like most of the mountains in Oregon, exhibit evidences of volcanic origin and rise to the region of perpetual snow.

To several of these elevations, the names of American Presidents have been given. I regard it as being peculiarly proper, to identify the name of the chief magistrate, during whose administration the dispute respecting the title to the country in which they are situated was settled, with the snowy peaks of this chain of mountains. I have, therefore, designated as *Mount Polk*, that peak heretofore known as Mount Baker. It is near the forty-ninth parallel, and a little east of the Straits of Juan de Fuca. I know not its elevation, and if I have ever seen a statement of it, I have ceased to remember it.

Mount Washington is that known among the British as Mount Hood. It lies a little south of the Columbia river, and in about latitude 45°, 20′. It is estimated to be from twelve to sixteen thousand feet high. The Indians affirm that they have frequently seen fires in the chasms of this mountain. Independent of this, there are many facts, which leave no doubt that this is a volcano.

Mount John Adams is the Mount St. Helens of the British. It is an active volcano, near 46°, 29′. It is 9550 feet high. This mountain was in a state of eruption in the year 1831. The fact is affirmed by Dr. Gassner, a distinguished naturalist of England, who was in Oregon at the time, as also by gentlemen connected with the Hudson Bay Company. With the exception of a slight red, lurid appearance, the day was dark, and so completely was the light of the sun shut out by the smoke and falling ashes, that candles were necessary. The weather was perfectly calm, and without wind; and during several days after the eruption, the fires, out of doors, burned with a bluish flame, as though the atmosphere was filled with sulphur.

Credible persons in Oregon have informed me, that they have, on several occasions since, seen the fire and smoke of this volcano. The Rev. Josiah L. Parish, who is connected with the Methodist Mission in Oregon, informed me, that on one occasion he witnessed one of the most remarkable eruptions of this mountain. I regret, however, that not having noted his relation in my journal, the date of the eruption and the principal facts connected with it, have been obliterated from my memory, by events to which my attention has since been called. I only remember, that no earthquake was felt, no noise was heard, and that he saw vast columns of lurid smoke and fire shoot up; which after attaining to a certain elevation, spread out in a line parallel to the plane of the horizon, and presented the appearance of a vast table, supported by immense pillars of convolving flame and smoke.

Mount Jefferson is the Mount Vancouver of the British. This name of Jefferson was bestowed upon it by Lewis and Clarke, in 1804. It is situated in about latitude 44°, 40′.

Mount Madison is the Mount McLaughlin of the British. It is in about 43°, 30′.

Mount Monroe is near 43°, 20′, and is the Mount Shaste of the British.

Mount John Quincy Adams is near latitude 42°, 10′.

Mount Jackson is situated in about latitude 41°, 40′, and is the Mount Pitt of the British.

Mount Van Buren is the Mount Olympus of the maps, and is situated on the peninsula between Hood's canal and the ocean.

Mount Harrison is the Mount Rainer of the maps, and is situated near the 47th parallel of latitude. It is 12,330 feet high.

Mount Tyler is a name bestowed upon an elevation on the peninsula, between Hood's canal and the ocean, and is inferior in elevation to Mount Van Buren, or Mount Olympus of the British.

These mountains are all snow-peaks. They present a general sameness in their appearance and characteristics. Their sides are usually naked, rocky, and precipitous. The chain of mountains which connects all these snow-peaks, except Mounts Van Buren and Tyler, runs parallel with the coast, and with the Rocky Mountains. The distance from the former is from one hundred miles to one hundred and fifty. From the latter from four hundred miles to six hundred. The mountains which connect the snow-peaks of the Presidents' Range are covered with the most grand and noble forests of pine, fir, cedar, spruce, hemlock, etc. Many of them are from six to eight fathoms in circumference, and present a remarkably straight and beautiful shaft of two hundred feet, without a single limb.

I think I have never felt that indefinable process of sensation, which has commonly been denominated the emotion of sublimity, as strongly as when I have stood at some point in the Wilhamette Valley, and looked, in midsummer, upon the cold, pure, white, and massive snow-covered peaks of the Presidents' Range of mountains. No man who has a soul can contemplate these vast natural objects, so splendid in their beauty, and so lofty in their elevation, without their producing in his heart irresistible emotions of sublimity, the remembrance of which will only cease with his being; and he will exult in the view of nature, while his inmost soul trembles at the magnitude of the conceptions inspired by this survey of a portion of the material world, terrible in its beauty and vastness. "All men," says Ralph Waldo Emerson, "are poets at heart. They serve nature for bread, but her loveliness overcomes them sometimes. What mean these journeys to Niagara; these pilgrims to the White Hills? In the mountains, they may believe in the adaptation of the eye. Undoubtedly, the changes of geology have a relation to the prosperous sprouting of the corn and peas in my kitchen-garden; but not less is there a relation of beauty between my soul and the dim crags of Agiocochook, up there in the clouds. Every man, when this is told, hearkens with joy, and yet his own conversation with nature is still unsung."

At a point on the north side of the Columbia, near the Cascades, a spur of the Presidents' Range commences, and runs westward to Cape Disappointment. It is from one thousand to fifteen hundred feet high, and is covered with a heavy forest of firs, pines, and other trees indigenous to the country. Another spur commences at the Cascades, on the south side of the river, and runs westward as far as Cockscomb Hill, near Astoria. Both of these parallel spurs diminish in altitude as they run westward. The intervening valley through which the Columbia flows is of unequal width. It has a rich soil, and generally a heavy growth of the very best timber.

There is another low range of mountains, commencing at Cape Flattery, and running along the coast until it terminates at Cape Mendocino, broken, however, by the Columbia and several small rivers in their passage to the sea. To this I have given the name of the *Coast*

Range. It has a rich soil from its summit to its base, on its eastern side. The western side is but little known. A heavy growth of forest trees, unsurpassed for their beauty, circumference, and height, consisting principally of fir, pine, spruce, cedar, and hemlock, adorn and cover its sides.

This range descends gradually from the coast to the east, and terminates in extensive undulating plains of great beauty and richness.

There is also another spur of the Presidents' Range, running westward, and constituting the dividing ridge between the waters of the Wilhamette and the Umpqua rivers. This also is covered by forests of great beauty. I certainly have never seen any thing to equal them. While standing among the trees, that looked as though they were not less than three hundred feet high, and as though they had grown there, deeply rooted in the soil, ever since God said, "Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit after its kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth," I exclaimed, Surely God made these mountains, and these sublime forests to cover them!

Another spur of the Presidents' Range terminates at the Pacific Ocean, and separates the waters of the Tlamath river from those of the Umpqua. I have had no opportunity to examine for myself the whole of this spur. The trees upon the portion which I saw, were generally small. I passed, however, through some two or three fine forests of large timber.

A little attention to this description of the system of mountains, in Oregon, will show that, as nature has given the country external boundaries, so it has divided it internally into three natural sections, limited as follows: Eastern Oregon is bounded on the east by the Rocky Mountains, and on the west by the irregular line of the Blue Mountains. Middle Oregon is bounded on the east by the Blue Mountains, and on the west by the Presidents' Range. Western Oregon is bounded on the east by the Presidents' Range, and on the west by the Pacific Ocean. The natural boundary to all those sections on the north, is the ridge which separates the waters which flow into the Columbia, believed to commence near the forty-eighth parallel of latitude, near Admiralty Inlet, and to extend to the fifty-fourth, near the northern source of the Columbia. The political boundary on the north is the forty-ninth parallel. The natural boundary of these sections on the south, from the Rocky Mountains, is about latitude 42°, 24', north, westward to the dividing ridge between the waters of Lewis' River and those of the Salt Lake, and thence to the Pacific Ocean, near Cape Mendocino, along the highlands which separate the waters of the Tlamath from those of the Sacramento. The political boundary on the south is the forty-second parallel of north latitude.

CHAPTER XV.

RIVERS OF OREGON.

THE Columbia is the principal river of Oregon, and the only one of the whole Pacific coast, south of the parallel of 49° north latitude, which extends far into the interior, or which drains any thing like an extensive country.

Next to the snow-peaks of Oregon, this is the most remarkable geographical feature of the country. It enters the Pacific Ocean in latitude 46°, 18′, north, between Cape Disappointment and Point Adams. It is formed at the distance of more than three hundred miles from the ocean, by the union of two rivers, one from the southeast, called Lewis river, in honor of Captain Lewis, one of the very first explorers of this interior country; and the other, usually considered as the main river, from the northeast, and sometimes called the Columbia, one of the principal branches of which is Clarke's river, so named in honor of the late General Clarke, the friend and coadjutor of the late Captain Lewis. Clarke's river is also known among the Hudson Bay Company's trappers and traders, as Flathead river. The Columbia, together with its main branch, collects together all the waters flowing from the western side of the Rocky Mountains, between the forty-second and the fifty-fourth parallels of north latitude, and between the 112th and the 124th degrees of west longitude.

The northernmost source of the stream known as the Columbia, is in two lakes, which interlock with the sources of the Kootanie, or Flatbow River, in about latitude 50° north, and about longitude 116° west from Greenwich. From these two small lakes it flows northwest through a rough, broken, and inhospitable country, to a place called the Boat Encampment, where it unites with a stream, which has its source in a small lake in a cleft in the Rocky Mountains, called the Punchbowl, and within a few feet of the extreme western source of the Athabasca, one of the head-waters of Mackenzie's river, which discharges itself into the Great Arctic Sea. The scenery in the vicinity of the Punchbowl is unsurpassed in terrible sublimity and grandeur. Here Mount Hooker lifts its awful head 15,700 feet on the south of this small lake, while Mount Brown on the north rises to an elevation of 16,000 feet. While the tremendous rocks are piled up in craggy grandeur at the base of both these mountains, their summits are covered with eternal snows, and there perpetual winter reigns. One of the sources of Fraser's river is in a small lake also in this vicinity. It flows into the Gulf of Georgia, east of Vancouver's Island, a little north, of latitude 49° north, and in longitude 121° west.

A short distance below the junction of the stream from the Punchbowl with the Columbia, another called *Canoe River* flows in from the north. This stream has its source in a small lake near latitude 53° north, and in longitude 120°, 18′, west.

The river thus formed by the union of these three, is regarded as the main Columbia. This point is three thousand feet above the level of the sea. It thence flows nearly south, through defiles between lofty mountains, being generally a third of a mile wide. One of these channels is but a few miles below the junction of the three above named streams, and it is called the Upper Dalles. Through this passage the waters are thrown with great rapidity, and they whirl and dash with tremendous violence. About thirty miles below the Upper Dalles, are the Lower Dalles, similar in all respects to those above mentioned. They seriously interrupt the navigation of the river, and greatly diminish the value of the surrounding country. Flowing thence it expands into a line of lakes, two of which especially may be noticed; the first, known as the Upper Lake, is about twenty miles in length, and about five in width. It is situated in an exceedingly rough and mountainous country, surrounded by high towering cliffs, and dense forests of pines. Between this and the Lower Lake there is a place known as the Straits, in which for an extent of five miles, the waters are compressed into a very narrow channel, through which they flow with great rapidity. The Lower Lake is about twenty-five miles in length, and six in width. It has in its vicinity, forests of fine timber, and a few prairies of limited extent, having a fertile soil. Thence the Columbia continues to flow south, until it receives Kootanie river, from the east, in latitude, 49°, 30′, north, longitude 117°, 40′, west from Greenwich. The Kootanie is a large stream, rising in the dividing range between that and the two lakes which constitute the source of the Columbia. This stream is also known on some maps as Flatbow river, and on some as McGillivray's. It flows southeast, until it approaches Fort Kootanie, when it turns northwest, until it expands into Flatbow lake, after which it flows southwest to its junction with the Columbia.

From the junction of Kootanie river, in about latitude 49°, 30′, the Columbia river flows south to about latitude 48°, 50′, when it receives Clarke's river from the southeast. This is probably not inferior to any of the other branches of the Columbia, in the quantity of water, which it supplies. The point of junction is 2500 feet above the level of the sea. The source of this river, is in the Rocky Mountains, near the forty-fourth degree of latitude, not far from the extreme head-waters of the Missouri, on the eastern side of that chain, and of Lewis river on its western side. The banks of the river between Kullespelm lake, and the junction of Clarke's river with the Columbia, are well covered with excellent timber, while behind on either side there rises a line of lofty hills. The soil is rich; and the stream is deep and navigable, excepting at one cascade, where a portage is necessary. It flows in a northwestern direction, until it expands into Lake Kullespelm, receiving in its course the waters of Arrowstone and Blackfoot rivers, and also these of Flathead lake from the east. From Lake Kullespelm, Clarke's river river flows northwest, until it forms a junction with the Columbia. The Columbia then turns to the west, and passing a ridge of mountains, precipitates itself over what are called the Kettle Falls. They are thus described by Com. Wilkes:—

"The Kettle Falls are one of the great curiosities in this part of the country. They are formed by a tabular bed of quartz, that crosses the river, and which being harder than the rocks, either above or below, has, of course, suffered less by abrasion, and thus formed a basin that renders the name appropriate. The total descent of the water is fifty feet, though the perpendicular fall in no place exceeds fifteen feet, which is, however, more than sufficient to prevent the passage of boats. At the foot of the falls, the breadth of the river is 2330 feet, and the rate of the current is four miles an hour. The breadth is somewhat narrowed by an island, about midway of which is the first fall, which is almost entirely unbroken. Thence the river forçes its way over a rocky bed, until it reaches the main fall, where the water is thrown into every variety of shape and form, resembling the boiling of a kettle, from which the falls derive their name."

A short distance below the Kettle Falls, are the Thompson Rapids, which begin at the mouth of a small stream, known as Mill river, and extend some distance below that point. Flowing thence in the same direction between the forty-eighth and forty-ninth parallels, it receives the Spokane from the south. This is three hundred feet broad at its mouth, opposite its junction with the Columbia; there are rocks beneath the surface of the water, which cause rapids; but there is no perceptible fall, and the barges shoot them without difficulty. This river has its source in Lake Coeur d' Alene, known on some of the maps as Pointed Heart. This lake is two miles wide, and five miles long, in an east-southeast, and west-northwest direction. The mountains in the vicinity are of granite. The general direction of the stream is northwest, until it forms a junction with the Columbia, in about latitude 48° north, longitude 118°, 20′, west. This stream has four falls, three of ten feet, and one of forty, besides which there are rapids; and the whole fall of the river, within a distance of one thousand feet, is about one hundred feet. The Little Falls is higher up, and only six miles below Lake Coeur d'Alene. Proceeding up the Spokane (pronounced with the accent on the last syllable), its course for the first ten miles, is east-southeast. It flows through fine scenery, and on the southern side its banks offer numerous fine sites for dwellings; while the hills present the appearance of beautiful terraces, clothed with green grass, and having a few pines growing upon them. The fact that the whole of the country, south of the Spokane, is of igneous formation, will afford some idea of its soil. In the surrounding country are found some limited valleys and plains, which produce an abundance of vegetation, and are surrounded by forests of good timber. It is not navigable for any kind of vessels, unless, perhaps, for barges and canoes between the falls and rapids.

From the junction of the Spokane river, the Columbia flows in an irregular course; generally, however, westward, until it meets the Okonagan from the western side, in about latitude 48° north, longitude 119°, 40′, west. This stream has its source in a long line of lakes, having their commencement in latitude 50°, 20′, north, longitude 119° west. Its general direction is thence west, receiving in its course several small rivers and creeks, from both its eastern and western sides. This river is navigable for boats, a considerable distance north. The country through which it flows is sterile, except a few plains of very limited extent, which are covered with vegetation, and a few hills, which are thinly timbered. The Okonagan is a dull and turbid stream, three hundred feet wide, half a mile above its mouth. The Columbia is sixteen hundred feet wide, where it receives the Okanagan.

From the junction of the Okonagan, the Columbia resumes its general southern course, and thus continues, until it receives, from the west, the Entyatecoom, in about latitude 47°, 45′, north, longitude 120°, 10′, west; the Piscoas river, from the same side, in about latitude 47°, 30′, north, longitude 120°, 18′, west; and the Akama, also from the west, in about latitude 46°, 30′, north, longitude 119° west. The three last mentioned rivers all have their sources in the Presidents' Range of mountains, north of Mount Harrison, and south of Mount Polk. Much of the country through which they flow is broken, and considerable portions of it barren.

Finally, the Columbia unites with Lewis river, its great southeastern branch, in about latitude 46°, 18′, north, longitude 119° west. Lewis river has its sources in the valleys, or holes, as they are called, of the Rocky mountains, near latitude 42°, in the immediate vicinity of the sources of the Yellowstone, the Nebraska, and the Colorado of the Gulf of California. One of the sources of this stream is a small lake, known as Jackson's Lake. It is in about latitude 44° north, longitude 33° west from Washington. The other principal source is a small lake without a name, so far as I know. It is situated a little east of "The Three Tetons," and north of the South Pass, in about latitude 43°, 10′, north, longitude 33°, 10′, west from Washington. The two principal streams near its sources are Henry's river, the most eastern, and the Portneuf, which flows from a highly volcanic region, not far from the Great Salt Lake, and in about latitude 42°, 38′, north, longitude 35°, 40′, west from Washington. Below the junction of these two streams, the Lewis river flows west, and then northwest, receiving on its way, and from the eastern side, the Malade (or Sickly) river, in about latitude 43°, 20′, north, longitude 37°, 50′, west from Washington; Boisée (or Wooded) river, in latitude 44°, 30′, north, longitude 39° west from Washington: Salmon river, in about latitude 46° north, longitude 39°, 20′, west from Washington; and the Kooskooskee, in latitude, 46°, 30′, north, longitude 42° west. This is 750 feet wide, one mile above its mouth, and its banks are destitute of trees. While Lewis river abounds in salmon, this does not, because, as the Indians affirm, its waters are too clear. A fine specimen of the basaltic structure is found a few miles below the junction of the Kooskooskee, in a high range of basaltic columns, which there bounds the river. Notwithstanding the length of Lewis river, it is much inferior to the north branch of the Columbia, but after it is joined by the Kooskooskee, it is much enlarged.

Lewis river receives from the south, Raft river, in latitude 42°, 30′, north, longitude 38° west from Washington; from the west, Owyhee, in latitude 44°, 20′, north, longitude 39° west; the Malheur (the Unfortunate or Unlucky) river, in latitude 44°, 30′, north, longitude 39° west; Powder river, in latitude 45°, 40′, north, longitude 39° west; and Grand Round river, in latitude 45°, 50′ north, longitude 40° west.

The Grand Round river is important, not for the purposes of navigation, but because it waters the valley, from which it derives its name. The Grand Round is a most beautiful and fertile plain, or mountain prairie, southeast from Fort Wallawalla. It is surrounded by basaltic mountains, covered with a heavy growth of timber. It is about twenty miles long, and near fifteen wide. If great beauty and sublimity of scenery, salubrity of climate, an abundance of good grass, a rich soil, and fine water and timber, are desirable, a farmer might delight to establish himself in this mountain valley. The emigrant road passes through it. Here, also, the Cayuse, Nez Perces, and Wallawalla Indians, meet to trade with the Snakes, or Shoshones, for roots, skin lodges, elk and buffalo meat, in exchange for salmon and horses.

Formerly the Cayuse tribe, in alliance with the Wallawallas, made continued war upon the Snakes. Lewis and Clark, when in that country, presented an American flag to the Cayuse Indians calling it the flag of peace. After it became known to the Snakes, that such a flag existed, a party of Cayuses and Wallawallas placed it in the hands of an Indian, who still survives, and proceeded with him to the Grand Round, where, by planting the flag, the country was consecrated to perpetual peace. Hence it is, that the three tribes annually meet in this most, enchanting valley, for the purpose of exchanging commodities, and to dig the cammass-root, that grows here in large quantities, and is extensively used by them as food.

The country in the vicinity of Powder river is represented as being an interesting one, and as having a deep soil, black and very fertile, as well among the hollows of the hills, and on the elevated flats, as on the river bottoms.

These streams are nearly all bordered, in most places, by mountains, generally of volcanic origin; and some of them rush with great violence through deep and very narrow chasms, called cañons (pronounced *kanyon*). Like the northern branches of the Columbia, they abound in cascades and rapids, which either make navigation difficult, or render it wholly impracticable. In some of the small valleys of these rivers, I found the soil fertile, and well supplied with grass. This is especially the case with the valleys of Lewis and Portneuf rivers, in the vicinity of Fort Hall. There is generally, however, a great scarcity of timber. Many of them are poor and sandy. In short, the absence of timber, almost uniform down to this point, and the scarcity of water, give to the greater part of the valley of Lewis river the appearance of a desert.

A great difference has been observed in the temperature of the water of the Columbia and that of Lewis river. The former is quite cold, which is caused by its flowing from the cold snow peaks of the north and northeast. The water of Lewis river, on the other hand, is quite warm. This is owing to the circumstance, that it derives its water from the east, southeast, and south, without being cooled by snow and ice.

The width of the Columbia, a short distance below its junction with Lewis river, is about three-fourths of a mile. Thence it flows nearly south to Wallawalla river, which it receives from the south, in latitude 46°, 4′, north, longitude 41°, 50′, west from Washington. Here it is 1286 feet above the level of the sea, and about 1100 yards wide.

The soil upon this stream, and for a short distance back, is usually fertile. The same may be said of that upon its small tributaries. To the north and south are extensive prairies, which in the season when there is sufficient moisture to support vegetation, are green and luxuriant, but which the great heat of the month of July dries in such a manner that the grass retains all its juices, and is thus converted into hay, of which the cattle are exceedingly fond, preferring it to the young grass, which is also less nutritious.

Upon the Wallawalla and its tributaries grows a vast quantity of service-berries, two kind of currants, whortleberries, and gooseberries. These the Indians provide in their season for food during the winter.

From the junction of the Wallawalla, the Columbia takes its last turn to the westward, pursuing its rapid course until it meets with the Umatilla from the south, in about latitude 45°, 50′, north, longitude 119° west from Greenwich. This stream is very much like the Wallawalla, having a bed of volcanic rock, which in some places is split into fissures.

From the junction of the Umatilla, the Columbia flows in its general course westward, until it receives John Day's river from the south, in about latitude 45°, 40′, north, longitude 120°, 30′, west from Greenwich. This is a clear and beautiful stream, with a swift current flowing over a bed of rolled stones. It is sunk, like most other streams of Oregon, in a deep gorge-like valley. The country is a very rocky one, marked with high basaltic walls, which give it a rugged aspect. Great numbers of salmon are taken in the river by the Indians; and there are, in consequence, many temporary lodges upon its banks.

The steep hills and the rugged and rocky aspect of the vicinity, prevent it from being adapted to agricultural purposes. The absence of grass excludes the idea of its being a grazing region; yet it is, to say the least, a very peculiar one, for the water abounds with salmon, and the land with rattlesnakes, wolves, American lions, and wild Indians.

From the junction of John Day's river, the general course of the Columbia is still westward, until it receives the Falls or Shutes river (*Rivière aux Chutes*), from the south, in about latitude 45°, 30′, north, longitude 120°, 30′, west from Greenwich. This may be called a large river, although its rocks and rapids probably render it unnavigable. It is the same of which Lewis and Clarke speak under the name of the Towahnakioks. When high, this river rivals the Columbia in size, and seems to merit its characteristic name, which it owes to one of its many falls, some forty miles above. At its entrance into the Columbia, it is divided into several arms, which inclose a rocky island. It enters the Columbia under a cloud of mist and spray, and with a roar of falls and rapids, which make it a favorite fishing station among the Indians occupying the country in the vicinity, on both sides of the river. There is likewise an important salmon fishery, twenty-five miles up the Shutes.

The Columbia, from the junction of John Day's river to this point, is filled with rocks, which occasion dangerous rapids. The banks on either side of the Columbia are rocky, and often precipitous; and the intervening country is decidedly volcanic. This part of the Columbia is navigable by boats; but the passage is always attended with much danger from the tortuous course of the river, and the number of rapids and whirlpools.

The *Falls of the Columbia* are situated a few miles above what are known as the Dalles of the Columbia, in contradistinction to the Upper Dalles and the Lower Dalles, both of which are far up the north or northeastern branch of that stream. The Falls are formed by ledges of rocks, over which the river pours its mighty volume, between perpendicular walls of basalt, with such a roaring sound as almost to confuse the senses. The fall, however, though considerable, is annually submerged by the waters which back up from the basin below, constituting a great natural lock at this place. At one season may here be seen cascades of twenty feet in height, while at another the current swells itself up into little more than a rapid, so as even to be navigable for boats. The stream, besides being confined within a narrow channel, is interrupted at this place by rocks and islets, which cause a great roaring of the water.

From the Falls the Columbia pursues its way westward a few miles through an elevated region about ten miles in extent, of solid dark rock, rising into irregular cliffs, hills, and mountains, when it flows through a place known as the Dalles, probably one of the most remarkable places upon the river. Commander Wilkes says:—

"The river is here compressed into a narrow channel three hundred feet wide, and half a mile long; the walls are perpendicular, flat on the top, and composed of basalt; the river forms an elbow, being situated in an amphitheatre, extending several miles to the northwest, and closed in by a high basaltic wall. From appearances, one is led to conclude that in former times the river made a straight course over the whole; but, having the channel deeper, is now confined within the present limits.

"Besides the main channel, there are four or five other small canals, through which the water passes when the river is high; these are but a few feet across. The river falls about fifty feet in the distance of about two miles, and the greatest rise between high and low-water mark is sixty-two feet. This great rise is caused by the accumulation of water in the river above, which is dammed by this narrow pass, and is constantly increasing until it backs the waters, and overflows many grounds and islands above. The tremendous roar arising from the rushing of the river through this outlet, with the many whirlpools and eddies which it causes, may be more easily imagined than described."

The narrowest place of this passage for the waters of a river that drains twelve degrees of latitude and as many of longitude, is no more than 174 feet in width, with a wall having an average height of twenty-five feet above the water.

Up to this point a tree is seldom seen. Here, however, an entirely new description of country is entered; the line of woods which extends to the Pacific here commences. The belt of forests preserves very nearly the same width in all parts of Oregon south of 48°.

The country about the Dalles, and for several miles in the vicinity of it, is much broken. There are, however, some plains and table-lands, which are considered as very valuable, being well watered with springs and small streams; excellent for grazing, and well supplied with valuable pine and oak. The soil varies in its productive power.

For about five miles below the Dalles, the bed of the river itself is narrow, and very deep; but, instead of being confined within basaltic walls, the country opens out into grassy bottoms on the left. The Dalles is one of the great salmon fisheries in Oregon. This fish is taken here in great numbers during six months of the year; and the number which might be taken by means of the proper appliances and effort, is almost without limit. Sturgeon are taken at this place during the greater part of the year.

From the Dalles the Columbia pursues its onward course about forty miles to the Cascades, where, in search of a passage to the ocean, it breaks through the Presidents' Range. After leaving the Dalles, the river assumes a general character; high, steep, rocky hills shut it in on either side, rising abruptly in many places to the height of 1500 feet above the water, and becoming more broken and elevated, as the river approaches the Presidents' Range. The navigation between the Dalles and the Cascades is smooth and good, and the water is of sufficient depth for vessels drawing twelve feet.

A short distance above the Cascades, there is a sunken pine-forest, the stumps of which are rotten, and so matted together by the roots as to prevent their separation, and in low water they are, in some places, exposed to view. Between this part of the river and the Dalles, the wind usually blows a gale from the westward, in the summer almost daily.

A short distance below the sunken forest, the river makes an abrupt turn to the south, and for more than two miles is confined to a passage no more than 450 yards in width, through which the whole mass of water pours with great impetuosity, forming high waves, and fearful whirlpools, and falling about forty feet in the above distance. The river forms what is called the Cascades, in breaking over a point of agglomerated rocks, leaving a handsome bay to the right, with several rocky pine-covered islands, and the mountains sweep at a distance around a cove, where several small streams enter the bay. When the river is low, these rapids are passed by skillful boatmen, but it is frequently hazardous, and many lives have been lost there.

There are two portages here. At the lower one only half the goods are taken out, and the boats are *cordelled* up half a mile. The boatmen then secure the goods, upon their backs, in packs of ninety pounds weight, by a band which passes round the forehead, and under and over the bale. One stoops, and adjusts his load; another puts ninety pounds more upon his back, with which the voyageur then proceeds to the end of his portage, where the goods are again placed in the boats, which are then *cordelled* up to the Old Portage, so called in contradistinction to the lower one, which is known as the New Portage. For a small present of tobacco, beads, calico, or almost any thing, the Indians will assist at all these portages.

Up to this point, distant about 125 miles, from the mouth of the Columbia, ships have no difficulty in approaching. In coming up, the country bordering on the Columbia, is low, until the Cascades are approached, with the exception of several basaltic cliffs, some of which are two hundred feet high, bearing a striking resemblance to turreted castles.

"Proceeding down the river, there are," says Col.

Fremont, "some very rocky and high steep mountains which sweep along the river-valley at a little distance, covered with forests of pine, and showing occasionally lofty escarpments of red rock. Nearer, the shore is bordered by steep escarped hills and huge vertical rocks, from which the waters of the mountain reach the river in a variety of beautiful falls, sometimes several hundred feet in height. Occasionally along the river occurred pretty bottoms, covered (in November) with the greenest verdure of the spring. To a professional farmer, however, it does not offer many places of sufficient extent to be valuable for agriculture; and after passing a few miles below the Dalles, I had scarcely seen a place on the south shore where wagons could get to the river. The beauty of the scenery was heightened by the continuance of very delightful weather, resembling the Indian summer of the Atlantic. A few miles below the Cascades, we passed a singular isolated hill; and in the course of the next six miles occurred five very pretty falls from the heights of the left bank, one of them being of very picturesque character; and toward sunset we reached a remarkable point of rocks, distinguished, on account of prevailing high winds and the delay it frequently occasions to the canoe navigation, by the name of Cape Horn. It borders the river in a high wall of rock, which comes boldly down into deep water; and in violent gales down the river, and from the opposite shore, which is the prevailing direction of strong winds, the water is dashed against it with considerable violence. It appears to form a serious obstacle to canoe traveling; and I was informed by Mr. Perkins, that in a voyage up the river, he had been detained two weeks at this place, and was finally obliged to return to Vancouver. The winds of this region deserve a particular study. They blow in currents, which show them to be governed by fixed laws; and it is a problem how far they may come from the mountains, or from the ocean through the breaks in the mountains which let out the river."

"The hills," he continues, speaking of his passage from the Cascades to Fort Vancouver, "here had lost something of their rocky appearance, and had already begun to decline. As the sun went down, we searched along the river for an inviting spot; and, finding a clean rocky beach, where some large dry trees were lying on the ground, we ran our boat to the shore; and, after another comfortable supper, plowed our way along the river in darkness. . . . . As we advanced, the hills on both sides grew constantly lower; on the right, retreating from the shore, and forming a somewhat extensive bottom of intermingled prairie and wooded land. In the course of a few hours, and opposite to a small stream coming in from the north, called the Tea Prairie River, the highlands on the left declined to the plains, and three or four miles below disappeared entirely on both sides, and the river entered the low country. The river had gradually expanded; and when we emerged from the highlands, the opposite shores were so distant as to appear indistinct in the uncertainty of the light. About ten o'clock our pilots halted, apparently to confer about the course; and after a little hesitation, pulled directly across an open expansion of the river, where the waves were somewhat rough for a canoe, the wind blowing very fresh. Much to our surprise, a few minutes afterward we ran aground. Backing off our boat, we made repeated trials at various places to cross what appeared to be a point of shifting sand-bars, where we had attempted to shorten the way by a cut-off. Finally, one of the Indians got into the water, and waded about until he found a channel sufficiently deep, through which we wound along after him, and in a few minutes again entered the deeper water below. As we paddled rapidly down the river, we heard the noise of a saw-mill at work on the right bank; and, letting our boat float quietly down, we listened with pleasure to the unusual sounds, and before midnight, encamped on the bank of the river, about a mile above Fort Vancouver. Our fine dry weather had given place to a dark cloudy night. At midnight it began to rain; and we found ourselves suddenly in the gloomy and humid season" (November 8th), of the country lying between the President's Range of mountains and the Pacific, and which, "for a considerable distance along the coast, supplies the place of winter."

About fifty miles from the ocean the Columbia receives the Cowlitz river from the north. This I will more particularly describe hereafter. The Columbia at the junction of the Cowlitz, is a broad, bold stream of great majesty and volume. A short distance below this point, and on the north side of the river is a high conical hill, which has received the name of Mount Coffin, from its having been a place where the Indians in the vicinity deposited their dead.

About fifty-five miles above the mouth of the Columbia, there is a large rock in the river, known as Coffin Rock. In my journal notes, under date of October 22, 1847, is the following:—

"Upon this rock the Indians who lived in the vicinity formerly laid their dead in canoes. The canoe of the deceased was, according to the custom of the tribe, hauled up upon the rock, after which the body of the dead, together with all that he or she had owned in life, was carefully deposited, and then covered with bark. I saw a string of glass and copper beads at the side of a decayed canoe. There were about eighteen canoes in a state of decay, which would indicate that they had been there some twenty or thirty years. Many of them contained the bones of several bodies. Bones were scattered all over the face of the rock, and multitudes had doubtless fallen into the river."

On the side of the river opposite to Mount Coffin, is a high barrier of trap rocks covered with majestic pines.

Under date of October 25th, 1847, I find the following brief entry in my journal notes:—

"Captain Roland Gelston and myself, with two good rowers, proceeded in a gig on a visit to Mount Coffin, an ancient Indian burial place. Most of the canoes in which the dead had been deposited were consumed by a fire, which accidentally broke out among the dry leaves and brush a few years ago, from the camp-fire of a party of the U. S. Exploring Expedition, who encamped over night at this place. I found the remains of a canoe in which the wife of a chief had been deposited, lying upon the rocks. Among the half calcined bones I counted sixty-six finger rings which had probably been purchased for seven beaver skins, each worth at that time $7. I also counted a great number of beads which Mr. Lattee, who had spent many years among the Indians while in the employment of the Hudson Bay Company, said had cost about twenty beaver skins. I counted also forty ankle and wrist ornaments which, in like manner, I learned had been obtained at the rate of two for a beaver skin. The entire cost, therefore, of the ornaments of this specimen of the aristocracy of the Columbia river Indians was about forty-seven beaver skins, which were equivalent to about $329. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*"

Ten miles lower down, the Columbia turns nearly at right angles, taking its course along a barrier similar to the last mentioned formation, which it here meets on its west side, and which rises to the height of eight hundred feet above the water. Upon the side opposite this barrier is a beautiful and fertile prairie, having oaks scattered over it at considerable intervals. This is known as Oak Point. Mount John Adams which may, in clear weather, be seen when eighty miles at sea, is in full view here, and adds greatly to the interest of the scene.

All the waters collected from these various sources, as well as from other rivers, which I will presently proceed to describe, flow westward from Fort Vancouver in a vast volume, about one mile in width, till it approaches within about fifteen miles of the ocean, when it expands to about five miles, and finally rushes into the Pacific by a mouth four or five miles wide, between Point Adams on the south and Cape Disappointment on the north, in latitude, 46°, 18′, north, and longitude 124° west from Greenwich, or 47° west from Washington.

Cape Disappointment is a bluff promontory, about three hundred feet high, presenting a precipitous side of rock to the dashing waves, but covered in the rear with pines and firs, and sloping to the mainland, with which it is connected by a low and narrow neck, stretching across the peninsula from Baker's Bay to the deep water on the north side of the cape. A canal cut through this low and narrow neck would, without any thing further, remove every obstacle to ships entering this river. Point Adams terminates the entrance on the south side. This is a low, sandy point of land, which stretches into the ocean. The entrance to the mouth of this river is rendered somewhat difficult by shoals, forming a sort of flat bar, on which the winds and irregular currents sometimes produce foaming and tumultuous breakers, extending a considerable distance out into the ocean.

Com. Wilkes says: "I witnessed the Columbia at its greatest heights, and no idea can be formed of it, unless seen at both epochs. The flood is a very grand sight from the banks of the river at Vancouver, as it passes swiftly by, bearing along the gigantic forest trees, whose immense trunks appear as mere chips. They frequently lodge for a time, in which case others are speedily caught by them, which obstructing the flow of the water, form rapids, until by a sudden rush the whole is borne off to the ocean, and in time lodged by the currents on some remote and savage island, to supply the natives with canoes. I also witnessed the undermining of large trees on the banks, and occasional strips of soil: thus does the river yearly make inroads on its banks, and changes in its channels.

"From the circumstance of this annual inundation of the river prairies, they will always be unfit for husbandry; yet they are admirably adapted for grazing, except during the periods of high water.

"The temperature of the waters of the Columbia, during the months of May and June, was 42°, while in September it had increased to 68°."

The Wilhamette rises in the President's Range of mountains, near the forty-second parallel of latitude, and generally flows west of north, until it empties into the Columbia, in about 45°, 40′—nearly one hundred miles from the Pacific Ocean—by two mouths; the first being about five miles below Fort Vancouver, and the second fifteen miles lower down. The triangular island thus formed is known as Wappatoo Island, thus named from a root much used by the Indians who formerly inhabited it. It is very fertile, though in many places subject to inundation, which probably gives to it much of its fertility. The soil is alluvial, and is probably formed by an accumulation of mud and drift against rocks. It is covered with an abundance of timber and rich pasturage. The Hudson Bay Company have a large dairy upon it; the milch cows numbering, perhaps, about one hundred, each of which is said to yield about sixty pounds of butter annually. The Company keep in addition about three hundred head of breeding cattle, that roam over the island at will.

In the interior of this island there is a rudely-chiseled block of black basalt, four feet in height, and three feet in diameter. It is of great antiquity, and the superstition of both the savages and of the dairymen has invested it with powers of "great medicine." They believe that to touch it would be a sacrilegious offense that would be certain to bring down upon the head of the rash and inconsiderate offender the severest vengeance of the tutelary deity of this lonely island pillar. Mr. Douglass, of Fort Vancouver, not having the fear of such things before his eyes, and doubtless "at the instigation of the devil"—as we say in indictments—was so rash a few years ago as to attempt to move this mysterious shrine from its place. The dairyman, however, was not only incensed but greatly alarmed, because the demon had thus been affronted; and although Mr. Douglass expostulated with him upon the folly of his fears, yet the subject was one upon which "much might be said on both sides;" and a tremendous storm having arisen during the night, our superstitious and terrified Frenchman was sure that the indignant goblin was about to pull down the house over the head of the impious Mr. Douglass. There are also some farms. It is seven miles on each of two of its sides, and fifteen on the side next to the Columbia. It is generally about one-fourth of a mile wide. For the distance of about four miles from the junction of this stream with the Columbia, its banks are low, and the latter frequently during its annual rise backs its waters into the Wilhamette, and overflows these low grounds. Above this point the banks become high and precipitous, and so continue for many miles up.

The Wilhamette receives the Clackamus and Putin rivers (which name has been corrupted to Pudding) from the east, and the Twalatin and Yamhill rivers from the west. Besides these rivers, it also receives numerous less important tributaries. Ships drawing twelve or fourteen feet water, ascend the Wilhamette to the pleasant and flourishing village of Portland, on the left bank of the river, twelve miles below

Oregon City. Vessels could ascend much higher, but they cast anchor at Portland, because there are warehouses and a convenient wharf at that place. At the junction of the Clackamus with the Wilhamette, about nineteen miles above the union of the latter with the Columbia, and one mile below Oregon City, is a serious obstruction, in the dry season, to the navigation of the river by vessels drawing more than three feet water. This is occasioned by a bar which has been formed by the great quantities of sand and gravel brought down by the very rapid waters of the Clackamus. This obstruction could be overcome by constructing a dam at a very narrow place in the river, about two miles below, so as to throw the water back over the bar. A canal, of easy construction, around the dam, and about one-third of a mile in length, would easily pass vessels up and down. Then there would be no further obstruction until arriving at Oregon City, which is situated upon the right bank of the river, at the Falls of the Wilhamette, and one mile above the bar at the mouth of the Clackamus. These falls are a further and more serious obstruction to the navigation of this river. The rivers of Oregon are usually sunk far below the common surface of the earth. The greater number of them are in deep gorges, like rivers of an inner world, brought to view by some convulsion of nature; and they generally have high basaltic rocks on each side, overhung by immense firs that cast their dark shadows upon the waters below. Nor is this stream at this place an exception. The river sinks two hundred feet below the surface, and forms a tremendous chasm, with high, steep, and rugged hills on the one side, and precipitous basaltic rocks, hanging

Falls of the Willamette.

with threatening and frowning grandeur, on the other. Standing on the immense precipice upon the right bank, the beholder looks down upon the whole scene which is spread out before and far below him. He sees below the falls the beautiful, bustling little village of Oregon City, with its neatly-painted white houses, and its six or seven hundred inhabitants. Upon the opposite side of the river, and in full view, are the less pretending villages of Multnomah and the Robin's Nest. The incessant clack of two merchant-mills, and the confused noise of two saw-mills, with the Babel of the languages of English, Americans, Kanakas, and Indians, while they subtract from the poetry of the scene, add much to its prosaic reality. In the heart of the chasm is a varied and beautiful assemblage of a thousand forms of running water. About a mile above, the stream gradually increases in velocity, as if preparing to make the plunge. It rapidly augments in force and momentum. At length the tremendous flood of waters falls, with a single and hurrying leap, over a precipice into the foaming and boiling pool twenty-five feet below, where the curves and cavities into which the channel has been worn, cause the clear waters to assume a thousand varied forms; and when the sun shines, a beautiful rainbow, that changes its position every moment, is formed in the cloud of ascending spray.

Although this tremendous cataract now forms an impassable barrier to vessels, yet nature has left two natural locks, which need very little more than the gates to admit of steamboats being taken over. These falls afford, also, an almost inexhaustible water power. Above this obstruction the Wilhamette is again navigable for light-draught steamboats, for a distance of one hundred, or, perhaps, one hundred and fifty miles.

The following is an extract from Com. Wilkes' Narrative of the U. S. Exploring Expedition, vol. iv., pp. 344–346:—

"At the time of our visit to the falls, the salmon fishery was at its height, and was to us a novel as well as an amusing scene. The salmon leap the fall; and it would be inconceivable, if not actually witnessed, how they can force themselves up, and after a leap of from ten to twelve feet, retain strength enough to stem the force of the water above. About one in ten of those who jumped would succeed in getting by. They are seen to dart out of the foam beneath, and reach about two-thirds of the height, at a single bound; those that thus passed the apex of the running water succeeded, but all that fell short were thrown back again into the foam. I never saw so many fish collected together before; and the Indians are constantly employed in taking them. They rig out two stout poles, long enough to project over the foaming caldron, and secure their larger ends to the rocks. On the outer end they make a platform for the fisherman to stand on, who is perched upon it with a pole thirty feet long in his hand, to which the net is fastened by a hoop four feet in diameter; the net is made to slide on the hoop, so as to close its mouth when the fish is taken. The mode of using the net is peculiar: they throw it into the foam as far up the stream as they can reach, and it being then quickly carried down, the fish who are running up in a contrary direction, are caught. Sometimes twenty large fish are taken by a single person in an hour; and it is only surprising that twice as many should not be caught."

No country I have yet seen equals the beauty of the valley through which this river flows. The valley, including the hills susceptible of having good farms made upon them, has an average width of, perhaps, sixty or eighty miles. The scenery, which is beheld from almost any portion of the open country, is not only beautiful, and eminently calculated to excite the imagination, but it is entirely unique.

The surface of the earth presents, in many places, swells of unequal elevation, covered with grass, having no undergrowth of shrubs and bushes, and being dotted over with the most beautiful oaks, that almost cheat the imagination into the illusion that they were planted and tended by the hand of man. Open prairies of inexhaustible fertility, and having no resemblance to our western prairies, but swelling into hills, and then again sinking into valleys, stretch away in picturesque beauty.

The features of nature as looked upon in this enchanting valley, are indeed beautiful; but her snow-covered peaks and her long line of mountains are not only beautiful but sublime. In the months of May and June every hill and valley is covered with the green of abundant vegetation, that heightens the enchantment of a scene to which the translucent waters of the Wilhamette give a softer character to an assemblage of objects constituting one of the most beautiful pictures in nature.

I am persuaded that no one of a cultivated taste and possessing feelings refined and purified by the study of nature in all her moods and aspects, can contemplate without vivid emotions of pleasure the character of this peculiar scenery. It is indeed comparatively a wilderness, and civilization has here made but little progress, but the mind swells, and the spirit is refreshed by the prospect of future improvements as stupendous as the everlasting snow-peaks the beholder looks upon.

The Wilhamette is a stream which the ancient poets would have peopled with nymphs, and celebrated in song. Its waters are transparent, and upon their bosom a great variety of ducks, white geese, cranes, swans, pelicans, ill-omened loons, and a multitude of water-fowls, with their variegated vestments, glide gracefully, or patter their broad bills among the reeds and grasses upon the shore, or congregate in great numbers upon the sand-bars.

The range of mountains that form the western limit of the valley, presents a great variety of elevations, covered to their summits with the most beautiful forests of evergreens consisting of pines, firs, hemlock, and different varieties of cedar.

Far off in the east, the Presidents' Range of mountains bounds the valley in that direction, many of the peaks, covered with the accumulated snows and ices of centuries, are in view at the same moment, and from the same point of observation. The warm sun of July shines upon them and they glitter in dazzling whiteness in mid-air, and in awful contrast with the dark basaltic rocks, which in some places present pinnacles, and in others huge and confused massive heaps, and in others black and rugged precipices that arrest the clouds, and have, during unknown centuries, defied the power of earthquakes and storms, and still continue to contrast their threatening and savage mountain sublimity with the picture of the lovely landscape painted upon the sleeping waters of the beautiful Wilhamette.

Many of the prairies of the valley are several miles in extent. But the smaller ones, especially those known as the Twalatin Plains, where the woodland and plain alternate frequently, are the most beautiful, although the prospect is more confined. These plains vary from a few acres to several hundred—sometimes two or three thousand. They are not uniform in their surface, but are broken into gentle and graceful grassy swells. Deep, shaded recesses along the border of the timber, remind the traveler of the inlets of some quiet, sylvan sheet of water.

The space between these small prairies is covered with an open forest of tall, straight evergreens. Here, even before the silence of the scene was broken by the voice of the emigrant and the sound of his ax, it was, if not a desert, at least a solitude, that blossomed as the rose, and a wilderness that was stripped of every thing rude and wild. The clusters of trees are so beautifully arranged, the openings so gracefully curved, the grounds so open and clean, that it seems to be the work of art; and the beautiful avenues are calculated to cheat the imagination into the belief that they lead to some farm-house or pleasant village.

It will thus be seen that the Wilhamette river and its tributaries water a most fertile and delightful region.

The Clackamus river rises in the Presidents' Range of mountains, in the vicinity of Mount Washington. It is a bold and rapid stream; and is cold even in midsummer, its waters being principally derived from a snowy mountain. In high water it is navigable for boats of light draught.

The Twalatin river rises in the elevated and mountainous region bordering upon the coast, and after flowing about eighty miles, discharges its waters into the Wilhamette, about one mile above Oregon City.

The Yamhill rises in the same Coast Range, and after flowing about eighty miles, empties into the Wilhamette about twenty-five miles above Oregon City.

The La Creole river (corrupted to *Rickreall*) is an unnavigable, but beautiful and bold stream, which has its source in the Coast Range of mountains in Polk county. It is a valuable stream, as affording many mill-sites, and watering one of the most interesting and delightful regions I have ever seen. And this may be said of the whole of Polk county.

The Putin (pronounced *Put-in*, but corrupted to *Pudding*), has its source in the Presidents' Range of mountains.

The Cowlitz is a beautiful river, taking its rise east of Puget Sound, in the Presidents' Range of mountains, near Mount Harrison, and after many short turns, emptying into the Columbia, about fifty miles from the ocean. Its banks are tolerably high, until it approaches the Columbia. It waters a large extent of country eminently adapted to grazing and farming. The soil along the river appears to be of a good quality, clayey loam, with vegetable mold over trap rock and sandstone. The prevalent trees are poplars, soft maples, ash, fir, pine, and cedar, with some laurel, where the prairies are so low as to be flooded in the month of May. Lignite is found in several places along this river, but the largest quantities are obtained above the East Fork. Com. Wilkes says that "the route by the way of the Cowlitz will, in all probability, be that which will hereafter be pursued to the northern inlets and sounds."

Between it and Puget Sound, a distance of about sixty miles is well watered by streams and small lakes, and consists of alternate open plains and rolling or hilly woodlands, well adapted for tillage and pasturage, and possessing, in addition to a genial climate, common to all Western Oregon, a good soil, beautiful small prairies, excellent timber, great water-power, and a seaport opening to an advantageous market.

As a proof of the occasional height of the waters of this narrow and rapid river, drift-wood and other deposits are often found after the annual freshets, lodged in the high and overshadowing branches, forty feet above the usual level of the stream. The current at high water, especially, is very swift.

The T'chehalis river (pronounced by the settlers Chehalis) has its source in the mountainous region north of the Columbia, by three distinct heads. After receiving several streams, having their source south of Puget Sound, it flows westward, preserving a winding and circuitous way, alternately, through elevated naked plains, and high hills, covered with dense forests of white, yellow, and red fir, and finally discharges itself into Gray's Harbor, a small bay opening to the Pacific under the parallel of 47°.

The following is a description, by Com. Wilkes, of the manner in which the Indians take salmon on the T'chehalis river:—

"This is effected by staking the river across with poles, and constructing fikes or fish-holes, through which the fish are obliged to pass. Over these are erected triangles to support a staging, on which the

Indians stand, with nets and spears, and take the fish as they attempt to pass through: the fish are then dried by smoking, and prepared for future use. The smoked fish are packed in baskets; but the supply is far short of their wants."

The scenery between this river and Nisqually, at the south end of Puget Sound, is a succession of the most beautiful parks.

Near this river is a narrow belt of woodland, which divides the stronger soil between that and the Cowlitz, from the lighter and more sandy soil between the T'chehalis and Puget Sound, no clay being found to the northward, as far as the latter place, and no sand to the southward, as far as the Cowlitz river.

North of the T'chehalis river, the open plains become more extensive, although there is enough of timber for farming and mechanical purposes. In the direction of the Sound, there is a space of about twelve miles that is literally covered by mounds or cones, such as I have described in my journal as having been seen in the sixty-mile dry drive between Ogden's river and the Black Rock. The mounds or hummocks between the T'chehalis and Puget Sound are from twelve to twenty feet in diameter, and from five to fifteen in height. They all touch each other, and are the work of nature, and not of art, as is proved by the fact, that there are no intervening pits, and that their number excludes the idea that they are the result of human labor. That they are, at least, ancient, is proved by the fact, that large trees grow upon them.

There are several other rivers on the north side of the Columbia, which, however, are unimportant, except as watering the country, and affording water-power.

Besides those south of the Columbia, already noticed, is the Tlamath river, which takes its rise in Tlamath Lake, and empties into the Pacific Ocean, in latitude 42°, north; and the Umpqua river, which rises in the Presidents' Range, and empties into the Pacific Ocean, in north latitude about 43°, 33′. These are clear, rapid, and cold streams, flowing, in many places, over rough and rocky beds, and through deep cañons.

The Umpqua, it is said, is generally lined, for about one hundred miles, by precipitous and rocky banks, covered with weeds. The tide runs up near thirty miles, and is then checked by a series of rapids and currents, which, commencing there, occur at frequent intervals all the way up to its source.

The Umpqua river is navigable from the ocean up to the place where the Umpqua and Elk rivers unite, about three miles below Fort Umpqua, for vessels drawing not more than six feet water. The entrance to this river is narrow, with low sands on the north and south sides, which leave no more than nine feet water on the bar. The river at the fort, which is thirty miles distant from the sea, is 120 yards wide, quite rapid, and so filled with rocks as to be navigable for canoes only. The soil on each side of the river is good. That at the fort, the only place where ground has been cultivated, produces plentiful crops of Indian corn, wheat, and potatoes. Cattle do well upon the grass of the country.

The Tlamath river is about 150 miles in length, and may be regarded as the natural inland water boundary on the south, between Oregon and California. The face of the country around and near the banks of this stream is less undulating; and trappers report that it rises much higher than that along the Umpqua, in its agricultural and pastoral capabilities. The immense pine trees, however, disappear, and are succeeded by groves of short myrtle, which diffuse a delicious fragrance, and impart a most bewitching charm to the country. Perhaps, however, some allowance will be made, if we reflect that the imaginations of trappers are very liable to be much excited upon passing from a desert into a country which, although very fertile, when compared with that over which they had recently passed, is yet not remarkable, when compared with better countries. It is probable, however, that if it is not adapted to agriculture, it is, nevertheless, a grazing region.

These two rivers drain a country that is bounded on the north by the mountains in which the Wilhamette has its sources; on the west by the ridge of hills or low mountains which run along the shores of the Pacific; on the south by the Tlamath Range; and on the east by the Presidents' Range.

That portion of the Tlamath valley through which I traveled did not appear to me to be either extensive or very inviting to the agriculturist. There appeared to be a great deficiency of good timber, nor did I see enough of good soil to warrant the opinion that an extensive settlement could be sustained. Trappers, however, who have seen other portions of this valley, near the coast, say that it is extensive, beautiful, fertile, well watered, well wooded, and that it has a most pleasant climate.

I have not seen the best portion of the Umpqua valley, but the lands of those portions which I have seen are far superior to any seen by me in the Tlamath valley. It is well watered, the soil is rich, the climate is remarkably mild, the mountains are well supplied with good timber, and its streams with excellent fish. The country must necessarily be healthy, for there are no local causes to produce disease. This remark applies with equal force to every part of Oregon, of which I have any knowledge, except to a strip of land about two miles wide and four miles long, lying immediately above the upper mouth of the Wilhamette, and along the Columbia. Here the land is low, inundated at certain seasons, and subject, in consequence, to fever and ague.

None of the rivers of Oregon, as I have already remarked, except the Columbia and the Wilhamette are navigable by any other than boats of light draught. Besides these rivers which water every part of the habitable portions of Oregon, the country is well supplied with a multitude of creeks, rivulets, and springs, of the very best water.

Only a few remarks remain to be made respecting the great system of rivers which have their outlet into the ocean between Cape Disappointment and Point Adams. The Columbia and its tributaries drain a country embracing about twelve degrees of latitude, and as many of longitude. It is the only stream upon the western side of the continent embraced within the limits of our possessions—that is to say, between the thirty-second and the forty-ninth parallels of north latitude, which penetrates far into the interior. All the other streams either rise to the east, and after flowing a comparatively short distance west, discharge themselves into the Pacific Ocean, as the Tlamath in Oregon; or they have their sources in the range of mountains which run parallel with the whole Pacific coast, and flow in a direction lateral to the coast, as the San Joaquin, and the Sacramento in Upper California, both of which discharge their waters into the east end of the Bay of San Francisco, the former flowing north, and the latter south.

It is evident, therefore, that although there are some obstructions to the navigation of the Columbia, it is, nevertheless, the only river west of the Rocky Mountains which can be used for the purpose of communicating with the interior. It is believed that every obstruction to its navigation can be overcome by the expenditure of a reasonable sum. It would then be invaluable for the purposes of navigation and commerce.

Almost all the principal rivers in Oregon are rapid, and sunk much below the common level of the country. They generally flow between perpendicular banks of either basalt or trap rock. During the seasons of the rise, many of them frequently rise above their banks, in places where these are low, and overflow, in consequence of bars, dalles, and other obstructions. These floods are produced by either the long continued rains of the rainy season of Western Oregon, or by the melting of the snow in the elevated mountainous regions of Middle and Eastern Oregon. The Columbia is principally affected by the latter, and the rivers having their sources west of the Presidents' Range by the former. The greatest rise of the Wilhamette takes place in February, while that of the Columbia is in May and June.

CHAPTER XVI.

LAKES, ISLANDS, AND CAPES OF OREGON.

THERE are, in the various portions of Eastern and Middle Oregon, many small lakes, most, if not all of which, have already been mentioned in remarking upon the various rivers.

South of New Dungeness, and along the shore, is Protection Island, which entirely covers Port Discovery on the north, and renders that port completely defensible. Com. Wilkes, who explored it, says:—

"The description of Vancouver is so exactly applicable to the present state of this port (Port Discovery), that it was difficult to believe that almost half a century had elapsed since it was written. The beautiful woods and lawns of Protection Island, in particular, exist unchanged. The lawns still produce the same beautiful flowers and shrubs, and although closely surrounded by dense woods, do not seem to have been encroached upon by their luxuriant growth, although there is no apparent reason why it should not long ere this have overrun them."

There are a few pleasant and fertile islands of limited extent in that part of Admiralty Inlet known as Puget Sound. Of these little is known, the most of them not even having names.

Whidby's Island, in Possession Sound, is about forty miles long. It has a good soil, and an abundance of the most excellent timber, and many open plains of great beauty, ready for the plough. It is in the possession of the Sachet tribe of Indians, who have here a permanent settlement, and are collected together in villages scattered over the island, consisting of well-built lodges of timber and plank. At the appropriate season wild flowers are in great abundance and variety upon this island; and strawberry vines, bearing a very large fruit having a fine flavor, appear to cover almost the whole surface.

The only island between Cape Flattery and Cape Mendocino, which has been thought worthy of a name, is one close to the continent, near latitude 47½°, called by the Spaniards the Isle of Grief, in commemoration of the murder of some of their men, on the mainland in the vicinity. It afterward received the appellation of Destruction Island, from a similar loss sustained there by a British vessel in 1787.

Along the coast of New Albion, which is that portion lying north of the forty-ninth parallel, and owned by Great Britain, there are many islands. So numerous are they, that they mark the whole coast, and present together a surface believed to be equal to fifty thousand square miles. But a description of them does not lie within the scope of the present work.

On the coast of Oregon there are several capes, none of which, however, extend far into the sea. Of the most remarkable of them, I may mention Cape Blanco, nearly under the forty-third parallel. It is the extremity of a line of highlands which separates the valley of the Umpqua on the north from the Tlamath valley on the south.

Cape Perpetua is in about latitude 44°; Cape Foulweather in latitude 44°, 42′; Cape Lookout in 45°, 30′; Cape Disappointment in latitude 46°, 18,′ longitude 47° west from Washington; and Cape Flattery in about latitude 48°, 27′. The latter is a point of land where the Straits of Fuca, which separate the mainland from Vancouver's Island, join the Pacific. Salmon, a great variety of wild fowls, and sea otters are very numerous in the waters about this cape. The fur of the otter being very valuable, the aborigines and half-breeds pursue it with great eagerness. Two men row out to the places frequented by it, and when it rises to the surface it is shot by a third. Sometimes a screen is put up near such places as the otter is known to be in the habit of frequenting for the purpose of basking upon the sands or rocks. When it approaches, it is slain by the hunter who lies in concealment.

CHAPTER XVII.

HARBORS, STRAITS, AND SOUNDS OF OREGON.

THERE are few harbors in Oregon. Vessels drawing not more than eight feet water can enter the Umpqua river, in latitude 42°, 51′, a little north of Cape Blanco or Oxford. Port Trinidad is a cove, in latitude 41°, 3′, in which small vessels may find anchorage.

The mouth of the Columbia river, latitude 46°, 18′, could be made a very safe and commodious harbor. An appropriation ought to be made immediately, for the purpose of providing the means for facilitating the arrival and departure of vessels trading to that river. It is a subject of great importance to the people of Oregon; and the welfare of the country is intimately connected with, and essentially dependent upon it.

There can be no doubt in the minds of those personally acquainted with the geography of the country, that the people inhabiting it must be a commercial as well as an agricultural people. Preparations should therefore be made, at an early period, for shipping to enter the mouth of the Columbia. The first requisite to this end, is two experienced pilots. There is now at the mouth of this river a bold and skillful pilot, but the number of vessels entering the river being few, his compensation is too small. An appropriation of two thousand dollars ought to be made, so as to give a salary of one thousand dollars to each of two pilots, who should receive a small additional pilotage. This would, by creating competition, cause them to be always vigilant, so as to obtain the usual compensation from the masters of vessels, in addition to their salaries.

But, that something more is necessary can not be questioned. An exhibition of facts will show conclusively that improvements are really necessary at the mouth of the Columbia, that the country may rapidly advance in commercial prosperity. This end, it is certain, can not be attained by concealing real difficulties to the entrance of that river, instead of pointing them out, and suggesting the means of surmounting them.

In 1796, Captain Gray, of the American ship Columbia, from Boston, entered the river, and attained to a position fifteen miles within the cape. This was the first ship known to have entered this river, which, in consequence, retained the name of the vessel. The channel was found to be "neither broad nor plain," and the captain, upon getting to sea again, seemed to feel relieved from much anxiety.

This discovery having been communicated to Captain Vancouver, he sent Lieutenant Broughton, in the Chatham, who, after exploring, attempted to pass out, in doing which his vessel shipped a sea.

In 1811, the Tonquin, owned by John Jacob Astor, arrived off the mouth of the Columbia river. Her captain sent a boat to sound out the channel. The crew perished in the breakers. Another boat was sent to rescue those in the first; but the crew of this boat likewise perished, with the exception of one man.

In 1817, Captain Biddle, of the United States sloop of war, Ontario, was sent to take possession of Astoria, but the sight of the breakers upon the bar caused him to regard the passage as hazardous.

In 1829, the Hudson Bay Company's brig William and Anne, was wrecked at the entrance, and all on board perished. In 1831, the Isabella, belonging to the same company, was wrecked, but the crew survived.

In 1839, Sir Edward Belcher surveyed the bar, in H. B. M. ship Sulphur, which grounded several times.

In July, 1841, the U. S. sloop of war, Peacock, was wrecked. Com. Wilkes, in his sailing directions, describes it as "exceedingly dangerous, from the force and irregularity of the tides, shifting character of the sands and great distance of any landmarks, as guides."

In September, 1846, the U. S. schooner Shark, was wrecked, in an attempt to pass out. Her late commander, however, says, that "the introduction of steam, and the presence of good pilots, would render the passage over the bar comparatively safe."

In addition to the usual calms, the mouth of the Columbia is subject to those caused by Cape Disappointment, and the adjacent highlands. It is also subject to currents, the direction of which varies with the tide. The difficulties attending the taking of vessels up that river, during the rainy season, are greatly increased by the winds, which then usually blow down it. These are, however, all difficulties capable of being entirely removed, by the use of appropriate and obvious means; without which, real dangers exist. Indeed, the historical facts to which I have briefly referred, are in themselves sufficient to prove that the dangers are not imaginary. But with the proper facilities, the Columbia river is a safer and more accessible harbor than that of New York, or, with the exception, perhaps, of Newport, than any harbor on the Atlantic coast. Under all the unfavorable circumstances, so well calculated to prevent the masters of vessels from attempting to enter the river, many do arrive and depart in safety. Capt. Crosby, of the bark Toulon, acquainted himself with the mouth of the river, and continued to keep himself informed of the changes of the bar; and although he has been for several years passing in and out, and continues to do so, has never, it is believed, met with a single accident. At one time, he came in by the lead, without seeing land until he made Cape Disappointment, there being a dense fog at the time. At another time, he piloted the Mariposa in at night, and brought her safely to anchor in Baker's Bay. He has likewise taken his own vessel out, with the wind dead ahead, beating out, and getting from the bay to the open sea in four tacks.

In 1840, that is, before Com. Wilkes' explorations, Captain Couch of the brig Maryland, brought his vessel safely into the Columbia, and even up into the Wilhamette, without either chart or pilot, or the benefit of much information, that may now be attained upon the subject. He has since passed out and in several times with safety. The same may be said of Capt. Sylvester, of the Chenancas. The naval officers of the Hudson Bay Company, so far as I am aware, always arrive and depart without accident.

Early in the spring of 1847, Mr. Reeve, the bold and enterprising bar-pilot, at the mouth of the Columbia, brought the bark Whiton, Captain Roland Gelston, of New York, into Baker's Bay, with a head wind; and the

Brutus of the same port, commanded by Capt. Adams, and built for a man-of-war. The last time the Whiton sailed from that river, she passed out over an entirely new channel, recently discovered and explored by Mr. Reeve, having eighteen feet of water. The brig Henry, Captain Kilborn, is constantly engaged in the trade, and I have not heard of her ever getting aground. The bark Janet, the Columbia, the Cowlitz, the Commodore Stockton, and the Morning Star, were engaged in the summer of 1847 in the Columbia river trade. Some of them arrived and departed more than once, and all of them without accident.

It ought not to be concealed that, in the rainy season, vessels are sometimes prevented from entering the river during thirty or forty days; and that others, during the same season, are prevented during an equal length of time from departing from the river. The currents of the Columbia are strong, and the channels little known, except to those who make it their business to become acquainted with its important changes. The repugnance to entering that river, which has been felt in consequence of the loss of the Peacock, is almost invincible. The effect of all these causes, when combined, has been a very great injury to Oregon. The unfortunate loss of the Shark threw another obstacle in the way of the commercial advancement of that territory. But these vessels were not lost because there was not a channel sufficiently deep and broad for them, but because that channel was not known, and could not be supposed to be known, to the respective commanders.

Mr. James Blair, of the United States navy, in a reply to a letter from the Hon. Thomas H. Benton, says:—

"In answer to your inquiries of the depth of water on the bar, I reply that the mean depth is about five fathoms; in and outside of it, six and a half fathoms: distance across it, half a mile. When the current of the river combines with the tide, the water flows out of the river five miles an hour; the current against the flood-tide nearly neutralize each other. Mean rise of the tide about six feet.

"The winds prevail from the north, northwest, and west, and moderate during the summer; during the winter, from west to southeast, and stormy. Temperature of the air, as mild as that of Europe, in the same latitudes, during the same seasons. Security from winds, as good as any harbor that I have ever seen of the same size. . . . . .

"Shoal Water Bay, to the northward, is the only shelter near the Columbia river, and that only for small vessels; for the entrance to it is shoal and intricate.

"In the hands of a maritime power, with all the advantages of pilots, buoys, and steam tow-boats, it will be found one of the best harbors in the world."

Mr. John Maginn, President of the Association of Pilots in New York, having been requested by the Hon. Thomas H. Benton, to examine Commander Wilkes' chart of the mouth of the Columbia river, and give his opinion of the merits of that harbor, as compared with that of New York, says:—

"I have made such comparison accordingly, and find that the mouth of the Columbia is the better harbor, and has manifest advantages over the harbor of New York, in all the essential points which constitute a good harbor. It has deeper water on the bar, having four and a half fathoms, without the addition of the tide, which is there said to be eight feet, while the New York harbor has on the bar but four fathoms, without the addition of the tide, which is six feet. The bar in the Columbia is about half a mile across, while that of New York is about three-quarters of a mile. The channel on the bar, in the mouth of the Columbia, is about six thousand feet at the narrowest, and twelve thousand feet at the widest, and then shoals gradually on each side; while the channel of the bar off Sandy Hook is about six hundred feet, and shoals rapidly. The channel across the bar is straight at the Columbia; that of New York is crooked. As soon as the bar is crossed in the Columbia, two channels present themselves, one the south, or new channel, discovered by Captain Wilkes' officers, who made the soundings, entirely straight, and deep enough for ships of the line: the other, the north, or old channel, being crooked, or rather forming an elbow, and deep enough for any ships, after crossing the bar. Both these channels are from six to twelve thousand feet wide, or more, and free from shoals; while the New York channels, after crossing the bar, are narrow and crooked, and beset with shoals, which require many changes of course in the ship. In accessibility to the sea, the Columbia river is far the best, as it is immediately at the sea, and ships can get out of the sea into the harbor at once, and also get out at once into the high sea, and thus more easily elude cruisers in time of war. A great number of good and safe anchorages are found in the Columbia, as soon as the ship enters, and room enough for thousands of vessels, and deep enough for ships of-the-line. . . . . .

"The winds at the mouth of the Columbia are marked *regular* and *steady*, blowing six months one way, and six months another; while the winds at New York are entirely variable, and can not be calculated upon by the mariner for any time. The mouth of the Columbia is free from ice, and also from great heat, the temperature never falling below the freezing point, nor rising above the summer warmth. The current of the river is said to be strong, but I can not see that it offers any serious obstacle. The breakers on each side of the channel are also represented to be very great; but with a channel so wide and a bar so narrow, and free from rocks and shoals, these would be nothing to experienced mariners. Taking the mouth of the Columbia, as it now is, in a state of nature, without the aid of pilots, buoys, beacons, lighthouses, and steam tow-boats, I deem it a good harbor; with the aid of these advantages, I would deem it a far better harbor than New York, and capable of containing an unlimited number of ships."

Nothing, perhaps, has tended more to retard the growth and prosperity of the country, than the unwillingness of the whalers and merchantmen to enter the river. The people have, in consequence, been unable to dispose of the produce of their lands, while, at the same time, they have been under the necessity of paying the most exorbitant prices to merchants, who, being without competition, are charged with establishing their own prices.

But the absence of competition has not been the only element of the high prices of the merchant. The great length of the voyage to Oregon, the hazards to which they have been exposed in entering the river, and the time which said vessels lose in proceeding to their places of destination up the river, necessarily increasing the expense, are probably also important elements of the high prices complained of.

Whatever may be the extent of the obstructions to the entrance of the mouth of the Columbia, it is at least certain that pilots, lights, buoys, and a steam tug-boat, would make it, for vessels that can pass the bar, one of the finest harbors in the world. It is conceded that nature has not done every thing which art and human industry can do to make it all that it is desirable it should be, or to make its present entrance safe and easy; yet, if the labor and expenditure of money, to which necessity excites, is recompensed by the attainment, to the fullest extent, of the object sought for, that labor and expenditure should not be withheld.

At the time I left the Columbia river, for the seat of the metropolitan government, Mr. Reeve, the skillful and enterprising pilot at that place, was exerting himself to procure, by subscription, a sum of money, that would enable him to build a small log light-house upon the high land of Cape Disappointment. But I am not yet prepared to believe that Congress will permit a handful of men, in a small, distant, and poor community in Oregon, still laboring under all the inconveniences incident to their peculiar, isolated, and neglected condition, to build light-houses for the General Government.

I would ask the attention of the reader in this place to an extract from the report of the late Lieutenant Niel M. Howison, United States navy, to the commander of the Pacific squadron, printed by order of the House of Representatives, February 29, 1848. He says:—

"The granaries are surcharged with wheat; the saw-mills are surrounded with piles of lumber, as high as themselves; the grazier sells his beef at three cents per pound to the merchant, who packs it in salt and deposits it in a warehouse, awaiting the tardy arrival of some vessel to take a portion of his stock at what price she pleases, and furnish in return a scanty supply of tea, and sugar, and indifferent clothing, also at her own rate. I feel it particularly my duty to call the attention of government to this subject. This feeble and distant portion, of itself, is vainly struggling to escape from burdens which, from the nature of things, must long continue to oppress it, unless parental assistance comes to its relief. The first measure necessary is to render the entrance and egress of vessels into the mouth of the Columbia as free from danger as possible; and the first step toward this is to employ two competent pilots, who should reside at Cape Disappointment, be furnished with two Baltimore-built pilot-boats (for mutual assistance in case of accident to either), and be paid a regular salary, besides the fees, which should be very moderate, imposed upon each entering vessel. A light-house and some beacons, with and without lights, would aid very much in giving confidence and security to vessels approaching the river; but more important than all these would, of course, be the presence, under good management, of a strong and well-built steam-tug. The effects of these facilities would be to render certain, at least during the summer months, the coming in and going out of vessels, subtract from the premium on insurance, and give confidence to the seamen, who now enter for a voyage to Oregon with dread, reluctance, and high wages. It is not for me to anticipate the boundless spring which the vivifying influence of an extended organized commerce would give to the growth and importance of this country: its portrait has been drawn by abler hands, in books and in the Senate, but I must take leave to suggest that good policy requires the parent government to retain the affections of this hopeful offspring by attentions and fostering care: it needs help at this moment; and if it be rendered, a lasting sense of dependence and gratitude will be the consequence; but, if neglected in this its tender age, and allowed to fight its own way to independent maturity, the ties of consanguinity may be forgotten in the energy of its own unaided exertions."

It can not be doubted that something is necessary to be done, which shall make the Columbia river at all times easy of ingress and egress; it only remains to show at how very small an expense, when compared with what has been expended in harbors, or at the mouths of rivers on the Atlantic coast, this can be accomplished. Light-houses, beacons, buoys, and break-waters, or sheltered anchorages, have uniformly received the attention of Congress, as affecting the commerce and general welfare of the country, and the revenue of the government. The revenue-cutter service, designed originally for the mere protection of the revenue against smuggling, is often employed during a considerable portion of the year in the direct assistance of vessels of all classes approaching our Atlantic coast. This service has been eminently approved by the great body of the nation, because it recommends itself to the humanity of the people, and to private interest not less than to the interest of the general government. And the system of lights, beacons, buoys, and steam-tugs, whether ordered by the general government, or the results of a sense of private interest, all tend directly to the same end, by lessening the dangers of the seas, and of the approaches to our Atlantic coast.

Although the people of Oregon have been living a long time upon the Pacific side of the coast, without the protection of the laws of their country, yet humanity is the same, or very nearly the same, there, that it is here; and men there, as here, when they are by any means enabled to discover in what their interest consists, will usually approve of whatever tends to promote it.

To make the Columbia safe at all times in entering and departing, it is only necessary to combine these safeguards in such a manner as the present improvements and experience will permit.

A revenue cutter will be needed at the mouth of the Columbia. Since steam-vessels are now coming into general use in this service, it is only necessary to combine the revenue cutter with a steam-tug, combining all the qualities required in a steam coast-guard with those of a powerful tug or tow-boat, and to keep it usually stationed in Baker's Bay, for the purpose of not only preventing smuggling, but also for towing merchant vessels and whalers in and out at that season when they are most exposed to delays and dangers. The same vessel could also take out the buoys for indicating the channel, and the lanterns for the light-houses, and the officers could be employed in superintending the erection of those houses.

The advantage resulting from affording these facilities to a country, which, in addition to its commercial importance, must always be the great agricultural section of the Pacific coast, would be immense. It would afford the people a remedy for the evil of enormous prices, by encouraging merchantmen to come into the Columbia. It would, by encouraging industry, increase a production equal to the supply of the wants of the navy on the Pacific station. In two years from the time of placing a steam tow-boat and buoys at the mouth of the Columbia river, the beef, bread, flour, beans, etc., for the entire Pacific squadron, could be purchased in Oregon as cheap as they could be bought upon this side of the continent. This would, by creating a market, stimulate production. It would save shipment; and in addition to this, the provisions being always fresh, would not, as is frequently now done upon that coast, be condemned, and thrown overboard. A call for information from the honorable, the Secretary of the Navy, would show that immense quantities of bread are annually condemned upon the Pacific coast as spoiled.*

Immediately east of the highland of Cape Disappointment, there is a very low tract of land running across this projection into the sea, from Baker's Bay to the deep open sea immediately north of the cape. This depression is probably not more than twelve feet above the highest tide-water in the bay. It is not more than one-fourth of a mile across the peninsula. A canal cut through this place would at once overcome every obstacle which bars and shifting sands interpose to the entrance and departure from that river. And this canal will certainly be commenced, whenever the attention of the American Government can be turned to see that which every scientific engineer would, if upon the ground, pronounce to be not only practicable, but preeminently useful.

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* See my Memorial to the Thirtieth Congress, First Session, praying the establishment of a Territorial Government in Oregon, and for appropriations for various purposes, printed by the Senate. Miscellaneous Document. No. 143.

Gray's Harbor is a shallow bay, opening to the Pacific, under the parallel of 47°, by a mouth three miles wide. It extends east, south, and north, about six miles each way, and receives the T'chehalis river at its eastern extremity. The bars of sand at the entrance obstruct the passage of vessels drawing more than ten feet of water.

Com. Wilkes, when speaking of the fogs, guides, and soundings between Cape Disappointment and Cape Flattery, says :—

"These fogs are one of the greatest annoyances to vessels arriving on this coast; for in fine weather they are experienced almost daily, coming up with the sea breeze, continuing through the night, and until the sun has sufficient power the next day to dissipate them. The only guide one has on this coast, during the fogs, is the lead; and vessels drifting into less water than fifteen fathoms, should anchor until they obtain a wind to carry them off. The soundings were somewhat peculiar; for in our progress down the coast, they increased almost regularly until ninety fathoms was reached; but a short distance beyond that depth, and at about fifteen miles from the coast, the bank suddenly fell off, and no bottom was to be obtained with a line of two hundred and two hundred and fifty fathoms long."

The Strait of Juan de Fuca is an arm of the sea, separating Vancouver's Island from the mainland on the south and east. It extends from the ocean eastward, about one hundred miles, between the forty-eighth and forty-ninth parallels of north latitude, and has a variable breadth, which does not exceed thirty miles. Com. Wilkes says:—

"The Straits of Juan de Fuca may be safely navigated. The wind will, for the greater part of the year, be found to blow directly through them, and generally outward. This wind is at times very violent. The shores of the straits are bold, and anchorage is to be found in but few places. We could not obtain bottom in many places with sixty fathoms of line, even within a boat's length of the shore.

"The south shore is composed of perpendicular sandy cliffs, that ran back into high and rugged peaks, and is covered with a forest of various species of pines, that rise almost to the highest points of the ranges of the mountains. The highest points themselves are covered with snow; and among them Mount Olympus* was conspicuous, rising to an altitude of 8138 feet.

"The north shore is rocky, and is composed, as far as we could examine it, of conglomerate, and in some places of reddish granite."

On the south side of the strait, and some distance east of Cape Flattery, is a low sand-point, called by Vancouver New Dungeness. Within this there is a pleasant and safe harbor, bearing the name of the point. The land near the shore yields an abundance of very nutritious grass, but it is without trees, and is low, while in the background are high mountains which are always covered with snow.

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* Mount Van Buren. I insist upon these snow-peaks bearing the names of our Presidents.—AUTHOR.

There are many beautiful plains likewise in the country surrounding this harbor, which are well adapted to agricultural purposes, and which have all the appearance of having been cleared by the husbandman.

Further along the shore, and somewhat south of east, is Port Discovery, having its opening completely sheltered on the north by a most beautiful, fertile, and highly picturesque island, known as Protection Island, for a reason which has already suggested itself to the reader. It is eight miles long, and has an average width of two miles. Its points terminate in low, sandy projections, that interlock each other. The water abounds in fish; and a great variety and number of wild fowl are found near its shores. The harbor is indeed beautiful; but its high precipitous banks, and the great depth of water, which in many places is sixteen fathoms within a boat's length of the shore, while in the middle it is nowhere less than forty fathoms, may greatly retard the growth of a settlement in its vicinity.

The soil is generally a thin, black, vegetable mold, with a substratum of sand and gravel. Around this harbor are immense and almost impenetrable forests of pine, fir, and two species of spruce, one of which grows to a great height. It puts out only a few branches, and those small and lateral. In many respects it resembles the hemlock spruce of the States. A variety of maple, too small for much practical use, and known among the savages by a name which, when translated into our language, is "devil-wood," grows upon the open grounds. Poplar and oak likewise grow upon the open grounds. A variety of the ash, smaller in size than the ash of the States, but more tough, and possessing a closer fiber, is found on low grounds along the streams. A great number and variety of berries grow upon the low and sandy lands. In the month of May the flora, consisting for the most part of Claytonia, Viola, Stellaria, Dodecatheon, Trifolium, Collinsia, Leptosiphon, and Scilla, growing upon a soil of loam slightly colored by the oxyd of iron, please the eye by their variety, beauty, and profusion. Great numbers of deer are said to be found here at certain seasons.

The sheet of water known as the Strait of Juan de Fuca, which, after continuing northeast, is known as the Gulf of Georgia, is between Vancouver's Island and the mainland.

From the eastern extremity of the strait, a great bay extends southward more than one hundred miles toward the Columbia. This beautiful body of water is divided into three parts:—Hood's Canal on the west, Admiralty Inlet on the east, and Puget Sound on the south. Com. Wilkes says:—

"Nothing can exceed the beauty of these waters, and their safety; not a shoal exists within the Strait of Juan de Fuca, Admiralty Inlet, Puget Sound, or Hood's Canal, that can in any way interrupt their navigation by a seventy-four gun ship. I venture nothing in saying, there is nothing in the world that possesses waters equal to these." Again he says, "The shores of all these inlets and bays are remarkably bold; so much so, that in many places a ship's side would strike the shore before the keel would touch the ground."

The scenery about the narrows leading from Admiralty Inlet into Puget Sound, is described as being "very fine: on all sides are high projecting bluffs of sandstone, rising almost perpendicularly from the water, with a great variety of shrubs along the base. The tide, which runs through the narrows with great velocity, causes many eddies and whirlpools, through which a ship is carried with extraordinary rapidity, while the danger seems to be imminent. The Porpoise succeeded in entering the narrows first, and in a few minutes was lost sight of; the Vincennes entered, and seemed at first to be hurrying to destruction, with her sails quite aback. We were carried onward wholly by the force of the tide, and had backed and filled only once before we found ourselves in as spacious a sound as the one we had just left. The narrow pass seems as if intended by its natural facilities to afford easy means for its perfect defense."

Vancouver, who made an accurate survey of these waters, speaks of them and of the surrounding country in terms of great admiration. He describes the country in the vicinity as being generally undulating, and presenting a succession of beautiful meadows, verdant lawns, and wooded hills. He says that "the soil principally consisted of a rich, black vegetable mold, lying on a sandy or clayey substratum; the grass, of excellent quality, grew to the height of three feet, and the ferns, which in the sandy soils occupied the clear spots, were nearly thrice as high." Again, he says, "To describe the beauties of this region, will, on some future occasion, be a very grateful task to the pen of a skillful panegyrist."

Port Townsend is not far south of Point Wilson (of

Vancouver), which forms one side of the entrance into Admiralty Inlet. It is a beautiful sheet of water, about three-fourths of a mile wide, and three and one-fourth long. Immediately in the rear of it, there is an extensive table-land, consisting of a light but very productive sandy loam, covered with wild flowers, strawberry plants, and an abundance of excellent grass, but destitute of timber. From this point, the fine conical peak of Mount Polk is distinctly seen to the northeast, presenting a sublime and beautiful sight, when illuminated by the setting sun. The bay affords excellent anchorage in ten fathoms; and is well protected from the prevailing winds. An abundance of excellent fresh water is had upon the mainland around it.

Eight miles further up, and near the entrance of Hood's Canal, is Port Lawrence. From this port, both Admiralty Inlet and Hood's Canal, may be seen. It abounds in fish, geese, and ducks. A great number of deer are found in the vicinity.

Pilot's Cove is a small opening on the mainland, on the west side of the inlet, opposite to the south end of Whidby's Island.

Apple-tree Cove, so called from the numbers of that tree growing upon its shores some miles further south, is a small opening in the mainland, and answers well the purposes of a temporary anchorage.

Port Madison is an excellent harbor, still further south; and is in every way easy of access, safe and convenient for shipping. "The scenery of this portion of Admiralty Inlet," says Com. Wilkes, "resembles strongly parts of the Hudson river, particularly those about Poughkeepsie, and above that place. The distant high land, though much more lofty, reminded us of the Kaatskills. There were but few lodges of Indians seen on our way up; and the whole line of the shore has the appearance of never having been disturbed by man."

Port Orchard is also a harbor along the eastern shore of Admiralty Inlet. It is one of the most beautiful of the great number of fine harbors on these inland waters. It consists of two inner harbors, and an outer one. The entrance to the former is by a strait not more than two hundred yards wide. A beautiful sheet of water then opens out, six miles in width and fifteen in length. It has a bold shore, good anchorage, and depth of water sufficient for the largest class of vessels. Port Orchard is well protected from the winds, and the only danger in entering it is a reef of rocks, which is nearly in the middle of the passage. The soil is very fertile, and is capable of yielding in great abundance any productions suited to the climate. Fine forests, with here and there a small but beautiful and fertile prairie, covered with fine green grass, honeysuckles, and roses, give to the surrounding country a highly interesting and picturesque appearance. Game is very abundant, and the forests sometimes appear to be almost alive with squirrels. This port communicates on the north with Port Madison, by a passage having a depth of four and a half fathoms at low tide.

Penn's Cove is situated between Whidby's Island and the mainland. The soil of the country east of the cove, is very fertile. In the vicinity, is a mineral spring which forms a deposition on any thing over which its waters flow.

At the bottom of Admiralty Inlet is Commencement Bay, affording a good anchorage, and having in its vicinity an abundant supply of wood and water. The Puyallup is a small river, which it receives at its head, and which forms a delta, but none of the branches into which it is divided are large enough for ships' boats. Above the point at which it branches, it is about seventy feet wide; and along it there is a fine meadow of some extent, with clumps of alder and willow. The soil along the stream is of a black turfy nature. The hillsides are covered with a dense growth of gaultheria, hazel, spirae, vaccinium, and cornus.

Puget Sound is the southern division of the great bay that, opening from the eastern end of the Strait of Juan de Fuca, extends south. All its numerous branches afford safe navigation for the largest vessels of war. The land in most places around the sound is low, and covered with pine, spruce, oak, arbutus, and alders. Seringia bushes grow here to the height of from twelve to fifteen feet. In the spring, a great number and variety of flowers grow here. The soil is good in some places, but in many others it consists of a thin vegetable mold, mixed with sand, resting upon a substratum of fine gravel. It is evident, therefore, that it is not of a nature to resist the effects of long continued dry weather. At the head of nearly all the branches there are extensive mud-flats, and some patches of salt meadow.

Vast shoals of young herring frequent these waters in the season of the salmon fishery, and are used by the Indians as bait for the latter fish. A species of rock cod is also very numerous, and of a large size, some of them weighing fifty pounds. Flounders are likewise very abundant. Great numbers of shell-fish, especially of clams, are found here.

Port Nisqually is near the southern end of Puget Sound. Com. Wilkes says, "The anchorage off Nisqually is very contracted, in consequence of the rapid shelving of the bank, that soon drops off into deep water. The shore rises abruptly, to a height of about two hundred feet, and on the top of the ascent is an extended plain, covered with pine, oak, and ash trees, scattered here and there, so as to form a park-like scene." "It would," he affirms, "be much exposed to the southwest winds, and the hill is an insuperable objection to its becoming a place of deposit for merchandize, as it would very much increase the labor and expense of transportation.

"The spring tides were found to be eighteen feet; those of the neaps twelve. High water at the full and change, at 6h., 10m., P.M."

The following remarks on Hood's Canal, are a simple abridgement of the information upon this subject furnished by Com. Wilkes:—

Its banks, as far as Tskutska Point, do not exceed one hundred feet in height, and are formed of stratified clay, with a light gravelly soil above it, thickly covered with different species of pines. This is also the character of the eastern shore, for the whole extent of the canal; but the west and north shores above this point, become more bold and rocky, with a deeper and richer soil, formed by alluvial deposits.

At Tskutska Point, the canal divides into two branches; one taking a northern direction, while the other pursues its way to the southwest. The canal does not terminate where the examination of Vancouver ended; but, taking a short turn to the northward and eastward for ten miles, it approaches the waters of

Puget Sound, within a distance of two and a half miles. The intervening country is rough and hilly.

At the southern extremity of Hood's Canal, there is a large inlet, called Black Creek, by which the Indians communicate with the T'chehalis and Columbia rivers. This creek is wide, and has an extensive mud-flat at its mouth. This is the case with all the creeks that empty into these waters. Before reaching this point, the rocky shore of the west side, near Mount Van Buren, gradually slopes into low land, with a thickly wooded and good soil.

The water in the center of the canal is too deep for anchorage; but there are several good harbors. There is plenty of water in the small harbors; some of them have enough running into them to turn mills. There is no very great extent of country for cultivation.

Although in securing the noble Bay of San Francisco, in Upper California, the United States have made a great acquisition, yet there are many reasons which produce the conviction upon my mind, that the harbors which open from Admiralty Inlet, Puget Sound, and Hood's Canal, will ultimately send out upon the ocean, not only a greater number of able and skillful seamen than the Bay of San Francisco, but more than any other portion of equal extent in the world. Among the reasons which may be assigned for this opinion, is the inexhaustible supply of good timber along the shores of this great bay, and the unlimited amount of motive power, as compared with the almost if not quite total absence of both about the Bay of San Francisco. I may also mention the fact of the vastly superior productive powers of Oregon, as an agricultural country, capable as it is of furnishing supplies to an indefinite extent, to a commercial and naval marine. And when I affirm that Oregon is greatly superior to Upper California, as an agricultural country, I do it in view of the fact, that certain tracts, limited to a very few acres, peculiarly situated, are reported to have produced more wheat per acre than any man of veracity will affirm was ever grown in Oregon. But granting the truth of the statement, yet, besides the fact that it is mentioned as an extraordinary instance, it is certain, both from my own observations in California, and from conversations which I had when there, with persons long resident in the country, that it is a grazing rather than an agricultural country.

But my purpose, at present, is only to call attention to the superiority of the harbors of Admirality Inlet, Puget Sound, and Hood's Canal, over the Bay of San Francisco. And I feel myself the more constrained to do this from my personal knowledge of the fact, that many officers of the United States navy, who have been employed upon the coast of California during the war with Mexico, have purchased town property about the bay, and many of them large tracts of land. It is evident, therefore, that these gentlemen, under the influence of a very natural desire to enhance the value of their property, may insensibly be led to overrate the advantages of the Bay of San Francisco, which they have seen, and to underrate those of Admiralty Inlet, which they have not seen.

The testimony of Com. Wilkes, who conducted the operations of the Exploring Expedition, is valuable, as coming from a gentleman charged by the General Government with the duty of making a careful examination of the coast. He says:—

"No part of the world affords finer inland sounds, or a greater number of harbors, than are found within the Straits of Juan de Fuca, capable of receiving the largest class of vessels, and without a danger in them which is not visible. From the rise and fall of the tides (eighteen feet), every facility is afforded for the erection of works for a great maritime nation. The country also affords as many sites for water-power, as any other."

Such testimony, aside from its official character, as coming from one who has examined the Bay of San Francisco, and the harbors within the Straits of Juan de Fuca, without having acquired a personal interest in either, by the purchase of town lots and large tracts of land, is certainly entitled to more consideration than the opinions of those who have acquired such an interest in the vicinity of San Francisco, and who, in addition to this, have never seen the harbors within the Straits of Juan de Fuca. That a naval station should be established at Puget Sound, or at some of the harbors in that vicinity, will not be doubted by any scientific naval officer, who makes a personal examination.

CHAPTER XVIII.

POPULATION—COUNTIES—TOWNS—MILLS.

THE total white population of Oregon is about 12,000, consisting for the most part of farmers, the number of mechanics being very small as compared with the whole number. The great mass of the people are distinguished for their industry, temperance, and public and private virtue; and are as intelligent as any equal number of people I have known, engaged in similar pursuits. For civil and municipal purposes, the inhabited parts of Oregon are divided into ten counties:—Lewis and Vancouver counties are on the north side of the Columbia; Clatsop, Twalatin, Yamhill, Polk and Benton, are south of the Columbia river, and west of the Wilhamette. Clackamus, Champoeg, and Linn, are south of the Columbia, and east of the Wilhamette. Towns have been laid off in several places in the territory.

I will introduce two extracts from Com. Wilkes' Narrative of the Exploring Expedition which will afford a better picture of Astoria than any I can sketch:—

"In the morning we had a fine view of the somewhat famous Astoria, which is any thing but what I should wish to describe. Half a dozen log-houses, with as many sheds, and a pig-sty or two, are all that it can boast of, and even these appear to be going rapidly to decay.

"The Company pay little regard to it, and the idea of holding or improving it as a post has long since been given up. The head-quarters of their operations have been removed to Vancouver, eighty miles farther up the river, since which Astoria has merely been held for the convenience of their vessels. It boasts of but one field, and that was in potatoes, which I can, however, vouch for as being fine. In former times it had its gardens, forts, and banqueting-halls; and from all accounts, when it was the head-quarters of the Northwest Company, during their rivalship with the Hudson Bay Company, there was as jovial a set residing here as ever were met together. I have had the pleasure of meeting with several of the survivors, who have related their banquetings, etc.

"In point of beauty of situation, few places will vie with Astoria. It is situated on the south side of the Columbia river, eleven miles from Cape Disappointment—as the crow flies. From Astoria there is a fine view of the high promontory of Cape Disappointment, and the ocean bounding it on the west; the Chinook Hills and Point Ellice, with its rugged peak, on the north; Tongue Point and Katatamet Range on the east; and a high back-ground, bristling with lofty pines, to the south. The ground rises from the river gradually to the top of a ridge five hundred feet in elevation. This was originally covered with a thick forest of pines; that part reclaimed by the first occupants is again growing up in brushwood. From all parts of the ground the broad surface of the river is in view."

Astoria has not materially changed since Com. Wilkes saw it.

Plymouth is situated on the left bank of the Columbia, at the junction of the lower branch of the Wilhamette with that stream. It has a fine natural wharf, and when the country becomes well inhabited there will probably be a large town at the place.

Portland is a small and beautiful village on the left bank of the Wilhamette, eight miles from the mouth. It contains about one hundred inhabitants, and has an air of neatness, thrift, and industry. Ships come up to the place.

Multnomah and the Robin's Nest have already been sufficiently described in my notice of the Wilhamette river and valley.

Oregon City is situated upon a plateau on the right bank of the Wilhamette, immediately below the Falls. It contains about six or seven hundred inhabitants. It has two neat and commodious places of public worship —a Methodist and a Roman Catholic. I there had the honor of being the superintendent of a Sabbath-school, which I left in charge of a better man when I sailed. There is one day-school, and one female boarding-school, in which are taught all the branches usually comprised in a thorough English education, together with plain and ornamental needle-work, drawing, and painting in mezzotinto and in water-colors. There are two large and valuable flour-mills; two good saw-mills, running three saws; five small stores; three public-houses for boarders and travelers; a printing-press, from which issues the Oregon Spectator semi-monthly; a public library, containing three hundred well-selected volumes.

Salem is a small village situated in Champoeg county, on the right bank of the Wilhamette river, having around it a country of extraordinary fertility. It is the most beautiful town site I have ever seen.

There are, I believe, eight flour-mills, and fifteen saw-mills in the territory.

CHAPTER XIX.

GEOLOGY AND MINERALOGY OF OREGON.

THE Rocky Mountains are characterized by granite and other primary rocks, extending to an unknown distance north and south. Secondary rocks are found at their western base. These, as the traveler proceeds westward, are observed to be tilted up into dyke-like ridges, with strata at different angles; many of them being cracked by an upheaving force, into fissures, now filled with earth. Many ridges are found in a wedge form, between other rocks, and variously dislocated.

The disturbed state of these secondary rocks, evincing the traces of igneous action, become more and more evident, until volcanic products are seen on every side. Mountains of amygdaloid, volcanic conglomerate, columnar basalt, detritus, disintegrated lava, obsidian, clinkstone, pitch-stone, and pumice-stone, abound. The volcanic agency which is manifested by these products (some of them occurring in one portion of the country, and some in another, but, of course, all in no one district at the same time) continues to be seen across the whole country, south of the forty-eighth parallel of north latitude, until the traveler arrives where the Pacific Ocean washes the western side of the continent. Primary rocks are, indeed, found at various localities in the intermediate country, which is, perhaps, the most extensive volcanic region in the world. But the rocks thus found are exceptions to the general character with which that portion of the continent has been marked by internal fires. The granite and carbonate of lime which, as will hereafter be seen, is found near the Spokane river, are examples of these exceptions. So also are the Salmon River mountains. Other exceptions might be mentioned, but all of them are only islands in a vast sea of fire.

Upon arriving at the extreme western side of the continent, the traces of igneous action are less marked, and the geology of the country becomes slightly modified. The extent of the change, however, will be more perfectly seen when I shall have brought together such isolated facts as have fallen under my own observation, together with such as I have been able to collect from the journals of travelers and explorers who have preceded me in the country.

The one shore of the Strait of Juan de Fuca exhibits rugged, sandy cliffs, that run back into high and broken peaks.

The other shore of the same strait is composed, for the most part, of conglomerate, and in some few places, of a reddish granite.

The vicinity of the pass from Admiralty Inlet into Puget Sound, is marked on all sides by high projecting bluffs of sandstone, rising almost perpendicularly from the water.

In that part of my journal which contains an account of my journey from Ogden's river to Black Rock is a description of a desert upon which I entered on the evening of the second day after leaving Ogden's river, and over which I passed during the night preceding the morning upon which I arrived at the Black Rock.

This is not the only example upon the western side of the continent, of volcanic agency making fissures through which gaseous products have escaped, without forming a crater, and without ejecting any solid igneous matter. The Bute prairie, between Nisqually and T'chehalis river, is a locality furnishing examples of this sort. When I first turned my attention to the mounds of this prairie, I was inclined to believe that they had been formed by scraping the surface-earth together in a heap, and that they were the places of the sepulture of extinct tribes. The regularity of their construction, and the fact that they appeared in some places to be grouped together in fives rendered this probable to my mind. But subsequent reflection upon several additional facts, and the consideration of their great numbers, and the space over which they are scattered, has convinced me that I was mistaken.

An elevated sandy plain near the Spokane river, having yellow pines at considerable intervals growing upon it, is covered by hundreds of regular cones made up of small angular fragments of granite blackened by smoke, and varying from ten feet in diameter, and six in height, to one hundred and twenty in diameter at their base, and eighty feet high. Granite *in situ* occurs in the immediate vicinity of these cones.

At two or three places on the Applegate cut-off between the Black Rock and the Elk Mountains, I observed immense quantities of rock broken into cubical and angular fragments, which were probably reduced to this form by the escape of gas or steam.

I have already expressed the opinion that the fissures which I observed in the rocks about the Soda Springs were made in this manner.

Near the mouth of the Columbia, and in the middle of the river a very remarkable instance occurs of that form of basalt called needle-pointed.

On the south shore of the Columbia, and a few miles from the mouth, bivalve shells measuring longitudinally four and a half inches from the hinge, and five inches transversely, have been found embedded in calcareous sandstone of the tertiary formation.

Chalcedony, agate, jasper, cornelian, and most of the varieties of the precious stones, various in form, size, and color, but many of them pure, beautiful, and susceptible of a great brilliancy, are found along the shores of the Columbia, in many places between its mouth and its sources.

At Coffin Rock the shores are composed of trap and conglomerate; and at Oak Point the trap rises to a height of eight hundred feet. As the Wilhamette is approached, the shores of the Columbia continue to exhibit precipitous trap rock.

Passing up the Wilhamette, the river is confined in many places between high and perpendicular walls of basalt. Upon arriving at the Falls, the rocks change their character within a few miles, and volcanic scoria, vesicular lava, pudding-stone, intermingled with blocks of trap, and many crystals of quartz occur.

Below Oregon City, and on the left side of the Clackamus river, about one mile above its mouth, there is an immense bluff of yellow friable sandstone. In the immediate vicinity I observed basalt, and a little more remote, scoriated basalt. On the eastern side of the Wilhamette, about ten miles from it, and about twenty-five miles above Oregon City, I found impure dark limestone, lying in thin sheets, and filled with a multitude of small bivalve fossil shells. In the immediate vicinity basalt occurred. and a little more remote, scoriated basalt. On the same side of the river and about thirty miles above this locality, gray granite *in situ* occurs. Basalt is found near it.

On the western side of the river, about ten miles below the La Creole, the prevailing rock is trap. This rock also occurs in many places on the eastern side. Proceeding still higher up the valley, the rocks change from basalt to a whitish clayey sandstone, the soil at the same place varying from a black, or light brown, or red, to a grayish brown.

I have seen a specimen of sienite from the Elk Mountains, where it is said to be found in immense quantities at a place where a branch of the Wilhamette comes out from the mountain.

Returning to the Columbia, and proceeding up to where the river breaks through the Presidents' Range of mountains, the geological characteristics are basaltic lava, basaltic conglomerate, and sandstone. I have many fine specimens of petrified wood, some of which are in part lignite, taken from the vicinity of the Cascades.

Several miles below the Cascades is a mural escarpment of singular beauty. Regular pentagonal columns wall up the northern side of the river for half a mile. Needle-pointed basalt, which is not an unfrequent form west of the Rocky Mountains, likewise occurs in this locality. Here are volcanic peaks from one thousand to one thousand five hundred feet high, some of them being conical, some denticulated, while others are needle-pointed. On a narrow strip of bottom-land at the lower part of the rapids below the Cascades, is a remarkable basalt needle five hundred feet high, comparatively smooth, and standing wholly isolated, like some vast monument of centuries long gone by. It was probably ejected by volcanic fires through soft rock or soil which has subsequently been removed.

The country about the Dalles is decidedly volcanic. Mount Washington is said by persons who have lived long in the country, to have been in a state of eruption within a few years.

The Grand Rapid Hills are composed of basalt, old lava, and scoria. Eighteen miles below the Wallawalla, around the Windmill Rock, are a number of curious basaltic peaks. On approaching Wallawalla, the country is broken into elevations forming many curious and fantastic shapes of remarkable figures and colossal heads.

The various escarpments that have been examined in the Blue Mountains, exhibit compact amorphous trap, leading to the conclusion that this constitutes the mass of this range.

The Grand Coulée is a very remarkable geological phenomenon, about which there is some difference of opinion, many believing that it was the former channel of the Columbia, while others doubt it. The walls consist of basaltic cliffs, not unlike the Palisades of the Hudson, in many places eight hundred feet high. In some other places the volcanic rocks which line the side are no more than three hundred feet perpendicular. A peculiarity at one of these places is a stratum of earth ten feet thick, superimposed upon a stratum of basalt, and beneath superincumbent basalt.

The Coulée is from one to three miles wide, and about one hundred miles long. In several places the cliffs are broken into openings which show channels having perpendicular walls, and in no respect different from the Grand Coulée, except that they are neither so wide nor so long. In the northern portion of it are several granite knolls which rise in perpendicular masses seven hundred and fourteen feet above the level of the plain in which they are situated, and which constitutes the bottom of the Coulée. These knolls are called Isles des Pierres. There is a small and beautiful lake on the top of the west border. Another is found some miles below. A third, about three hundred feet wide, and half a mile long, is situated still lower down between two of these granite islands. They all contain fresh water, and are without an outlet.

The proof that the Grand Coulée was at one time the channel of the Columbia, is found in the fact that there are a great many stones lying at the south end which, by their worn appearance, indicate that they have been brought down by a very rapid current. In addition to this there are large boulders of granite at the south end, while there is no rock of a similar kind except at the north end. Another circumstance which confirms this theory, is that the Coulée extends from one point of the river to another. It should be remarked, however, as the only fact calculated to render this theory doubtful, that those who have traveled through the whole length of the Coulée affirm that it every where presents the same deep trench-like appearance;

while it is known that the whole distance of the river from the north end of the Coulée around to its southern extremity is not characterized by a deep channel cut through the rocks.

About fifteen miles below the junction of the Spokane with the Columbia, upon a piece of land near the latter, a very interesting geological phenomenon is presented in the fact of large boulders of granite being in their natural position, while in the immediate vicinity is an immense dyke of basalt rising two hundred feet, presenting conclusive evidences of having been heaved up by successive volcanic throes of the earth.

Proceeding higher up the Columbia, castellated rocks of soft yellow sandstone are seen on the west side of that river, about one mile distant from it, and three miles below the Pischous river. The Columbia at this place is confined within a ravine of from 1000 to 1500 feet below the general level of the country. There is no verdure upon its borders, and the sterile sands extend to its very brink.

The path leading from Pischous river to Fort Okonagan is very rough, conducting over jagged rocks, which approach within a few feet of the edge of the water; in places, so near as to leave but a narrow ledge for the path. These rocks are granite, with veins of white marble, some of which are several feet in width. Much of the rock in this vicinity resembles slate, is capable of being split into slabs, and is of a dark gray color.

A short distance below the junction of the Spokane, and upon the side of the river on which that stream flows into the Columbia, there is a mountain of rich and very beautiful saccharine marble, some sections of which are pure white, while others are beautifully clouded with blue and brown.

The finest specimens of columnar basalt are found in a remarkable excavation or subsidence of the earth, near the summit level which separates the waters of the Spokane from those of Lewis river. The opening contains forty or fifty acres of land, walled in by crystalized columns of regular pentagons, of about twelve feet diameter, and having sections varying in length. These columns rise no higher than the surface of the earth, which thence gradually slopes back into hills. This singular opening was probably caused by a sinking of the earth, which then left these gigantic and dark crystals exposed.

Ten miles below Fort Colville, a species of white chalk or pigment is found, which is used at the fort for common lime whitewash, from which it is with difficulty distinguished.

The water of the Columbia at the Kettle Falls precipitates itself over a tabular bed of quartz, which crosses the river at that place, and which, being harder than the rocks either above or below, is less abraded.

Immediately below the junction of the Kooskookee with Lewis river, is a fine example of columnar basalt. This mural escarpment is similar to many others which occur along the bluffs and banks of rivers in Oregon, in which are often found from ten to twenty strata of basalt, amygdaloid, and brecciated layers in alternating strata, rising from fifty to several hundred feet. At this place several distinctly-marked strata occur. The uppermost consists of two parts—the one being semi-crystalized basalt, resembling the crystals found in Mount Holyoke and the Palisades on the Hudson—the other, situated at the side of this, and upon the same plane, consists of that form of basalt known by the characteristic name of needle-pointed. Immediately underlying this is a brecciated layer. Below this, a stratum in two parts, on the same plane, the first consisting of basaltic columns of regular crystalized pentagons, and the second of amygdaloid, in connection with basalt. Below this occurs another brecciated stratum. Next in order are basaltic pentagonal columns, varying from two to five feet in diameter, being closely jointed at irregular intervals. Underlying this is a stratum of conglomerate, only a few feet thick, composed of angular fragments. The last consists of irregular massive amygdaloid.

Col. J. C. Fremont obtained rock-salt southeast from the Salt Lake, in a mountain denominated on Humboldt's map of New Spain, as *Monte de Sal Gemme*—Rock Salt Mountain. He describes it as being very pure and white, and containing less of the water of crystalization than common salt.

This mineral is also found in a section of the mountain on the south side of Salmon River Mountains. Rev. Samuel Parker, who discovered it, says:—"The geological formation, in the immediate vicinity, so nearly resembles those described in the neighborhood of the mineral salt mines of Poland, as to induce the belief that it exists in great abundance."

The geology of this locality can be better seen by introducing, in this place, the following extract from his journal, as he proceeded westward from the Rocky Mountains:—

"The geological character of the tract over which we rode for two days, corresponds with that of the new red sandstone of the valley of the Connecticut. There are deposits both of the red and slaty colored strata—and their depth seems to be quite great, as is evinced by bluffs. But, as I observed no organic remains, my inclination to believe that these rocks are the new red sandstone, is founded only on their mineral character, and the fact, a very important one, that they appear directly to underlie the saliferous rocks, or to lie immediately above them. Should these rocks, which are quite extensive, prove to be new red sandstone, it adds no little interest to the geology of a country so rich in other respects. Perhaps, as red rocks of the same kind lie on each side of the Rocky Mountains, it may be proved hereafter, that the range was elevated through a deposit of shale or new red sandstone.

"Directly after leaving the red sandstone, and passing a belt of volcanic formations, which also are found among the red and slaty rocks just described, saliferous rocks, are seen. Here is native salt, chloride of sodium, and red, green, brown, and white strata of indurated marl, agreeing in character with the geological features of the Bochina and Wieliczka mines of Poland. These rocks also occupy quite a tract of country, as we were several days in passing them, and they seemed to reach both north and south of the locality of rock salt, as is proved by the existence of the great Salt Lake at the south; and travelers assert that native rock salt is found to the north, and especially far to the south, near the Rocky Mountain range."

The Salmon River Mountains are immense masses of granite and mica slate, situated in a great volcanic field, the tremendous fires of which have perforated their tops so as to form rents, through which the lava has flowed, and from which stones have been ejected. In tracing here the passage of granite into basalt, multiplied fractures are observed to increase until the granite is found at first broken into large fragments, which diminish in size until they disappear in the distinct characteristics of volcanic agency, in which it is changed into a substance, which is said to resemble trachyte.

The rocks of the mountains along the Burnt river and near it, appear in several places that have been examined, to have been originally a slaty sedimentary limestone, though now in a metamorphic state. Along the Burnt river valley, the strata that occur are sedimentary rocks, disturbed by the intrusion of volcanic products.

In a district of country commencing about 150 miles from the point at which I left Ogden's river, when on my journey across the continent, I saw many varieties of obsidian and pumice-stone. I found at one locality several specimens of the latter in connection with the former; the obsidian in these specimens being of a greenish black, and disposed in thin plates that alternated with the pumice-stone, which, however, while it adhered to the surface of the plates of obsidian, did not appear to penetrate them.

For several days after passing over this particular locality, I saw obsidian occurring in splinters, some of which were nearly transparent, and of a bluish or gray color, having a pearly luster, and being probably that variety known as pearl-stone. The most of them, however, appeared in neither color nor fracture different from pieces of junk-bottles, being of a black color, and opaque, except in their splinters, which looked like smoked glass, when held between the eye and the sun. These splinters the savages work into the most beautiful and deadly points, with which they arm the end of their arrows. At length the splinters disappeared, and I saw obsidian for some time in the form of small globes, about one and a half inches in diameter. These enlarged as I advanced, and at length I saw many about ten inches in diameter.

In the same region I saw great quantities of pumice-stone, having no connection with the obsidian, beyond that of being found in the same locality. The fibers of the pumice-stone were seldom parallel to each other, but irregular and asbesdoidal. Its colors were various, embracing gray, white, reddish-brown, and black.

Volcanic mounds, cracked at the top, and surrounded by fissures, are numerous in all the country between the Presidents' Range on the west, and the Rocky Mountains on the east. I passed over extensive districts between these two chains, in which the soil (if it can be so denominated) in taste, smell, and color, resembled ashes that had been partially leached. In one instance my wagon was slatted upon one of the ash-hills in this district. After traveling several miles we arrived at the bed of a creek, where we found lye standing in pools, possessing such strength that the cattle, though suffering for water, could not drink it.

The surface of the ground in this intermediate district, was often found encrusted with a white substance, of a saline character, principally muriate of soda, but more frequently being either a carbonate or bi-carbonate of potash, or some other salts of bitter taste, and cathartic properties.

Thermal springs abound in all the country situated between these two ranges of mountains. Many of them form large mounds by the deposition of their waters. The contents of these sometimes consist of a pure white, earthy substance; and at others of a substance which, in drying, becomes pulverant. Of this character are one or two springs upon the plain in which the Great Hot Spring rises, about seventy miles from Ogden's river, and on the Applegate cut-off. Of the same character are many of the soda springs, which, although not thermal springs, are characterized by the deposition spoken of. Of the same character is the Steamboat Spring, and the spring at our encampment of August 2.

These springs vary in temperature from blood-heat to almost the boiling point.

The Great Hot Spring, and those in its vicinity, I regard as being more interesting than the celebrated hot spring of Ursprung, upon the frontier of Germany; the hot spring of Tiberias, one mile south of the ancient city of Tiberias; or the hot springs of Virginia; or, indeed, any thermal springs in the world.

I have already said that the forty-eighth parallel of north latitude is, in Oregon, the northern limit of lava or trap, and that beyond that line this rock gives place to granite. Com. Wilkes affirmed this several years ago, after portions of the country on both sides of that line, between the Straits of Juan de Fuca and the Presbyterian mission station of Chimikane, had been partially explored by gentlemen connected with his command. It is probable that the same line to the

Rocky Mountains separates the country geologically. It is certain that the country lying south of the Spokane river shows traces of igneous action, and furnishes fine examples of flinty trap.

No regular geological survey of the county having yet been made, nothing, of course, is known upon the subject of the extent of its mineral resources beyond a few casual, isolated, accidental observations. Minerals are usually found in mountainous portions of the country; but those in Oregon have been extensively traversed by trappers and hunters only, who were incapable of making any examinations of the mineral resources of the countries over which they wandered. It is believed, however, that as the country becomes inhabited by a civilized people, and scientific surveys are made, many valuable minerals will be discovered. Many persons, judging from the volcanic character of the country, believe that when metals shall be found, they will not be in their oxyds, but reduced, by intense volcanic heat, to a massive state. But some of the facts already stated, do not warrant this conclusion. I found at one place in the Wilhamette valley impure dark limestone, lying in thin sheets upon each other, and filled with a multitude of fossil shells. In the immediate neighborhood basaltic rocks occurred, and a little more remote, scoriated basalt. At another locality I partially examined an immense bluff of coarse friable yellow sandstone. In the immediate vicinity was basalt, and a little more remote, scoriated basalt. In the vicinity of Astoria a species of limestone is found in nodules, which, when burned and slacked, presents various colors, including orange, slate, yellow, light red, and blue. Near the place is basalt. At another locality up the Wilhamette river, gray granite *in situ*, and basalt are found near each other. The soil, in many parts of the country, is colored by the oxyd of iron, if it be not, indeed, as it possibly may be, red decomposed basalt. I have, at least, often found in this red soil, a species of iron ore, known as shot ore.

It has long been known that lignite occurs in a somewhat extensive locality upon the Cowlitz river.* Red and yellow ocher and plumbago are brought down the Columbia by the Indians. Lead is reported to have been found in small quantities among the Blue Mountains. The late Dr. Marcus Whitman informed me that a remarkably fine and beautiful species of gypsum may be obtained in inexhaustible quantities on John Day's river, not far from the road from the Dalles to Wallawalla. He stated that it was also found on Thompson's river. He stated, likewise, that the Indians not unfrequently brought copper from a place north of his station; and that, judging from the information which he obtained from the savages, its locality was somewhere south of the forty-ninth parallel. Mr. Ricord, the late attorney-general of the Hawaiian Islands, brought to Oregon a specimen of platina, obtained from a Flathead Indian, which metal, the savage affirmed, was very abundant at one locality in the country of his nation, but he refused to indicate it more particularly. A Mr. Lattee, who was, during many years, in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, informed me, that the Indians often brought platina and silver ore to the trading post from the northern extremity of Queen Charlotte's Island. An inexhaustible supply of bituminous coal, of a good quality, may be had upon Vancouver's Island. It lies near the surface, is gotten out with crow-bars, and is near to a good anchorage.

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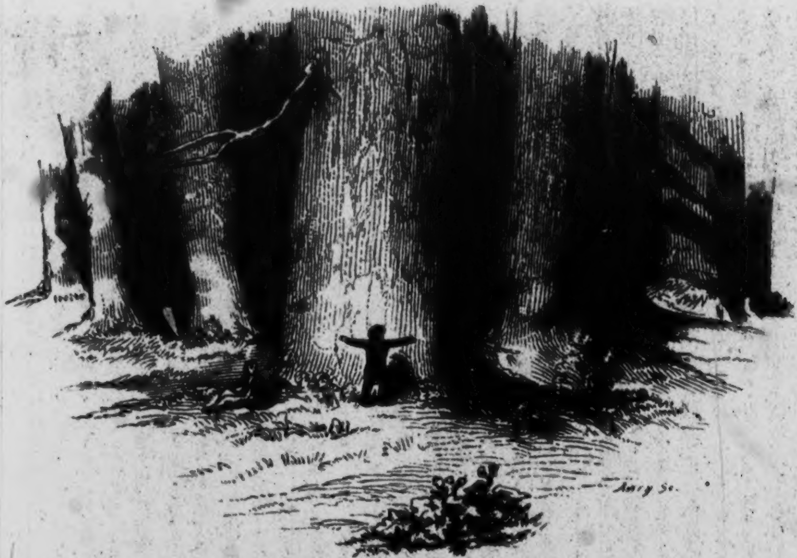
* I received, during my residence in Washington City, a letter from Oregon, informing me that an extensive field of bituminous coal, of an excellent quality, and lead ore, had been discovered near the Cowlitz river, soon after my departure from that country.

CHAPTER XX.

TREES AND SHRUBBERY OF OREGON.

FIR-TREES constitute the largest part of the forests of Oregon. There are three species of the fir—the red, white, and yellow—varying in foliage and color. The foliage of the red resembles that of the same tree found in the United States; that of the white is a compound leaf, wherein a single petiole has several leaflets attached to each side of it oppositely, while that of the yellow is only on the upper side. The balsam is like that found elsewhere in all its three species. Yellow and Norway pine are natives west of the Cascades of the Columbia. White pine is also a native in several places west of the Rocky Mountains. The yew is very scarce, but is found among the evergreen trees. The cedar grows to a great height, is abundant and valuable. I have seen many that were at least seven feet in diameter. Black and white oaks are found, the former in the mountains, the latter in the forests upon the plains and hills west of the Presidents' Range. The common aspen, balm, and cotton poplars are also found. The common aspen and cotton are the same as those which grow in the States. The balm grows in fertile sections of the country, and has its leaves ovated. The willow, in all its species, is common to the country. There



FORESTS IN OREGON.

are but few maples. In some parts of the country I observed a species of the laurel growing, which had a smooth bark, red color, ovated leaves, and was larger than the common laurel. This tree has been called the strawberry. The common and broad-leaf ash, the latter being very solid, are found. I have frequently seen alders, two and a half feet in diameter.

Between the Chimikane Mission and the Spokane the country is poorly timbered, with small-sized larch, spruce, and pine. Along the shores of the river there are a few alder and willow bushes. At a considerable distance from the Spokane, in a direction east-north-east, pines are found sparsely growing. Upon the hills, and in the marshy ground around the lakes, cotton-wood and willows are seen. On the Wallawalla river, wood, consisting of the poplar, birch, willow, and alder, are found. The poplar here attains the height of one hundred feet. On the Spipen river a few pines and the larch, or hackmatack, grow.

In Western Oregon the woods consist of pine, fir, poplar, arbor-vitæ, spruce, arbutus, tew, ash, maple, willow, yew, and cedar. In the neighborhood of Astoria there are forests of pine, which have long been noted for their beauty and size. I have learned that pines have been measured there that were, at a height of between six and a dozen feet above the ground, thirty-nine or forty feet in circumference, their bark was nearly a foot thick, the tree perfectly straight, and between two and three hundred feet high. On Oak Island are found extensive groves of white oak. It is hard-grained and very durable. It is considered the best wood for hooping, and is used for the various purposes to which the hickory and oak are applied. Its specific gravity is much greater than that of water. In many portions of the country, situated between Puget Sound and Mount Harrison, many of the forests consist of spruce, some of the fallen trees in which have been measured, and found to be 265 feet in length. A tree that had fallen was measured, and found, at a distance of ten feet from its roots, to be twelve feet in diameter; and where the top part had been severed by the fall from the main trunk, it was a foot and a half in diameter. The height of the tree, when growing, must have been at least three hundred feet. These trees are perfectly erect, and, for a distance of one hundred and fifty feet, the trunks are without branches. In many places the trees that have fallen down present barriers to the vision, even when the traveler is upon horseback; and between the old forest trees that are lying prostrate, can be seen the tender and small twig, beginning its journey to an amazing height. Along the Smalocho river the forests are principally of maple, cotton-wood, spruce, pine, and alder, with underbushes of raspberry, used by the savages for food.

The variety of shrubbery in Oregon is very great; but I shall mention only a few of them. Several varieties of thorn are found in various parts of the country, many of which are very large and beautiful. East of Mount Harrison the buckthorn grows fifty feet high. A very beautiful appearance is presented by those which bear a red fruit. There is a variety of thorn which is not only peculiar to Oregon, but peculiar to the Blue Mountains and to the Wallawalla and Umatilla rivers. Its fruit is black, and has a pleasant taste.

About Waiilatpu there is a profusion of bushes, bearing edible berries, on the banks of the streams, consisting of the service-berry, two kinds of currants, whortleberry, and wild gooseberries. The service-berry, wherever found in Oregon, is about the size of a small thorn-apple, is black when ripe, and has a pleasant taste. Of currants there are three varieties in Oregon:—the pale red, the black, and the yellow; all of which have an agreeable, acid taste; yet they are inferior in this respect to those cultivated in the States, nor are they so prolific. Of the gooseberry there are several varieties, all of which are pleasant to the taste; but those are found to be the best, which grow on the prairies. The prickly gooseberry grows on a thorny bush, and is very large. Of the smooth gooseberries there are three kinds—one yellow, and two white, the one being small and the other large—all of them having a fine flavor.

In the vicinity of Fort Okonagan, are many fruit-bearing shrubs, among which are the gooseberry, June-berry, and currant.

East of Mount Harrison, and between that and the Columbia river, the undergrowth is composed of a prickly species of aralia, gaultheria, hazel, and vaccinium.

Between Nisqually and Mount Harrison, cornus, gaultheria, hazel, spiraæ, and vaccinium abound.

Cornus, hazel, prunus, and spiræa, constitute the characteristic shrubberry around Nisqually. Rubus and alder predominate in the vicinity of the Bute prairie. Arbutus, cornus, hazel, and rubus, form a thick undergrowth among the pines, spruces, and oaks, which cover the Elk Mountains, at the head of the Wilhamette valley.

The beautiful Symphoria racemosa, which is known in our gardens, in the States, as the snowberry, is a spontaneous shrub in many places in Oregon. The salalberry is a pleasant, oblong fruit, of a dark purple color, and about the size of the grape. In addition to the raspberries known in the States, there is a species peculiar to Oregon. It grows in the forests, is yellow, much larger than the common raspberry, but has not so fine a flavor. Choke-cherries are common to all parts of Oregon; but they are usually bitter and unpleasant to the taste.

CHAPTER XXI.

FLORA AND NUTRITIVE ROOTS OF OREGON.

THE Flora of Oregon is varied and beautiful; but since it will be impossible to describe it as it is seen in each particular portion of the country, or even to enumerate every variety of plants so found, I shall confine myself, for the most part, to mentioning the names of such as occur in a few localities.

There are few places where the variety and beauty of the flowers are so great as they are around Port Discovery. Admiration and astonishment are excited by the profusion and loveliness of the Claytonia, Collinsia, Dodecatheon, Leptosiphon, Scilla, Stellaria, Trifolium, Viola, etc. They grow in a light brown loam.

Nothing can be more beautiful, or appear more luxuriant than the plains around Fort Nisqually in the season of flowers. At this time, the Balsamoriza (a small sunflower peculiar to Oregon), Collinsia, Lupines, Ranunculus, Scilla, and many others, which greatly vary in color and kind, give to this quiet scene, an unsurpassed interest. The soil consists of a light brown earth, intermixed with a large proportion of gravel and stones.

At some distance east of this locality, the yellow Ranunculus, a species of Trillium, in thickets, with large leaves and small flowers, Lupines, and cruciferous plants, are found growing upon a soil of deep black, vegetable loam, along the streams.

The herbaceous shrubs found on the eastern side of Mount Harrison consist, for the most part, of Goodyera, Neottia, Viola, Claytonia, and Corallorhiza.

Still further east, and between that mountain and the Spipen river, Compositæ, Cypripedium oregonium, Ipomopsis elegans, Paeonia brownii, Pentstemon, and Purshia tridentata, are met with, growing indifferently upon light brown and deep black soils.

Cruciferous plants, which, although extremely bitter, the Indians gather for food, grow on the rocks along the Columbia, below Fort Okonagan.

A singular species of Trillium, almost stemless, is found on the banks of the Columbia, a little below the north end of the Grand Coulée.

Red honeysuckles (Caprifolium), Columbine, Lupine, and Cammass flowers, are found in great profusion, around Fort Vancouver. The soil is a light, sandy loam.

Wall-flowers, Lupines, Scilla, etc., adorn the Yamhills. The soil in many places is light brown or red, and in others, a black, vegetable loam. Compositæ, Dalea, Oberonia, Opuntia, Rubiaceæ, and Salsola, grow upon the sandy plain about Wallawalla.

The coast vegetation between Cape Disappointment and Cape Flattery, consists for the most part of Ambrosia, Aster, Armeria, Gramineæ, Ledums, Myrica, Oberonia, and Vaccinium.

The sweet flowering pea grows spontaneously, and greatly embellishes some portions of the country. Red clover, differing in some respects from that cultivated in the States, is found in some small and fertile valleys. White clover grows in many parts of the upper and more mountainous regions. The climbing honeysuckle is found in many places, and is one of the most beautiful ornaments in nature.

Of the nutritive roots I will mention a few only.

The *Ithwa*, or cammass-root, is tunicated like the onion. It is found in great quantities on the prairies, or in humid ground. It grows to about the size of a small onion, and its taste resembles boiled chestnuts, or licorice. The Indians pound and roast it, and make it into bread, and then dry it. It forms a great article of subsistence with them.

The *Wappatoo*, or arrow-head root, is bulbous, and grows in marshes or shallow lakes, in the valley of the Columbia, east of the Presidents' Range of mountains. The squaws procure this root from the marshy places, where it is found. It is soft when cooked, and is used to a great extent by the Indians, with whom it is an article of traffic.

The *Spatylon*, or bitter-root, is thin and white. It resembles vermicelli in its appearance. When cooked it makes a jelly something like arrow-root. It grows only in gravelly ground; and, though bitter in its taste, is not unpalatable.

There is a bitter root described by travelers under the name of *Racine amère*, which is found in dry soils. It is thick, tapering at each end, and is considered very nutritive; but whether it is the same as the spatylon I am unable to say.

The *Pox-pox root* appears early in the spring, and is used by the Indians, until the more nutritious roots are fit for food. It very much resembles the cammass-root.

The *Mesani-root* grows in the same shape that the parsnip does. It is not a very nutritious root. When baked, it has a black appearance, and a singular taste. It is collected about the middle of autumn.

The *Cowish*, or biscuit-root, is a little larger than a peach, grows in dry soil, and is used in the place of bread, for which purpose it answers toleraby well. Its taste is like the sweet potatoe, and the manner of preparing it is similar to that of the ithwa or cammas-root.

There is a root found upon the slaggy lavas of volcanoes, where nothing else will grow, which puts forth a beautiful flower of a red color. Its name I do not remember.

CHAPTER XXII.

CLIMATE OF OREGON.

NATURE has divided Oregon, by means of the mountains of that country, into three great divisions, to each of which has been given a climate widely differing in some respects from the other two.

In Eastern Oregon, or that part which is situated between the Rocky Mountains and the Blue Mountains, rain seldom falls, from the middle of April to the middle of October. The heat between these two periods is sometimes extreme, but the nights are usually cool. The atmosphere is very dry, and the vegetation upon grounds not watered by springs and brooks, is consequently parched. In the winter, the snow, during three months, lies upon the ground from fifteen to eighteen inches in depth, between Fort Laramie and Fremont's South Pass. Between this point and Green river, the snow decreases in depth, but remains longer. Between Green and Bear rivers, the hunters and trappers affirm that snow is rarely found at any time; but that descending the river northerly to the Soda Springs, snow is again found from one and a half to two feet in depth. Between that point and the Blue Mountains, by the way of Fort Hall, snow seldom falls beyond a few inches in depth. Mr. R. Campbell, a merchant of St. Louis, spent three winters in succession, and a part of the fourth, in the mountains between Fremont's South Pass and Fort Hall, and about the head of Salmon river. He says that "one winter only the snow fell three feet deep. Fall commences 1st to 4th November (does not vary in time), very little, and melts off. At Christmas, the heavy fall commences; the falls are not frequent, and are dry; remain until April. Some winters but little snow, so that we could travel over most of the country. We found buffalo, all winter, living on the grass under the snow, which they root up. Our animals were sustained in the same manner."

At Fort Hall, the cattle thrive well in winter, and do not require housing, although the climate may perhaps at some times be regarded as a severe one.

The mission station of the Rev. Mr. Spalding is at Lapwai, in the extreme western part of Eastern Oregon, in latitude 46°, 27', north, longitude 118°, 30', west; 468 miles from the mouth of the Columbia river. The following extract from the narrative of Com. Wilkes, will show the general character of the climate, and the greatest extremes of the temperature:—

"Mr. Spalding, during his residence of five years, has kept a register of the weather...... He regards the climate as a rainy one, notwithstanding the appearance of aridity on the vegetation. There is no doubt of its being so in winter, and even during the summer there is much wet. A good deal of rain had fallen the month before our visit. The nights were always cool. The temperature falls at times to a low point. On the 10th December, 1836, it fell to —10°; and subsequently was not so low till the 16th of January, 1841, when it fell to —26°; and on the 10th of February, it was as low as —14°." The greatest heat experienced during his residence was in 1837. On the 23d July, in that year, the thermometer was 108° in the shade. In 1840, it was 107°..... The extreme variations of the thermometer are more remarkable, the greatest monthly change being 72°; while the greatest daily range was 58°. Mr. Spalding remarks, that, since his residence, no two years have been alike. The grass remains green all the year round."

The following are the results of the meteorological observations of the Rev. Mr. Spalding:—

	1837.	1840.	1841.
Mean temperature .	56·2	53·6	50·3
Fair days	159	172	70
Cloudy days . . .	77	93	45
Rainy days . . .	85	88	48
Snowy days . . .	14	12	14
Mean temperature of these three years 53°.			

Fort Colville is in latitude 48°, 36′, 16″, north; longitude 118°, 4′, west. The climate of this place is more rainy than that of the country below. There is a considerable variation in the temperature often within twenty-four hours. The mercury, frequently in July rises to 100°, and falls to 12° in January. Winter commences in November, and usually ends in March, but flowers are often seen in February. Spring planting commences in April, and fall sowing in October, and the crop sown in the latter month, succeeds best if the autumn has been a wet one. Wheat is harvested in August. The early frosts render corn an uncertain crop. It is planted in May, and gathered in September. Potatoes, beans, and oats succeed well in this climate. The frequent and severe spring frosts have hitherto prevented imported fruits from doing well.

Service-berries, strawberries, hawthorn-berries, and wild cherries ripen from June till September.

The climate of that part of Oregon which lies north of the forty-ninth parallel, and between the Rocky Mountains on the east, and the Presidents' Range on the west (the Blue Mountains do not extend farther north than the forty-ninth or fiftieth parallel), is unfavorable to agriculture, in consequence of both these ranges being constantly covered with snow. The cold in the intervening country, however, is not usually remarkably severe, although the snow lies on the ground from November till April, or even May, and on an average six feet deep. From the end of May till the beginning of September, fires can be dispensed with; for the remainder of the year they are necessary.

The climate of Middle Oregon, which comprises that portion of the Territory, situated between the Blue Mountains on the east, and the Presidents' Range on the west, is materially different from that of both Eastern and Western Oregon. The extremes of heat in summer, and cold in winter, are not so great as in the former, although it has the same dry summer that is common to the three divisions. The heat of the summer is greater than it is in Western Oregon, and the ground and vegetation are consequently more dried. The spring rains cease here earlier, and the people harvest in June. In winter there is more snow, but less rain than in Western Oregon. The mercury seldom falls very low. The winter of 1846–7 was said by trappers, who had been in the country since the Tonquin, owned by John Jacob Astor, arrived at the mouth of the Columbia in 1811, to be upon the whole the hardest winter ever known in the country; and yet the mercury at the Dalles sank no lower than eight degrees below zero. The cold is seldom great. The mercury, in Fahrenheit's scale, rose at one time, in 1840, to 100° in the shade; but even the hottest days are succeeded by nights that are pleasantly cool. The atmosphere is dry and healthful, and very little dew falls. Some idea may be formed as to the character of the climate of Middle Oregon, from the fact that Mr. M'Kinley, a very worthy and intelligent gentleman, of the Hudson Bay Company, who, in January 1841, passed from the country of Lewis river across the Blue Mountains, found six feet of snow, but upon descending into the valley upon the western side of the mountains, the weather was warm and pleasant, the grass green, and the flowers in bloom.

In the vicinity of Wallawalla there is little winter, in consequence, as is believed, of the hot winds which sweep along from the extensive sandy-deserts of Upper California. This wind is of a hot, burning character, and in the summer it blows constantly from the southwest, and greatly exhausts the vital energies. At night this wind increases almost to a gale. In consequence of the heat, and clouds of sand, which the wind brings, there is very little vegetation near the fort.

The climate of Western Oregon, or that portion of the Territory situated between the Presidents' Range on the east, and the Pacific Ocean on the west, is mild and healthful. This region has a rainy rather than a winter season. The rains usually commence between the 20th of October, and the 1st of November, and continue with many interruptions, until between the 10th of March and the 10th of April. The number of days upon which the rains fall within these periods, does not exceed, perhaps, the rainy and snowy days in the States.

Up to the 10th of February 1848, ice had not formed to a greater thickness than three-fourths of an inch, at Oregon City, which is in latitude 45°, 20′. This was in still water in small quantities, and was the result of three days and nights of the coldest weather of that winter.

A journal of the weather in 1845–6, kept at Oregon City, shows that between the 1st of November, and the 1st of March, there were twenty rainy days, and forty clear days; the other days between these periods being either cloudy or rainy and clear.

The Rev. George Gary, late Superintendent of the Methodist Missions in Oregon, informed me that on the 25th of December 1845, he ate green peas, grown in the open air in his garden in Oregon City, and taken from it on that day. The winter of 1846–7 was the coldest one, known by those who had been in the country, as trappers, since 1811. During that winter the mercury fell no lower than 2° above zero, in Fahrenheit's scale. The following extracts from Com. Wilkes' Narrative of the Exploring Expedition, will also assist the reader in forming an opinion upon this subject:—

"On my first visit to Vancouver, Dr. McLaughlin was kind enough to offer to keep a meteorological diary for me, during my stay on the coast, that I might have the means of comparison. They had formerly been in the habit of noting the changes that occurred, and for many years had kept a journal; but this had been for some years omitted. The task would be but trifling in such a well regulated establishment, and it is surprising that it should not have claimed more attention. The night observations seem to be the principal difficulty. In the register kept during our stay, the instruments were only noted in the daytime, and the record is not available for the mean temperature of the twenty-four hours; but, as it may serve to show the state of the weather, during the summer months, at Vancouver, I will give an abstract from it. The barometer and thermometer were both compared with our standard, and found nearly to coincide.

Months.	6 A.M.		2 P.M.		6 P.M.	
	Barom.	Ther.	Barom.	Ther.	Barom.	Ther.
June . . .	30·71 in.	51°	30·27 in.	63°	30·30 in.	62°
July . . .	30·40 "	61	30·36 "	87	30·37 "	72
August . .	30·28 "	60	30·27 "	86	30·29 "	70
September .	30·28 "	53	30·25 "	78	30·30 "	58

"This gives the mean standing of the barometer and thermometer, during the day hours, at 30·32 in., and 66·33°, for the summer months.

"The state of the weather, during the period of one hundred and six days, was as follows:—

Fair	76 days.
Cloudy	19 "
Rain	12 "
	106 days.

"In my inquiries of the residents, I am inclined to the opinion, that the above is a very fair estimate of the weather, though they almost all differed in their statements: some spoke of the season as a very bad one; others thought it was very fine. The crops of all descriptions of grain were good, which I supposed to be the best criterion.

"The climate of the western section, throughout the year, is mild; and they neither experience extreme heat in summer, nor severe cold in winter. I am disposed to believe this to be owing to the constant prevalence of the southwesterly or ocean winds. It certainly is not owing to any warm stream setting along its shores. The current near the coast sets to the southeast, and is of a cold temperature; it would rather tend to lessen the heat in summer, than the cold in winter. There have been no observations kept by the missionaries in this lower section of the country. It is liable, from the experience of our parties, to early frosts, owing to the proximity of the snowy mountains. Frosts sometimes occur in the latter part of August, which check all vegetation at that early season.

"The southwest winds are caused by the vast extent of the sandy and arid country lying east of the Cascade (Presidents' Range) and California Mountains, which, becoming heated, rarifies the air, and causes an indraught from the west. This current is found to increase in violence as the rarefied region is approached; and so constant is this draught, that we experienced only three days of easterly winds during our stay, and these were very moderate in force. Immediately on the coast, the winds are from the west-southwest to the west-northwest: these maintain their direction until they reach the interior, and blow with great violence.

"The winters are invariably what would be termed open ones with us. Snow seldom falls; and when it does, it rarely lasts more than two or three days. The rains during this season are frequent, though not violent. The climate in the western section, from all accounts, is not unlike that of England, and would be termed a wet one. The winter of 1840 was the severest they had yet experienced."

Of the climate of Nisqually, the reader may form an opinion from the following extract from Com. Wilkes' Narrative of the U. S. Exploring Expedition:—

"The country in this vicinity is thought to be remarkably healthy, and on all these salt water inlets, the winter is represented to be mild, and of but short duration. The mean temperature, six feet under ground, during our stay at the observatory, from the 20th of May till the 14th of July, was found to be 58·5°. I was not fully satisfied that this record gave correct results for the mean temperatûre of the climate, although frosts do not penetrate the ground; for, by the same manner of trying it, and under almost the same circumstances, at Astoria, we obtained only 54°, although that place is a degree to the south of Nisqually. The greatest range of temperature was found to be 55°; the lowest, 37°; and the mean, during the same period, 63·87°; the barometer standing at 29·970 in."

The climate in the vicinity of Hood's Canal does not differ from that of Nisqually.

I have been thus minute in particulars having reference to the climate of Oregon, because of its importance to those desiring information upon the subject. A very brief extract from Senate Documents, Miscellaneous, No. 143, Thirtieth Congress, First Session, containing my memorial, praying the establishment of a Territorial Government in Oregon,, and for appropriations for various purposes, will conclude what I have to say upon the subject of the climate of that country:—

"The farmer in Oregon possesses many advantages over those in the States. The latter, with an ordinary stock of cattle, is usually compelled by the severity of the winter, to feed them in that season, all, or nearly all, that he has grown during the spring, summer, and autumn. In Oregon, the winter is much milder than it is on the Atlantic side, several degrees farther south. The grass frequently grows all winter. The Rev. George Gary, the late Superintendent of the Oregon Mission, informed your memorialist, that on the 25th December, 1845, he ate green peas, grown in the open air, in Oregon City, and taken from it on that day. Oregon City, if your memorialist is not mistaken, is in latitude 45°, 20′, north. The winter, commencing November 1st, 1846, and ending March 1st, 1847, was more severe than any that had preceded it in thirty-six years. The mercury in Fahrenheit's scale fell at one time, at Oregon City, to 2° above zero; at Nisqually, Puget Sound, to 6° below zero; and at the Dalles of the Columbia, to 8° below. The snow remained upon the Wilhamette valley a foot in depth, during three weeks."

CHAPTER XXIII.

SOIL OF OREGON.

I HAVE already had occasion in my remarks upon the mountains, rivers, lakes, harbors, etc., of Oregon, to advert to the character of the soil. It is thus rendered unnecessary to dwell long in this place upon this subject.

Eastern Oregon is, with the exception of a few small valleys, a sterile region, uninhabited and uninhabitable, and must forever continue to be so, until God shall be pleased to change the laws of nature. The soil that is found in some places, is for the most part impregnated with various salts, principally the carbonate and bi-carbonate of potash, and is but little adapted for cultivation. It is probable that an agricultural population could be sustained in the Bear river valley, and in the vicinity of Fort Hall. At the latter place, some imperfect attempts at agriculture have resulted in the production of small grains and vegetables, in quantities sufficient to supply the wants of the post; when I was there, on the 7th day of August, 1846, the price of flour was $40 per barrel. It may be, however, that this was owing to the fact, that attention was given to hunting, trapping, and trading with the Indians, rather than to agriculture, beyond what was necessary to supply the wants of the post, and without either the expectation or desire for a market.

The following is an analysis of the soil in the river bottom near Fort Hall, as examined by Colonel Fremont:—

Silica	68·55
Alumina	7·45
Carbonate of lime	8·51
Carbonate of magnesia	5·09
Oxyd of iron	1·40
Organic vegetable matter	4·74
Water and loss	4·26
	100·00

The soil of the lowlands on each side of Powder river and its affluents, and upon the elevated lands in the vicinity, is very deep, black, and extremely good, and the vegetation such as is usually found on good ground. The following analysis of Powder river soil, is from Col. Fremont's Narrative:—

Silica	72·30
Alumina	6·25
Carbonate of lime	6·86
Carbonate of magnesia	4·62
Oxyd of iron	1·20
Organic matter	4·50
Water and loss	4·27
	100·00

The soil about the missionary station of Lapwai, on the Cooscootske* is productive. Excellent crops of wheat, potatoes, corn, melons, pumpkins, peas, beans, etc., have been raised; and I have been informed that that these almost uniformly do well.

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* "The name of this river in the Journal of Clarke and Lewis, and in all other writings I have seen, is written Cooscooskee [or Kooskooskee]. This signifies the *water-water*. But Coos-cootske signifies the *little water*. *Coos*, water; *coots*, little; *ke*, the:— The Little River."—*Parker's Journal.*

This station is situated in a fertile valley running in a southerly direction from the Cooscootske. The Indian farms contain from five to twelve acres each, all fenced in, and on one of these an Indian raised in 1840, four hundred bushels of potatoes and forty-five bushels of wheat.

This portion of Oregon is well adapted to the raising of sheep. The ewes bear twice a year, and frequently produce twins. Horned cattle also do well.

The tract of country between the missionary station of Chimikane (sixty miles south of Fort Colville) and the Spokane is rather sterile, and but thinly wooded with spruce, larch, and pine, neither of which is of great size. The margin of the river is generally formed of sand and gravel, having a few alder and willow bushes growing upon it.

The country south of the Spokane is for the most part of igneous formation. It is generally level, and geologically characterized by flinty trap rock, of which the latitude of 48° north, seems to be the limit, commencing as far west as the Strait of Juan de Fuca, and running eastward on that parallel to the Rocky Mountains. North of that line, trap gives place to granite.

A rich and productive soil is found at Pierres's Hole, and the adjacent country. To this may likewise be added, Racine Amère, east of Salmon river Mountains. On Mill river, which unites with the Columbia at Fort Colville, from the south, there is a valley of rich bottom lands more than fifty miles in length. The hills on each side of this valley, are covered with forests of fine timber. The country west of the Salmon river Mountains, the Spokane woods, Okonagan, and the country lying between that and the range of mountains through which the river passes at the Falls, is a vast prairie, generally covered with a fine coat of most nutritious grass, and having in very many places an excellent soil.

The peculiarities of the soil in the immediate vicinity of Fort Colville render it superior, for the purposes of cultivation, to any other portion of the country upon the upper Columbia. Although 2200 feet above the sea, and in latitude 48°, 36′, 16″, north, longitude 118°, 4′, west, yet the whole of the northern posts of the Hudson Bay Company, depend upon the cultivation of crops at Colville for supplies of provisions. Wheat, corn, oats, potatoes, and beans are cultivated at this place. The corn however is not a sure crop, and generally not a good one, in consequence of the frosts of spring and the early frosts of autumn.

In the country lying between the Spokane and the Cooscootske, there are small valleys of great fertility, some of them being well covered with clover, growing spontaneously. Com. Wilkes, in his Narrative of the U. S. Exploring Expedition (vol. iv., p. 458), in speaking of one portion of his party that passed from Chimikane to Wallawalla via the Spokane and the Cooscootske, says, "In the afternoon, they passed through a rich and fertile valley, running in a southwest and northeast direction, in which the horses sank in clover up to their knees."

In the country lying north of the 50th parallel of north latitude, and between the Presidents' Range and the Rocky Mountains, there are many spots of fertile land along the rivers, but the late frosts of spring and the early frosts of autumn will ever be an insuperable obstacle to agriculture as a profitable pursuit. Potatoes, turnips, wheat, and barley, are, however, produced to a limited extent at Fort Alexandria, in latitude 52°, 30′ north; but only potatoes and turnips are cultivated at Forts St. James and Babine.

A large extent of country lies off to the south and southwest of Lewis river, including the country of the Shoshonees, which is a barren and cheerless waste, of such desolation in its appearance, that in passing through it, I sometimes said to my companions that the sight of it was enough to break the heart of even a sand-cricket. Indeed, I hazard nothing in affirming that the interior of America may be regarded as a great desert. Still, however, enough has already been said to show that this remark is not true without qualification. And it is probable that future explorations will result in the discovery of other valleys than those already mentioned, possessing a fertility promising, at least, some reward to agricultural industry, and constituting them an exception to the general sterility that is affirmed of Eastern Oregon.

Middle Oregon is not so well wooded, nor has it so fine a soil generally as Western Oregon, but it is superior to Eastern Oregon. After passing the Dalles of the Columbia, going eastward, an entirely new description of country presents itself; for although there are some forests east of this point, yet, as a general remark, it may be said that the line of woods extends no further than this point. The woods terminate at about the same distance from the coast in all parts of Oregon south of 48° north.

The country in very many places along the banks of the Wallawalla and its tributaries is fertile, and, except in the dry season, presents a green and luxuriant appearance. Immediately around Fort Wallawalla, there is no soil even for a garden, but a spot of near fifty acres, three miles distant, on the banks of the Columbia, where corn, wheat, pease, potatoes, etc., are cultivated. The garden embraces two acres, and has a deep, fertile soil of brown loam. The plants upon the sandy plain about the fort are Salsola, Opuntia, Dalea, Oberonia, Rubiaceæ, and Compositæ.

To the north and south of the Wallawalla river are extensive prairies, covered with grasses, which, springing up and growing luxuriantly in the early spring rains, are converted by the great heat of July into a natural and most nutritious hay, upon which the cattle feed, and which they prefer to the young grass of the meadows bordering the stream.

The soil in the vicinity of the small streams near the mission station of Waiilatpu, is a deep and rich black loam. The quantity, however, susceptible of irrigation does not probably exceed ten thousand acres. This can be made to yield most luxuriant crops. Wheat grows here seven feet high, and corn nine feet. In the kitchen-garden which was cultivated at this place until the late Dr. Whitman and family were murdered by the savages, all the vegetables usually cultivated in the United States were raised.

It should be remarked, however, that such is the dryness of this climate, that irrigation will, probably, generally be necessary to the production of good crops. The climate is very dry, as it seldom rains for seven or eight months in the year, during the greater part of which time the country, forty miles north and south of this strip, assumes a brown and parched appearance.

Although this country is not very well adapted to agricultural pursuits, it is yet truly a bucolic region. There is nowhere a better pastoral country. Vast numbers of cattle may be supported upon the natural hay of the country. One Cayuse chief has upon these feeding grounds a vast herd of horses, fifteen hundred of which he is reported to have proposed to give as a dowry with his daughter to any white man who would marry her.

Passing from Waiilatpu to Chimikane and Fort Colville, by the windings of the Peluse river, and over the middle sections of Oregon, the country is an upland plain, covered with herbage, but destitute of trees and running streams, yet having numerous ponds of fresh water.

The soil in the country around Fort Okonagan is too poor for farming purposes, and only a few potatoes are grown. Grass, however, is abundant, and all kinds of cattle thrive remarkably well.

The soil in the vicinity of the Dalles of the Columbia varies in quality, but much of it is very fertile, producing, when irrigated, excellent crops of corn, potatoes, and peas. Wheat is sown in October and March, and yields at harvest (June) about twenty-five bushels to the acre.

While of Eastern Oregon, and a considerable portion of Middle Oregon, it may be said that fertility, in particular places, is the exception to the general sterility, of Western Oregon it may, with great propriety, be affirmed that places of sterility are the exceptions to the general fertility of a country, nowhere excelled in beauty and sublimity of scenery, or surpassed in uniform productiveness. And I make this remark upon the subject of the productive capacity of Oregon in full view of the fact, that I have already conceded that in very favorable seasons, in a few particular places in California, and under other peculiar circumstances, a greater number of bushels of wheat, per acre, have been grown, than have ever been produced in Oregon. But it must not be forgotten, that the crops of Oregon are uniform, and the seasons constant, while the crops of California are far more uncertain, and the seasons frequently irregular. Such an occurrence as seed put into the ground, in a manner making even a tolerable approach to that of good husbandry, failing to produce a good crop, has never been known in Oregon. This, unfortunately, can not truthfully be affirmed of crops sown in California.

The soil of Western Oregon varies from a deep black vegetable loam, to a light brown, or red loamy earth, which probably receives its coloring matter from the oxyd of iron. The bottom lands and prairies are usually characterized by the former, while the heavy timbered lands, and the hills covered with beautiful open oak groves, are characterized by the latter. The red soil of the uplands is believed by many to be the most productive. It is certain that the continued dry weather will not cause it to bake, as the lowlands of black soil frequently do.

The La Creole, which has been corrupted to Rickreall, is a tributary which the Wilhamette receives upon its western side, about sixty miles above Oregon City. The Lumtumbaff, which has been corrupted to

Long Tom Bath, is also a tributary of the Wilhamette, which it receives upon the western side, about ten miles above the La Creole. Between these two affluents the rocks change from a basalt to a whitish clayey sandstone. The soil also varies with it to a grayish brown, instead of the former light brown or red. Proceeding up the valley, south of the Lumtumbaff, some portions of the prairies are composed of gravel and white sand, mixed with clay, while in most places they are characterized by a deep black vegetable loam.

The soil of the Wilhamette valley is the most fertile in Oregon, but the imperfect tillage it has received renders the quantity of grain grown upon any given portion of it an imperfect measure of its productive capacity. Emigrants usually arrive in the country in autumn, with their teams broken down, and with their own vital energies exhausted by the privations, hardships, labors, and fatigues of a protracted journey. They are likewise without farming utensils, all of which are scarce, and command high prices. To this may be added, that they are mostly without money, and are in other respects not in a condition to commence the tillage of the soil in a manner that would justify the expectation that it would yield a return for their labor, equal to its productive capacity. The scarcity and very high price of farming utensils (I have seen cast iron ploughs sell for $45), prevent those who have been longer settled from cultivating the land in a proper manner. An opinion, however, may be formed upon this subject from the fact, that from ten acres sown in the Wilhamette valley, near the Methodist Mission, fifty-four bushels and three pecks per acre were obtained. The ground was prairie, having the wheat sown upon the newly-turned sod, and harrowed in, I believe, by dragging a pile of brush over it. Upon being reaped and thrashed, it was measured, and found to yield as above. These facts were related to me by the owner, Mr. A. B. Smith, of Yamhill county, who sustains the reputation of a most worthy and excellent man.

It must not, however, be inferred from the foregoing, that it is any thing like an example of an average yield. This does not, in the present state of agriculture in Oregon, exceed, if it even equals, the half of that number of bushels. But the late Dr. Marcus Whitman, who was during several years a missionary in Oregon, informed me that he was well acquainted with the character of the Genesee country, which is, perhaps, the best wheat growing country, not only in New York, but in the United States; and that the Wilhamette valley at least equaled, if it did not even surpass, the Genesee valley in this respect. And he expressed the opinion that the labor and skill of the New York cultivators would cause the lands of the Wilhamette valley to yield from forty to fifty bushels per acre.

The following general remarks upon the soil of Oregon, from a "Journal of an Exploring Tour beyond the Rocky Mountains," by the Rev. Samuel Parker, A.M. (p. 342), are inserted here as being useful, and to the point:—

"Far the greater part of the soil of Oregon is formed from decomposed lava, and other like substances, reduced by atmospheric agencies, which forms a fine, rich black mold. Some parts, however, are in a different condition: such as the great desert of the Shoshonees or Snake country. . . . . This desert, occupying as it does, so many square miles, is to a great extent covered with scoria and other volcanic matter, which, from their nature, render it a barren region. Other tracts of country are argillaceous. In several localities, escarpments of clay, diversified in structure, are presented. The layers are from a few inches to twenty feet in thickness. Their colors are dusky red, brown, blue, green, yellow, and, in some instances, pure white, and not unfrequently more or less indurated. Still, other tracts are calcareous; and some parts, especially near the Rocky Mountains, are covered with a silicious sand, mixed with a volcanic detritus; while a few, and only few, parts of the country afford vegetable mold."

Some further information upon this subject will be found in the somewhat kindred chapters upon productions and geology. I shall, therefore, conclude my remarks under this head, by making three extracts from Com. Wilkes' narrative; the first of which directly touches this subject, while the others are not wholly irrelevant, and certainly not uninteresting. He says: "In comparison with our own country, I would say that the labor necessary in this territory (Oregon) to acquire wealth or subsistence, is in the proportion of one to three; or in other words, a man must work throughout the year three times as much, in the United States, to gain the like competency. The care of stock, which occupies so much time with us, required no attention there; and on the increase only a man might find support." He further says: "There will be also a demand for the timber of this country, at high prices, throughout the Pacific. The oak is well adapted for ship timber; and abundance of ash, cedar, cypress, and arbor-vitae, may be had for other purposes—building, fuel, fencing, etc." Again he says: "No part of the world offers finer inland sounds, or a greater number of harbors, than are found within the Straits of Juan de Fuca, capable of receiving the largest class of vessels, and without a danger in them which is not visible. From the rise and fall of the tides (eighteen feet) every facility is afforded for the erection of works for a great maritime nation. The country also affords as many sites for water-power as any other."

CHAPTER XXIV.

PRODUCTIONS OF OREGON.

THE productions of Oregon are necessarily greatly limited, in consequence of its recent settlement and remote geographical position. The following table of the productions of Oregon for the year 1846, is in part ascertained by assessors, and in part estimates :—

Counties.	Wheat.	Oats.	Pease.	Potatoes.
	Bushels.	*Bushels.*	*Bushels.*	*Bushels.*
Polk	20,000	14,720	5,200	6,100
Yamhill	24,546	5,217	1,009	10,076
Twalatin	33,000	21,000	5,400	13,000
Clatsop	8,000	5,217	6,400	7,000
Lewis	12,450	9,250	4,475	5,760
Vancouver	21,000	15,700	6,200	7,080
Clackamus	19,867	12,140	4,900	9,000
Champoeg	6,000	36,000	12,420	21,400
	144,863	129,244	46,004	73,416

In the month of April, 1847, there were exported 1736 barrels of flour; 171,000 feet of lumber; and 96,000 shingles. At the time I sailed from the Columbia river (Nov. 4, 1847), it was believed that 180,000 bushels of wheat had been produced in addition to oats, barley, rye, pease, potatoes, turnips, etc. The Whiton, in which I sailed, was laden with flour, lumber, potatoes, and butter, for the California market. We spoke the Janet off the harbor going in for a load of lumber that was in readiness for her for the same market. The brig Henry arrived in the port of San Francisco a few days after my arrival in California, with a cargo of lumber, flour, beef, salmon, butter, and potatoes. At the time the Henry sailed, the Cowlitz was taking in a similar cargo also for the Sandwich Islands.

Notwithstanding these exports of the productions of the country, flour was selling for $7 50 per barrel at the time I sailed, although 4000 immigrants had just arrived in the country. The fact shows that there was believed to be an ample supply yet remaining for the home market.

The Oregon wheat is heavier than, and in all respects superior to, any wheat raised east of the Rocky Mountains. Mr. Townshend of the National Institute at Washington, having traveled in Oregon, and been an attentive and accurate observer, says that wheat, rye, barley, pease, and culinary vegetables of all kinds are raised in ample quantity; that the wheat is particularly fine and tall, with long and well filled heads. He affirms that he had an opportunity, subsequently to his return from Oregon, of seeing the deservedly celebrated Chilian wheat; but that he considered it decidedly inferior to that grown in Oregon.

Mills are not wanting to saw the lumber, and to grind the wheat when grown, there being at least fifteen saw-mills and eight flour-mills.

Indian corn is cultivated to a very limited extent, but will probably never be a profitable crop in Western Oregon. The heat of the sun is not sufficiently great, the nights are too cool, and there is a want of that rain during the summer season which is required by maize. It will thus be seen that while the winters of Oregon are much milder than in latitudes much farther south on the Atlantic side of the continent, the summers are cooler. The want of summer rains here spoken of, is a characteristic of the whole western coast of America, from about the fifty-fourth parallel of north latitude, southward. There is, moreover, the additional peculiarity, that the quantity of rain diminishes as we proceed south. In Oregon there are occasional light showers even in the summer. In California there are none at this season, and usually none during nine months in the year.

Several kinds of northern fruits, and especially apples, succeed very well in Oregon. So far as I am aware, however, there is no grafted fruit in the country, all being seedlings. Mr. Townshend, to whom reference has already been made, says that he was particularly struck on his arrival at Vancouver in the autumn, with the display of apples in the garden of the fort; that the trees were crowded with fruit, so that every limb required to be sustained by a prop; that the apples were literally packed along the branches, and so closely that he could compare them to nothing more aptly than to ropes of onions, as they are sometimes exhibited for sale.

I am not aware that hemp has been sown in Oregon, but the opinion has been expressed by practical agriculturalists that no part of the United States is better adapted to it. Flax has been very successfully cultivated, and indeed this country is peculiarly adapted to its growth. This is shown not only by the practical results but by the fact that a species of flax which in the stalk, the boll, the seed, the closing of the blue flower in the day, and its opening in the morning and evening, and in short in every thing except that it is perennial, is indigenous to the country. It has a long and very tough fiber, which is used by the natives for making fishing-nets.

In addition to the productions already mentioned, there are a great many fruits and berries which grow spontaneously, and in great profusion. Of these I may mention strawberries, cranberries, June-berries, blackberries, whortleberries, service-berries, gooseberries, and several kinds of currants.

To this list of productions might be added several species of nutritive roots, the most important of which are the cammas and the wappatoo, which are described in a previous chapter.

CHAPTER XXV.

FISH AND FISHERIES OF OREGON.

ALL the bays, harbors, sounds, and inlets of Oregon abound with fish; so also do the rivers, the cascades of which do not present an impracticable barrier to the passage of the fish up them. No country in the world, perhaps, has so great a number of fisheries, and in these it possesses in itself a sure means of subsistence, at a low price, and a great source of wealth. I have no certain and reliable information as to the quantity taken, but from the best I could obtain, I estimate it at two thousand five hundred barrels. It is believed, however, that fifty thousand barrels might be taken. Men who are usually prudent and moderate, when contemplating the great numbers of fisheries in the rivers and along the coast, and the almost incredible quantities of fish, have estimated the number which might be taken for exportation at one hundred thousand barrels, after supplying the amount necessary for home consumption.

The salmon run twice a year, beginning in May and October. At these seasons all the Indian tribes subsist upon them. The largest, I believe, are taken in the Columbia river, some of which weigh fifty pounds, but the average weight is about twenty pounds. There are some few branches of this stream which the fish do not enter in the spring, because, as is supposed, of the water being too cold; but these are abundantly supplied in the autumn, when the water is warmer.

It is believed that there are not less than six different varieties of the true salmon that ascend the waters, commencing between the twentieth of April and the first of June. Their muscular power is very great, as may be seen by any one who stands upon the bank of the Wilhamette, at Oregon City, and immediately below the falls of that stream. I have, during several hours, stood to observe their efforts to throw themselves over these falls, by springing out of the water. Many of them fail, and by falling upon the rocks, kill themselves. At two places the water does not descend at once, but by two leaps. At these the salmon often succeed in throwing themselves upon one bench, and finally into the river above. Very many continue their efforts until they die from exhaustion, when they float upon the surface, a prey to eagles and savages, or float down until they lodge against some tree that has fallen into the river, where they are devoured by buzzards.

It is believed that the salmon, after coming from the sea and entering the rivers, never return, but proceed up to the very sources of the streams. It is known that they enter even the rivulets, still struggling to ascend, until the water becomes so shallow, that the flesh from the nose and under part of the body is worn off by continued rubbing against the gravel and rocks. Multitudes of them thus perish; and their offensive and putrid bodies are devoured by Indians and wild beasts. When not used immediately for food, the savages hang them upon the limbs of trees for the purpose of drying them, and preserving them from the wolves. These are afterward devoured, though decayed and filled with maggots.

The salmon taken at any considerable distance up the streams are not suitable for food, because of their having become so lean, in consequence of their not finding sufficient food, and by their continued efforts to press on upward. Those taken at Chinook Point, near the mouth of the Columbia, are regarded as the best. Those taken at the Cascades are less valuable, and those taken at the Dalles inferior to these. All, however, are superior to any taken in other parts of the world. But their quality continues to deteriorate in proportion to the distance of the fishery from the sea, until they become wholly worthless. The fish taken at Chinook are remarkably fat, but are not so good for salting as those taken at Wilhamette Falls. The best is a dark silvery fish, weighing from forty to fifty pounds, and three or four feet in length.

Those of the common size are from two and a half to three feet in length, proportionably broad, and covered with imbricated scales of a moderate size. The eye is large, the iris of a silvery color, and the pupil black; the nose extends a little beyond the under jaw, and both jaws are armed with a single series of long teeth, which are subulate, and inflected near the extremities of the jaws, where they are also more closely arranged. They have also sharp points upon the tongue, which is thick and fleshy. The fins of the back are two; the first is placed nearer the head, and has several rays; the second is far back, near the tail, and has no rays. The meat of this is of every shade, from a deep flesh-color to an orange-yellow, but when very meager, is almost white. The roe is in high estimation among the natives, who preserve it by drying it in the sun.

It is not known where the spawn of this fish is deposited, nor is it known whether the young fry go to the ocean as young fish, or whether the spawn is carried down and matured into life in the salt water. They are believed to return in the fourth year after their descent.

The Indians have many superstitions and practices connected with the salmon. At the commencement of the fishing season, they will not, under any circumstances, either sell or give a fish to a white man, until they have first cut it crosswise and deprived it of its heart. So, also, if any one of their number is about to die, he is taken to the woods, where he expires alone. This custom originates in an opinion that any one who touches a dead body will not be able to take any more fish during that season. A few permit their friend to die in the wigwam, but they cease fishing for several days afterward, from a belief that they could not take fish within the time. They also regard the crossing of a horse at the ford as being very unlucky.

Dogs are very fond of the raw fresh salmon; but it is usually fatal to them. It is only the fresh salmon which, so far as I can learn, is thus injurious. And hence an opinion very generally prevails that the poison is contained in the blood. About the second day after eating the salmon, the dog is observed to be dull and moping. On the fourth day he rejects all nourishment but the fatal salmon, which, if permitted, he continues to devour with great eagerness until he expires, about the tenth day. In a few cases they are saved.

Of salmon-trout there are at least two kinds, differing, however, only in color. They are seldom more than two feet in length, and are not so broad in proportion to their length as either the salmon or red char, the latter of which will presently be described. The jaws are nearly of the same length, and are furnished with a single series of subulate straight teeth, neither as long nor as large as those of the salmon. The mouth is wide, and on the tongue there are also teeth. The fins are placed much like those of the salmon. The one kind is of a silvery white color on the belly and sides, and of a bluish light brown on the back and head. The other kind is of a dark color on its back, and its sides and belly are yellow, with transverse stripes of dark brown; a little red being sometimes intermixed with these colors on the belly and sides toward the head. The eye, flesh, and roe, are like those of the salmon.

The white species of salmon-trout are generally in good condition, and suitable for food when the salmon are entirely out of season, and not fit for use; they associate with the red char in creeks. This fish is about two feet eight inches in length, and weighs ten or fifteen pounds. The eye is moderately large; the pupil black, with a small admixture of yellow; the iris of a silvery white, a little tinged near its border with a yellowish brown. The fins are small in proportion to the size of the fish, and are bony though not pointed, except the tail and back fins, which are slightly so. The prime back fin and the ventral ones contain each ten rays, those of the gills thirteen, the tail twelve;

the small fin placed near and above the tail, has no rays, but is a tough flexible substance, covered with a smooth skin. It is thicker in proportion to its width than that of the salmon; the tongue is thick and firm, armed on each side with small subulate teeth in a single series, and the teeth and mouth are as before described.

The mountain, or speckled salmon-trout, is found in the waters of the Columbia, within the mountains. They are large, frequenting creeks and small streams, and seem to delight themselves in cool spring water.

The red char is rather broader, in proportion to its length, than the common salmon. Its scales, also, are imbricated, but rather larger; the rostrum, or nose, extends beyond the under jaw, and the teeth are neither so large nor so numerous as those of the salmon. Some of these fish are almost entirely red on the belly and sides; others are much whiter than the salmon; and none of them are variegated with dark spots, though in regard to their flesh, roe, and in every particular of form, they are like that fish.

The *Shrough* is a small fish, resembling the herring, about four inches long. It is found in great numbers in the streams and little lakes about the Strait of Juan de Fuca. This fish is remarkably fat, and it furnishes the natives with their best oil, which is extracted by the very simple process of hanging it up, exposed to the sun, which in a few days seems to melt it away. The oil is received in troughs, and then put into fish bladders, in which it is preserved to be exchanged for the products of other tribes.

Shrough, herring, and sardines, are all taken by the natives in one and the same manner, and in vast quantities. They first drive the shoals into the small coves or shallow waters, when a number of Indians in canoes continue splashing the water; while others sink branches of pine. The fish are then easily taken out with scoops or wicker baskets. Herrings and sardines, after being cleaned, are strung on rods, and hung in rows over their fires, to smoke; when sufficiently dried, they are packed in mats, for their winter food.

The bays and inlets abound with sturgeon, cod, carp, flounders, perch, herring, and eels; also with shell-fish—crabs, oysters, etc. Great numbers of lamprey-eels are taken in the rivers. I have seen multitudes of them about the rocks at the falls of the Wilhamette, crawling up, by suction, an inch at a time. Far greater numbers fill the crevices below the surface of the water; and I have spent many an hour watching an Indian, who, with a woolen cloth upon his hand, to prevent them from slipping through, would stoop down, and with his right hand firmly grasp the eel, and draw it out of the water, when taking hold of it with his left hand also, he would bring it to his mouth, and crush its head between his teeth; after which he would toss it upon the bank above, continuing to repeat the performance with the most astonishing rapidity, and with the precision of a military drill. When the fellow had caught a pile of eels as large as he could carry, he would go up, and after stringing them upon willow branches, walk away with them hanging over his shoulders and down to his heels, looking as proud as though he would not speak to a savage who had not a load of lamprey-eels.

The salmon fisheries of Oregon constitute one of the great sources of its wealth, and when fully developed by a proper application of capital, will probably be found to be more productive than any other fisheries in the world, if we except those of the great banks of Newfoundland.

I have already in my remarks upon the Wilhamette river, adverted briefly to its great salmon fishery at the falls, and the manner in which the Indians take the fish. Every river of Oregon from which the salmon are not cut off by impassable cascades, has its fisheries, at which great numbers may be taken. But it will only be necessary briefly to mention a few of the most important.

The Cascades of the Columbia is one of those places which, by presenting a partial obstruction to the instinctive efforts of these fish to make their way up the stream, causes them to be found here in great numbers. In addition to the methods adopted by the savages for taking salmon at the falls of the Wilhamette, the Indians at the Cascades construct, of rocks and stones, a sort of canal, about fifty feet in length, through which the salmon seeking to pass, to avoid the stronger current in the main body of the stream, are taken in great numbers. During the salmon season the Indians congregate at this place in numbers amounting to several hundreds.

Forty miles above this fishery is that of the Dalles. Besides the main channel of the river at this place, there are several smaller canals only a few feet wide, through which the water passes when the river is high, which occurs during the salmon season. When the flood is at its greatest height, the water in them is about three feet from the top of the flat rocks between which it flows. Upon these the Indians stand, and by means of hooks and spears, take great numbers of salmon, as they attempt to pass on their way up. The method pursued by the Indians for this purpose, does not materially differ from that made use of at the Wilhamette Falls, except that the character of the canals renders planks to stand upon unnecessary.

The fishing season commences in May, and ends in October, during which time, the men do nothing else. As soon as the fish are taken, they are laid in the hot sun upon the rocks, that their skins may be more readily removed. This operation is performed by the "*clootchmen*" (women), who also remove the bones, and by pounding, reduce the fish to fine particles which are then spread upon mats, and dried in the sun for consumption during the winter. The heads, liver, heart, and offal are roasted and used for the supply of their present necessities.

At the close of the fishing season the Indians, who have congregated about the Dalles, retire to their villages, where they spend the remainder of the year in comparative inactivity; excepting, perhaps, an occasional marauding enterprise against their neighbors. Although the country abounds in wild fruits, and also in bear, elk, and deer, yet such is the laziness and improvidence of the natives, that they are not unfrequently upon the very verge of starvation between the close of one fishing season and the commencement of another.

Another important salmon fishery is at John Day's river, where great numbers are taken with spears and hooks.

The last important fishery which I shall notice is that at the Kettle Falls on the Columbia, near Fort Colville. Here the Indians stand upon the margin of the foaming and boiling pools with their spears in their hands, intently watching for the fish, which, being seen, is with an unerring dart instantly killed. There is an Indian village in the vicinity of these falls, inhabited by a tribe called the *Quiarlpi*, or Basket People, from a method which is used for taking fish at this place. A large wicker basket is supported upon long poles inserted in the rocks. The poles are formed into a sort of broad frame, to the lower part of which, the basket is joined. Against this frame the fish, in attempting to leap over the falls, strike, and fall into the basket. This is raised two or three times in each twenty-four hours, for the purpose of taking out the fish, which frequently number three hundred. A division is made among not only each family of the Quiarlpi, but also among those of such other tribes as may be transiently at the place for the purpose of taking fish. Almost all the salmon that succeed in passing the lower fall are taken between the two, and none are taken above the upper one. The fish, when taken, are removed to large masses of quartz rock below the falls, when they are dried for winter use.

When the savages fish for the Hudson Bay Company, as soon as a cargo is caught, it is brought in canoes to the nearest trading post, where squaws are employed by the Company to cut up and prepare the fish for being put into vessels. The Indians after the number of fish has been ascertained, receive a ticket, which, at the close of the season, is exchanged for ammunition, baize, tobacco, cottons, beads, calicoes, blankets, etc.

After the head and backbone are removed, the fish are placed in a large hogshead with coarse salt, where they remain a few days, within which time they become firm. The pickle is then drawn off and boiled in a large copper kettle, and the blood which rises to the surface, in consequence of the boiling process, is removed, and the pickle left perfectly pure. The salmon are then packed in tierces, and laid upon their bilge, the bunghole being left up and open. Around this hole a circle of clay is next formed, and into this the oil from the salmon rises. This oil is carefully removed. As the fish takes up the pickle, more is added, so as to keep the liquid up into this clay cup, and afford facilities for removing the ascending oil. When this ceases to rise, the process of pickling the salmon is complete, and the hole is immediately closed. When thus prepared they will keep for three years, and if the quality of the fish was originally good; and they were fresh when put into salt, they possess a most rare excellence.

END OF VOL. I.

The Camp of Death.

OREGON AND CALIFORNIA

IN 1848:

BY J. QUINN THORNTON,

LATE JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF OREGON, AND CORRESPONDING MEMBER
OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE.

WITH AN APPENDIX,

INCLUDING RECENT AND AUTHENTIC INFORMATION ON THE SUBJECT OF

THE

GOLD MINES OF CALIFORNIA,

AND OTHER VALUABLE MATTER OF INTEREST TO THE EMIGRANT, ETC.

With Illustrations and a Map.

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OREGON AND CALIFORNIA.

CHAPTER I.

HISTORICAL NOTICE OF THE COLONIZATION OF OREGON.

THE interior of Oregon Territory was a vast unknown wilderness until its partial exploration by Lewis and Clarke. The journal of their expedition was read with great interest. The information, however, which was thus obtained had no direct and practical effect upon the colonization of Oregon. The report made by the commanders of the expedition was far from being, upon the whole, calculated to encourage settlement, and all interest in that country seemed at length to have been lost, until in 1817, when Hall J. Kelly, A.M., while engaged as a teacher in one of the public schools of Boston, became impressed with a sense of the value and importance of the country west of the Rocky Mountains. From a memorial to Congress, at its last session, upon the early colonization of Oregon, I make the following extracts, which refer to Mr. Kelly:—

"He conceived the plan of colonizing the territory, having for the object and end of such a labor, the founding of a new republic of civil and religious freedom on the shores of the Pacific Ocean, and extending the blessings of Christianity to the Indian tribes. In carrying out this long cherished wish and purpose, he obtained from personal conferences with intelligent navigators, and from divers other sources of correct information, a knowledge of the natural advantages of that territory for trade and commerce, the uniform mildness of the climate, and the capabilities of the soil; and without conferring with flesh and blood, and in despite of the entreaties of prudent, worldly-wise friends, and in full view, too, of all the history of the past, and of the experience of all the discouragements ever attending on such enterprises, with which his reading made him familiar, he resolved on the devotion of his life to the realization of his plans, in the hope of doing something worthy of the sacrifice, by planting on the northwest coast of America the vine of Christianity, and the germ of civil freedom." *

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* Since writing the above, I have ascertained that the Hon. Thomas H. Benton wrote the first newspaper article to turn public attention to the importance of occupying Oregon Territory. He frequently conversed upon the subject with the deceased Judge Shannon, who had accompanied Lewis and Clarke in their expedition to the mouth of the Columbia river; and he urged the late Governor Floyd to press upon the attention of Congress the necessity for immediate action. Nor did Mr. Benton ever lose sight of this great and favorite measure; and when the amiable and lamented Linn gave, in some sense, to Oregon the affections of his heart, still Mr. Benton was her friend. At length, when the Hon. Stephen A. Douglass, the distinguished Senator from Illinois became a member of Congress, he exerted every energy of his great mind in seeking to ameliorate the condition of the emigrants, and in vindication of the American title to the country. When the people of Oregon were in danger from the Indian tribes in their midst, Benton and Douglass strove side by side for an extension of the laws and arms of the United

During several years Mr. Kelly continued to memorialize Congress, praying the co-operation of the government; and these memorials are now a part of the printed and permanent documents of that branch of our government. He continued to labor, and in the year 1828 he planned an expedition, which proposed to commence its overland march from St. Louis to Oregon. To this end he selected agents in all the states of the Union, from among gentlemen whom he had succeeded in favorably impressing with his own enlarged patriotic, and philanthropic views; and in 1829 a society was formed with a view to the more successful prosecution of his enterprise.

In the same year Capt. Dominis, commanding the brig Owyhee of Boston, entered the Columbia river, and casually communicated to Dr. John McLaughlin, at that time Chief Factor of the Hudson Bay Company west of the Rocky Mountains, the fact that Mr. Kelly was thus employed in making preparations for the colonization of Oregon. Immediately after it became known in Oregon that Mr. Kelly was engaged in this enterprise, several of the servants of the Hudson Bay Company were sent to commence improvements upon some of the best lands in the Wilhamette valley, but whether for the purpose of anticipating the formation

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States over that people for their protection; and when many of our people, including the Presbyterian missionaries, were at length murdered by the savages, these gentlemen most earnestly and eloquently labored to obtain that protection which the people of Oregon had long and vainly sought. Not easily or soon will the labors of these and other gentlemen be forgotten by a grateful people in whose hearts are cherished the names of men they will ever love to honor.

of an American settlement by Mr. Kelly can only be conjectured.

In 1830 several Canadians commenced the occupancy of lands near the Falls of the Wilhamette, which is now the site of Oregon City. They afterward removed farther up the river, where they established themselves in a beautiful and productive agricultural district.

At the time these events were transpiring in Oregon, Mr. Kelly was engaged in the preparation of a "Geographical Memoir of Oregon," which he published in the same year (1830), accompanied by a map, drawn by himself, and also a "Manual of the Oregon Expedition," for the guidance of emigrants. In these publications he presented the facts then obtained, which were calculated to show the political and commercial value and importance of the country, and sent them to a great number of public functionaries.

In 1831 he obtained from the legislature of Massachusetts an act, incorporating "the American Society for encouraging the settlement of the Oregon Territory." Among the officers of the Society were General John McNeil, John L. Blake, D.D., and Washington P. Gregg, Esq.

In this year several hundred persons had already been enrolled in the emigration books by Mr. Kelly, and preparations were made for entering upon the expedition which he had projected in 1828. Among the persons thus enrolled were Capt. Bonneville, of the U. S. Army, and Capt. Nathaniel Wyeth, of Cambridge. It was proposed to give to the expedition the form of a military organization, and both these gentlemen were to have command in it. The contemplated route of the emigrants was to be from St. Louis to the Nebraska, and thence, after following up that stream, through Fremont's South Pass. The enterprise was supposed to conflict with the interests of several British and American fur companies, and with that of persons engaged in the commerce of the North Pacific Ocean. Erroneous statements respecting the character of the country, the facilities for traveling, and the motives of Mr. Kelly, prompted by this supposed conflict of interest, were made through the press; and such was the power and influence which were brought to operate against the execution of his well-matured and wisely-conceived plans, that the expedition was at length broken up. A few, however, who had been induced by Mr. Kelly to engage in the enterprise, adhered to their purpose, and crossed the Rocky Mountains. Two of these, John Ball, Esq., and Mr. Calvin Tibbits, were the first American citizens who commenced farming, and opened a school in Oregon. Captain Nathaniel Wyeth was also one of those whom Mr. Kelly induced to enlist in the enterprise, for the purpose of forming a settlement; but he subsequently changed his purpose, and went into Oregon, not as a settler, but as a trader among the Indians.

Messrs. Ball, Tibbits, and others crossed the Rocky Mountains in 1832, and upon their arrival at Fort Vancouver, Mr. Ball being a gentleman of more than ordinary intellectual endowments, and having received a collegiate education, with a view to the practice of law, opened a school for the instruction of Indian and half-breed youth, under the auspices of Doctor John McLaughlin, the Chief Factor of the Hudson Bay Company. This was the first school established in Oregon.

In the spring of 1833 Messrs. Ball and Tibbits commenced farming. After the first season, finding none of their countrymen disposed to sustain them, they ceased to cultivate the soil. Mr. Ball returned to his native land, and Mr. Tibbits commenced teaching.

Mr. Kelly passed the winters of 1830, 1831, and 1832 at Washington, in making known to the authorities there, the nature and extent of his plans, in communicating information, and in an unavailing effort to induce the General Government, in some manner, to co-operate with him in his enterprise. After the breaking up of his expedition by land, he sought to get up an expedition by sea. But here obstacles were in like manner thrown in his way, and in this, also, his efforts were rendered ineffectual.

It was his intention to accompany the expedition which was forming in 1831, but after it had been broken up, and believing that one of the objects which he had in view (colonization), would result from what had already been done, and not deeming his presence in Oregon at that time essentially necessary to the accomplishment of his purposes, a desire to make some arrangements with the authorities of Mexico, for opening a trade between Oregon and the ports of California, induced him to determine upon proceeding upon his journey through the Mexican States. In pursuance of this purpose, he left Boston in 1832 for Oregon, via Mexico.

In New Orleans new misfortunes awaited him. On arriving at Vera Cruz he was despoiled by the revenue officers of the most valuable portion of his goods destined for the Columbia river, although these goods were not subject to duty, and notwithstanding he was traveling with a passport from the State Department of the United States, which was endorsed by the proper Mexican authority.

He arrived at length at Monterey, in Upper California, in the summer of 1834, where he induced Mr. E. Young and a party of men to accompany him to Oregon, for the purpose of settling permanently in the country. This party arrived at Fort Vancouver, Oct. 15, 1834, with one hundred and twenty horses. Mr. Kelly's health had, in the mean time, been much impaired by hardship and exposure, and his spirit depressed by misfortune and oppression. After remaining some months in the country, and collecting "a large amount of valuable information relative to the geography and statistics of the Territory, and having made a particular survey of the Columbia river, from Vancouver to its mouth,"* he took passage in March, 1835, in the brig Dryade, for the Hawaiian Islands, and proceeded thence, in October, on board the whale ship Canton Packet, for his native land.

Mr. Young and others, whom Mr. Kelly induced to accompany him to Oregon, permanently settled in the country.

Mr. Kelly is now "in the decline of life, worn out by severe sufferings, having lost and sunk his whole fortune of upwards of thirty thousand dollars, bereaved of the ties of life, reduced to poverty and the premature decay of mental and physical powers."

I have been thus particular with regard to dates and facts, because historical justice has never been done to this gentleman. I have not the able work of Mr. Greenhow before me, but my recollection of it is that the only notice of Mr. Kelly which it contains, is a reference to him as a "patriotic American citizen, who gave the name of the Presidents' Range to the chain of mountains usually known as the Cascade Range." In Daniel Lee's "Ten Years in Oregon," Mr. Kelly is very summarily dismissed as "*one Hall J. Kelly.*"—*Fiat justitia ruat cœlum.*

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* Mr. Kelly's Memorial to Congress.

But Mr. Lee's residence of "Ten Years in Oregon," was probably a consequence of Mr. Kelly's long-continued and often-repeated appeals through the press to the Christian public, to send missionaries into Oregon. For this purpose he used the columns of the New England Christian Herald, at least as early as 1831. The editor of Zion's Herald, says, Dec. 11, 1839:—

"Mr. Kelly has frequently made philanthropic appeals to the public through the medium of our paper. Judging from what we have seen and heard, he is unquestionably the *founder* of the first American settlement in the Oregon Territory; and to his zeal and industry, in a great degree, are we indebted for the present interest felt by the religious and political, as well as by the business community, in the settlement and colonization of that western frontier. We well remember that for many years Mr. Kelly spared no pains to excite in the minds of the Christian public an interest that would induce the sending of missionaries into the far west, and that he labored with a zeal which knew no discouragement, and shrank from no sacrifice, to give a new world, as it were, to commerce and civilization."

The same gentleman, in an affidavit setting forth certain facts, sworn to January 30, 1843, concludes by saying—"And, perhaps, to his zeal and persevering efforts, is the religious community chiefly indebted for their missionary establishments in that country."

As early as the year 1831, the Methodist Board of Missions had been induced by Mr. Kelly to determine upon sending Messrs. Spalding and Wilson as missionaries to the Indians of Oregon, but the expedition which they proposed to accompany having been broken up, they changed their destination, and went to Liberia.

An event at length occurred, which caused another effort to be made to send the gospel to the Oregon Indians. Two natives were permitted to pass in company with a party of Capt. Sublette's trappers, from the Rocky Mountains to the Indian agency of the late Major Pilcher, and thence to St. Louis. At that place the celebrated Mr. Catlin learned from them that they desired to have persons sent to reside among them, for the purpose of communicating to their people the true knowledge of the Great Spirit. These facts being communicated to Christian gentlemen in Missouri, and to others in New England, the Methodist Episcopal Board of Missions, and also the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, immediately determined upon sending suitable persons to explore Oregon, with a view to the establishment of missions.

The call for missionaries by the Methodist Board, was made in the spring of 1833. To this call the late Rev. Jason Lee, and the Rev. Daniel Lee, then pursuing their studies at Wilbraham Academy, responded. On the 16th October of the same year, an appropriation of $3000 was made for their outfit. The Messrs. Lee and two laymen, Cyrus Shepherd and P. L. Edwards, having united with Capt. N. J. Wyeth's party, at Independence, proceeded in company with it across the great interior wilderness, and at length arrived at Vancouver, September 15, 1834; from which place, after a brief repose, the missionaries proceeded up the Wilhamette river, forty miles above the Falls, and commenced their establishment, October 6th, on the east bank of the stream. Rev. Jason Lee and party brought cattle through with them, which were the first owned by any American citizen west of the Rocky Mountains.

The Rev. Samuel Parker and Dr. Marcus Whitman were sent by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in 1835. They proceeded together with a company of American trappers, as far as the Rocky Mountains. At this point of the journey it was deemed advisable for Dr. Whitman to return for an additional number of missionaries. Mr. Parker continued from the point of his separation with Dr. Whitman, in company with the Nez Perces Indians, to Fort Wallawalla, and thence to Vancouver, the Wilhamette valley, etc.

The American Board having appointed Rev. H. H. Spalding and Mr. W. H. Gray as associates with Dr. Whitman, these, together with Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spalding, proceeded to the Rocky Mountains, with a party of American fur traders, and thence to Vancouver, with a party of the Hudson Bay Company, where they arrived in the autumn of 1836, bringing with them a small band of cows. A small wagon was brought as far as Fort Boissée, where they were induced to leave it, upon the representation of persons acquainted with the difficulties of the subsequent part of their route. Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spalding were the first white females that crossed the Rocky Mountains.

In 1837 Dr. Whitman established the mission station at Waiilatpu, about twenty or twenty-five miles east of Fort Wallawalla. Rev. Mr. Spalding established one about one hundred and twenty-five miles north-east of Wallawalla, on the Cooscootske river. To this station he gave the name of Lapwai (Clear-water). Mr. Gray remained in Oregon until the spring of 1837, when he returned to the United States.

Subsequently other missionaries were sent by the American Board. A station was established, called Chimikane, some ten or twelve miles north of the Spokane river, under the direction of Messrs. Eels and Walker.

The emigrants (in contradistinction to missionaries) of 1843 were the first who proceeded west of Fort Hall with wagons. A portion of these left their wagons and animals at Wallawalla, while other succeeded in taking theirs as far as the Dalles of the Columbia. A few of the emigrants wintered at Dr. Whitman's station. The main body proceeded down the Columbia in boats from the Dalles. This was the first party of immigrants who came into the country for the purpose of becoming cultivators of the soil.

I might proceed to present the history of the immigration of each subsequent year, but this would enlarge my work without a corresponding practical benefit. It is sufficient to say, that the facts respecting the character of the country which the missionaries and these immigrants communicated to their friends and the public, in the States, caused great numbers to turn their eyes to the interesting, beautiful, yet distant country of Oregon. The emigration of each subsequent year has gradually increased, up to the time of my sailing for the United States, when the immigration of 1847 amounted to not less than 4000. The total white population of Oregon now amounts to 12,000.

CHAPTER II.

HISTORY OF THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF OREGON.

WITH a title to Oregon, the government of the United States became involved in a protracted and intricate diplomatic controversy with the government of Great Britain respecting it. Through how many years of doubtful negotiation the correspondence proceeded, and how often the two nations were believed to be upon the eve of a rupture, are now subjects which have become a part of the history of both countries. At length, while the honorable the Secretary of State was laboriously engaged with his pen in a masterly vindication of our title to Oregon, the hardy and enterprising emigrant, unaccustomed to the forms and distinctions of diplomacy, and the laws and usages of nations relating to such questions, resolved upon terminating the dispute in his own way, and according to his own views of right and wrong, by means of his rifle, ax, and ox-goad. It may not become me to express even an opinion as to the extent of the influence which was thus exerted upon the negotiations which finally resulted in the settlement of the controversy by the establishment of the Oregon Treaty, signed at Washington, June 15, 1846, and ratified at London, July 17, of the same year. It is, however, certain that during the pendency of the negotiations our citizens were forming prosperous settlements in the rich and beautiful valley of the Wilhamette, and were thus giving strength to our title resting upon occupancy. Whatever may have been the strength of the American title resting upon discovery, exploration, cession, and contiguity, an actual possession of the country by an agricultural people was wanting to render that title clear and indisputable. Nothing was complete without this, and this the immigrants into Oregon gave to the nation, with a firm reliance upon its sense of justice, for such liberal grants of land as would, in part at least, remunerate them for their pecuniary sacrifices and exhausting toil in performing the journey. In exchanging their former places of residence for a habitation in the wilderness between three and four thousand miles distant from the capital of that country, to which they were still attached by the ties of duty, not less than those of admiration, kindred, and affection, they not only proposed to improve their condition by providing homes for themselves and for their offspring, but they believed that they would thus assist in bringing to an honorable and satisfactory termination a protracted and harassing dispute. And if, impressed with the solemn conviction that territorial disputes have at all times been found a fertile source of national hostility, and that most of the wars that have desolated the earth, have thus originated, they have in any degree been instrumental in averting strife between two great nations, the language, laws, and commercial interests of which should unite in a lasting peace, they believed that they ought not to be made to feel that even their most pressing wants were neglected or forgotten.

The emigrants also flattered themselves that in forming settlements upon the distant shores of the

Pacific, they would be made the honored instruments, in the hands of the Great Ruler of nations, for establishing the institutions of Christianity, civilization, and liberty, in

> "the continuous woods,
> Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
> Save his own dashings."

Without intending to expatriate themselves from the country, or to renounce their citizenship in the land of their nativity for a home in Oregon, they cheerfully exposed themselves in small parties to the dangers and perils of a long and exhausting journey of many months, through hostile Indian tribes, and over arid deserts and bleak mountains. Having arrived at the end of their journey, with their little fortunes wrecked by the difficulties of the way, and with their bodies broken down by the fatigues of their long continued travel, they were at once exposed, not only to the hardships and privations incident to the settlement of all new countries, but to those which are peculiar to their isolated condition; cut off as they were from the society and sympathies of civilized life, far distant from the inhabited borders of their native land, between which and them there was a vast region traversed by roving tribes of Indians, whose hands are against every man, and whose predatory habits are the source of continued annoyance and danger.

The thievish propensities of the savages of the country, also, in which the emigrants settled, were likewise a cause of unceasing irritation and disquietude, and especially so, since they were without an arm of the national defense to protect them, and without the weapons and ammunition necessary to enable them to protect themselves. In their immediate vicinity, too, were the subjects of a princess, claiming the right to exercise a sovereign jurisdiction over the country, and possessing the power to crush the rising colony in its infancy, either by the force of arms, or by refusing to sell to them the supplies necessary to their existence. If political considerations prevented the former, and benevolence and good will a resort to the latter expedient, the immigrants, nevertheless, felt that they were in the power of a people whose interests were inimical to their own.

In addition to these embarrassing and untoward circumstances, while the subjects of the British empire were covered by the protecting ægis of its laws, the American immigrants, although from year to year they hoped to see the paternal care of their government extended over them, were from time to time doomed to bitter disappointment, and to realize that they were without just and equitable laws to govern them, and to feel that they occupied the extraordinary and in every way anomalous position of a people who, without having either renounced their country, or been renounced by it, were, nevertheless, without one.

We love to dwell, with something more than even classic reverence, upon the story of our pilgrim fathers, who, landing upon the bleak coast of New England, established a state, without a king, more lasting than the rock upon which they disembarked. The heart of the patriot, too, swells with emotions of a just and honorable pride, and with gratitude to a watchful and guiding Providence, as he reads the history of the colonization of Jamestown, and observes so many instances of self-sacrifice, and of hardships and privations, borne with a high degree of the most heroic fortitude. But I trust that I may be permitted to express the opinion, that all history, both ancient and modern, may be challenged to furnish an instance of colonization so replete with difficulties met and overcome, so fraught with circumstances of discouragements sustained and submitted to, as those which characterized the settlement of the beautiful and fertile valley of the Wilhamette. Distant from the land of their nativity, surrounded by restless tribes of Indians, who clamorously and insolently demanded of the immigrants pay for lands which the immigrants had neither the means nor the right to purchase; still ardently desiring to have their names and their destiny connected with that of the republic; and yet, often pierced to the heart by the thought, which would sometimes, unbidden, obtrude itself upon the mind, that they were the victims of their country's neglect and unjustice; and suffering all the inconveniences and embarrassments which are necessarily felt by a resident and civilized community without a system of laws for the conservation of peace and order, they were at length compelled to organize and put in operation a provisional form of government.

In performing this arduous and difficult labor, so necessary to the removal of a suspense that rendered the people discontented and unhappy, and of an uncertainty that discouraged their efforts, and depressed their energies, they had to meet and remove obstacles to the administration of a temporary system of government, which are unknown in establishing one of a permanent form; yet, fully impressed with the solemn conviction that it was better to unite the sinews of government in the hands of even a single despot and tyrant, than to encounter the anarchy and confusion of a multitude without law, they addressed themselves to the task, difficult as it was, feeling that they merited the respectful consideration of the government of the country, and that at least they would no longer be wanting in duty to themselves.

The first effort which was made with a view to the organization of a civil government in Oregon was made at Champoeg, which at that time was the seat of the principal settlement in the Wilhamette valley. This was on the 7th of February, 1841, when, as the record shows, "a meeting of some of the inhabitants was held" "for the purpose of consulting upon the steps necessary to be taken for the formation of laws, and the election of officers to execute the same." The late Rev. Jason Lee, at that time the Superintendent of the Methodist mission among the Indians of Oregon, was called to the chair. He advised the selection of a committee for the purpose of draughting "a constitution and code of laws for the government of the settlements south of the Columbia river."

The names of persons regarded by the meeting as suitable were recommended to the people at large for governor, and for all other necessary officers. A resolution was also passed "that all settlers north of the Columbia river, not connected with the Hudson Bay Company, be admitted to the protection of our laws, on making application to that effect." On the 18th of the same month, persons were elected to fill the various offices, and they were instructed "to act according to the laws of New York," until other laws were adopted. They did not, however, enter upon the discharge of their duties. At a meeting, held on the 1st of July, of the same year, the committee which had been appointed, at the meeting of February 7th, to draught a constitution and laws, were instructed to confer with Captain Wilkes, U. S. N., and John McLaughlin, Esq. After this conference it was decided by a majority to be inexpedient, at that time, to proceed with the contemplated organization, and that the moral sense of right and wrong, by which the people had up to that time been held together as a community, was sufficient. The real cause, however, of this diversity of expression did not, perhaps, arise so much from the conviction that a civil government was unnecessary, as from a sense of an inability to pay the officers a just compensation. The people were few in number, greatly reduced in their pecuniary circumstances, occupying portions of the country remote from each other; engaged in felling forests, cultivating fields, and in other ways giving their utmost attention to supplying the pressing wants of themselves and their families. They were, too, without either books (excepting one copy of the Iowa Statutes), to which to refer for assistance in framing their laws, or a press upon which to print them when framed.

The difficulties and inconveniences incident to the peculiar condition of the colonists being more sensibly felt, and all realizing, at length, that something more efficient than a moral sense was requisite to the suppression of wrong, and the maintenance of right, a meeting of the citizens was held on the first Monday of March, 1843, to consider "the propriety of taking some measures for the civil and military protection of the colony," and for the purpose of taking "into consideration" "measures for the protection" of the herds against wolves and panthers. At this meeting civil and military officers were elected, the latter being instructed to form one or more companies of mounted riflemen. A legislative committee, consisting of nine persons, was also appointed to draught a constitution and code of laws, with instructions to report at Champoeg on the 5th of July. This committee having finished the task assigned to it, reported a constitution establishing a provisional government, with a triumvirate executive, styled "The Executive Committee."

The laws reported by this committee, although subsequently amended, prove that while they were not faultless, yet that the "legislative committee" had not proceeded rashly in laying the foundation of the civil superstructure. The great and only very material error committed was in the peculiar form given to the Executive.

The deliberations of the committee seem to have been characterized by dignity, moderation, and a respectful deference to each other's opinions. Their previous habits had not fitted them for debate; they received no compensation, and the condition of their domestic interests made it necessary for them to hasten away from the log-cabin, in which they legislated, and to return to their respective farms. Receiving no per diem allowance for their services, and the community which they represented being small, and possessing but little political consideration, neither lucre nor glory allured to office; and they were, therefore, not under the influence of the seductions of either interest or ambition, prompting them to consume time in making speeches for effect upon a constituency that felt itself obliged to men of integrity and capacity, who would accept of office. It is not wonderful, therefore, that "the legislative committee" addressed itself to its labor with energy and in good faith.

The following extract from the laws passed at that session will show the method proposed for defraying the expense of sustaining the Provisional Government during the fiscal year commencing July 5, 1843, and ending June 18, 1844:—"That subscription papers, as follows, be put in circulation, to collect funds for defraying the expenses of this government.

"We, the undersigned, hereby pledge ourselves to pay annually to the treasurer of Oregon Territory the sum affixed to our respective names, for the purpose of defraying the expenses of government: *Provided*, That in all cases, each individual subscriber may at any time withdraw his name from the said subscription, upon paying up all arrearages, and notifying the treasurer of the colony of such desire to withdraw."

The large immigration that came into the country in the autumn of 1843 assisted in effecting alterations in the face of the country, and in subsequent legislation. The organic law was regarded as being in some respects defective, and the land law was objectionable in some of its provisions.

In May, 1844, the people elected a second "executive committee," and a second "legislative committee." Peter G. Stewart, Osborn Russell, and W. J. Bailey, men of integrity and worth, were elected executive committee. Peter H. Burnett, David Hill, M. M. McCarver, M. Gilmore, A. L. Lovejoy, Robert Newell, Daniel Waldo, and T. D. Keizer, all patriotic and intelligent, constituted the legislative committee. About that time the public records began to assume a connected form.

On the 18th of June, 1844, the legislative committee having assembled at the Falls of the Wilhamette, and received the first message of the executive committee, proceeded to reconstruct the government. The executive power was united in a single hand, the legislative powers were regulated and defined, a judiciary system was established, and an act was passed, the object of which was to create a revenue which should be equal to the wants of an economical administration of the government.

The organic law thus passed by the legislative committee was adopted by the people, and is the present basis of the municipal regulations of the people of Oregon.

The second legislative committee having re-organized the government, and performed much labor during a session of nine days, adjourned, June 20th.

The legislative committee again assembled at Oregon City, December 16th, and continued in session eight days. Much important business was transacted. It may not be improper to state, in this connection, that a few persons, respectable for their character and influence in Oregon, discussed, about this time, the question of the expediency and necessity of an independent, instead of a provisional government. It was said, that the geographical position of the country, being such as to place it at so great a distance from the seat of the metropolitan government as to make it almost impossible to present the wants and wishes of the people, rendered it not only expedient, but necessary. The real cause, however, for this movement, was the discontent and even resentment felt in consequence of their seeming to have been left without protection, and in a state indicating abandonment by their country. They could not realize the difficulties with which the negotiations upon the subject of the title were beset, and hence they were not in a condition to appreciate the motives of the General Government for the delay; but happily for them, and the people of Oregon, the proposition was not favorably received. The people very generally looked forward with honest pride and hope to the time when the flag of their country would again wave above them, a visible sign that they had not been forgotten in their distant homes.

In the spring of 1845, his Excellency George Abernethy was elected the first Governor of Oregon.

The appearance, upon the Columbia, of the United States schooner Shark, in 1846, cheered the hearts of our citizens in that distant territory; and upon the stars and stripes being displayed, they were greeted by the spontaneous shouts of a people, whose minds were filled with a thousand glorious memories, which clustered about the emblem of their country's nationality. An ensign and union-jack being among the few articles preserved from the unfortunate wreck of that vessel, these were, with peculiar appropriateness, presented to the Provisional Government of Oregon, through his Excellency George Abernethy, by Lieut. Niel M. Howison, the late commander of the Shark. This was emphatically the first flag of the United States that waved over the undisputed and purely American territory of Oregon; for it was about the 22d of February, 1847, that a confirmation of the news of the Oregon treaty was received. Powder sufficient for a national salute having with great difficulty been procured, the flag of our country was flung to the breeze on the anniversary of the birthday of Washington, and at mid-day a national salute was fired from an old rusty and dismounted gun which had been given to us by a merchantman.

Every reasonable obstruction to the extension of the laws and jurisdiction of the United States over Oregon, arising out of the pendency of negotiations upon the title, having been removed by the Oregon treaty, our citizens expected, and they had a right to expect, that they would no longer be permitted to occupy their anomalous and extraordinary position. They could not believe that any local causes would be permitted to operate so as to prevent them from receiving that protection which was not a favor to be granted, but a right, which was not the less a right because of the circumstance of that weakness which has rendered it necessary for them to beset Congress again and again with memorials. It was with grief and astonishment, therefore, that the people were informed by the immigrants who arrived in September, 1847, that it had adjourned, without having done any thing to relieve them from their peculiarly embarassing and—considered with reference to the Indians—even dangerous position. I refer to it as a peculiarly embarassing position, because the Provisional Government, having a right to expect that the jurisdiction and laws of the United States would be extended over Oregon, could not legislate efficiently and usefully, so long as it was believed that a few brief months would bring in a new government, and perhaps entirely new measures and laws. A multitude of evils, which no one who has not lived in the country can understand or appreciate, spring out of this uncertainty. Had the General Government of the United States informed the Provisional Government of Oregon, that nothing would be done within the next ten years, then, while the people would without doubt have expressed their profound regret, yet they would at least have been relieved from that uncertainty and doubt which had previously so greatly paralyzed their efforts. They would immediately have commenced a useful and permanent system of legislation; and at the termination of the ten years, Oregon would have been ready to enter the American constellation as one of the very brightest stars in it. As it was, however, the intelligence was received with the profoundest sorrow, and a universal gloom pervaded the community, as the conviction forced itself upon the mind, that they were again left to the serious inconveniences arising out of their extraordinary position, and to the perilous circumstances in which they were involved, by being without arms and ammunition, in the midst of savages clamorously demanding pay for their lands, and not unfrequently committing the most serious injuries, by seizing property and by taking life, in consequence of the people having neither the ability nor the right to buy.

A number of individuals from different portions of the Wilhamette valley at length met in Yamhill county, when a committee was appointed to draught a memorial praying for the passage of a law establishing a territorial government in Oregon. That memorial was addressed to the Hon. Thomas H. Benton, and placed in the letter-bag of the bark Whiton, then in the Wilhamette, and about to sail. About this time, it was proposed to elect a delegate to Congress. This was at length decided to be impracticable, because:—1. We had no law authorizing such an election; 2. Because, if we had, there was not then time to give the notice, and do it before the only vessel would sail that could convey the delegate to the United States; 3. Because Congress not having passed a law establishing a territorial government, there was no law of the United States under which a delegate could demand to be received; and 4. It was not deemed expedient to elect a delegate with the expectation that a seat in the House of Representatives would be yielded to him from courtesy, and from the necessity of the case.

Under the circumstances, therefore, the question was solemnly asked—Can nothing be done? It was said to me, that my position as Judge of the Supreme Court of the Territory would probably cause Congress to confide in my representations and statements, and I was therefore urged to proceed immediately to the seat of the metropolitan government, and to rely upon the magnanimity and sense of justice of Congress for a compensation, in some manner, for my time, and the money which I might expend in the discharge of the duties imposed upon me, by entering upon the mission. I need not say that there was not a dollar in the treasury to meet these expenses. Having received a letter from the Governor of Oregon to the President of the United States, stating the nature and objects of the mission, and, for reasons already mentioned, written not as an official but as a private letter, I proceeded without delay to make my preparations to embark immediately on board the bark Whiton, for the purpose of proceeding, with as much dispatch as possible, to the seat of government at Washington.

I believed that, when Congress were made acquainted with the embarrassing circumstances in which their fellow citizens of Oregon were situated, although they had done nothing for them up to this time, yet the Government would not, nay it could not, be guilty of the monstrous injustice of permitting an omission to extend to them the protection of the laws of their native country to mark another year. Congress had hitherto permitted this unhappy omission, because of the impossibility of their knowing the real condition and wants of their brethren in that distant land, and because of slavery becoming an element of the question, as to whether the General Government would proceed at once to the discharge of its most solemn duty, to throw over all its citizens the ægis of its laws.

I was also encouraged to hope for prompt and efficient action upon this subject, from a consideration of the additional fact that the Oregon treaty had removed every obstacle which could be referred to as a reason for not granting to the colonists of Oregon the protection of the laws of their country, and the means of defense against the Indian tribes. I believed that it would ill comport with the character of a great nation to urge, that protection could not be *afforded* to a people whose duty and allegiance had been tested by almost every variety of circumstance. I could not persuade myself that it would be said, that because the people of Oregon had done well in establishing a government, in the administration of which internal order had been maintained to an extent equal to that of any state of the Union, that therefore they might be neglected, and exposed to the brutal outrages of ruthless savages, upon their borders and in their midst. This would have been making their well-doing a misfortune, by withholding their rights. The continued expectation that their government would be superseded, prevented them from doing for themselves what their exigencies demanded, and that which they might otherwise have done. They were, therefore, weary of a *quasi* independence, and would have rejoiced to have yielded it up for something that might not be changed by the arrival of the next vessel that entered the mouth of the Columbia.

Had the people of Oregon and the subjects of her Britannic Majesty who reside in the Territory, by cherishing for each other a feeling of hostility and rancorous enmity, become embroiled in an unnatural strife, instead of cultivating a spirit of benevolence, friendship, and good will, honorable alike to both, the jurisdiction and laws of the United States would have been extended over that distant territory. This would have been done, also, if the country, instead of now presenting an example of industry and (if the depredations of the Indians be excepted) tranquillity, unparalleled in the history of new colonies, had exhibited a scene of anarchy, confusion, and bloodshed, unworthy of their origin and of the destiny of the country of their adoption. But how much better is it to extend the laws over a people already in the enjoyment of many of the blessings of a peaceful and well ordered state, than to be under the necessity of interposing authority as a shield to prevent them from staining their hands with fraternal blood. Although the people of Oregon felt an unconquerable desire for self-government—a desire nurtured and educated under the republican institutions of the land of their birth—yet their position was so peculiar that they felt the impossibility, under the circumstances, of making full provision for their protection; and they, therefore, husbanded their resources under a temporary government, cherishing a hope which they believed to be reasonable, that as soon as a suitable opportunity presented itself, a law would be passed establishing a territorial government. The settlement of the boundary question seemed to present that opportunity for the fulfillment of their most ardent hopes, and the consummation of their most devout wishes. The extension of the laws of the United States over the people, was an event looked to as promising a remedy for evils growing out of the fact that there were many important subjects upon which the provisional legislature had not, under the circumstances, the power to legislate. It was an event looked for, also, as one that would give additional importance to the country, and a new impulse to trade and commerce; and one which would satisfy the mind upon the subject of a grant of lands.

That this anxiety was both reasonable and natural, would appear by adverting to the peculiarly interesting history of the country. For several years without any government except that which reason imposes, and without a law of any kind except the law of love, the penalties for the violation of which were inflicted by the conscience only, the people peacefully pursued their occupations during six days of the week, and on the seventh quietly assembled to listen to the preaching of the late Rev. Jason Lee, or to that of some of his fellow-laborers in the missionary field. It might be said of Oregon, with peculiar truth and propriety, "In those days there was no king in Israel, but every man did that which was right in his own eyes." But time brought changes, and in these changes originated the absolute necessity for that provisional government under which has grown up a prosperous and virtuous community, mature in its development, notwithstanding the population is a mixed one.

A variety of minor, yet important reasons existed, which rendered it necessary for some one to proceed to the seat of government, at Washington, for the purpose of making the necessary representations. Some of them may be mentioned:—Under the organic law of Oregon, and the enactments of the provisional legislature, contracts had been made, marriages had been entered into, divorces had been granted by the legislature and the judicial tribunals of the country; judgments in courts of law had been rendered, and decrees in courts of chancery had been made, some of which had already been satisfied, while others yet remained unsatisfied; and actions and suits were still pending in the courts.

In order, therefore, that inextricable confusion and remediless wrong might not result from a change of government, it was necessary that by the act establishing a territorial government in Oregon, provision should be made for all suits, processes, and proceedings, civil and criminal, at law and in equity, and all indictments and informations which might be pending and undetermined in the courts established by the Provisional Government of Oregon, within the limits of said Territory when the said act should take effect, being transferred to be heard, tried, prosecuted, and determined in the district courts to be thereby established, which might include the counties where any such proceedings might be pending; and for all contracts, bonds, recognizances, and obligations of every kind whatsoever, valid under the existing laws within the limits of the Territory, being in like manner valid under the act which might be passed to establish a territorial government in Oregon; and for all crimes and misdemeanors against the laws in force within said limits being prosecuted, tried, and punished in the courts which might be established by said act; and for all penalties, forfeitures, actions, and causes of action, being recovered under said act, in like manner as they would have been under the laws in force within the limits of said Territory at the time the said act should go into operation.

It was also necessary that all justices of the peace, constables, sheriffs, and all other judicial and ministerial officers, who should be in office within the limits of the Territory when the said act should take effect, be authorized and required to continue to exercise and perform the duties of their respective offices, as officers of the Territory of Oregon, until they or others should be duly appointed and qualified to fill their places in the manner therein directed, or until their offices should be abolished.

It was likewise necessary, in the act which Congress might pass, to establish a territorial government in Oregon, to declare that the existing laws in force in the Territory, under the authority of the Provisional Government established by the people, should continue to be valid and operative therein, so far as the same were not incompatible with the principles and provisions of the said act, and until the end of the first session of the legislative assembly of said Territory; and that the laws of the United States might be thereby extended over, and declared to be in force in said Territory, so far as the same or any provision thereof might be applicable.

The immediate extinguishment of the Indian title was also a subject to which it was regarded as being important to call the attention of the General Government.

Another subject of vital importance to the people was the procurement of the passage of an act making provision for the immigrants obtaining liberal grants of land in said Territory, upon condition of their continuing to reside therein during five years consecutively from the passage of the said act. This condition was necessary to prevent lands from passing into the hands of men who had no intention of remaining permanently in the country. The inhabitants then in the country believed that they had some claim to a confirmation of the title to the homes which they had made, based upon the promises implied in repeated legislation; in the fact that they had overcome many of the difficulties of the journey to Oregon; and by their settlements had introduced agriculture and civilization upon our shores on the Pacific, and by doing so had given to the nation an actual occupancy, which was the only circumstance wanting to make the title to the country clear and unquestionable.

The people of Oregon believed that they had a claim to land, derived from the provisions of their organic law, also. It should be remembered that they found themselves without government of any kind, and that they were thrown back upon the original elements of society. Thus situated, they organized a civil government, put it in operation, and continued to maintain it. They had acquired rights under the third article of the organic law, which it was important to them that Congress should recognize, in their principle at least.

So, likewise, it was deemed important to obtain, if possible, a grant of the sixteenth and thirty-sixth sections of each township, for educational purposes; and also one entire township on the north side of the Columbia, and one on the south side of the same river, being so located, under the authority of the territorial legislature, as not to interfere with the rights of actual lawful claimants.

In a government like ours, resting upon the suffrages of the great body of the people, who not only in semblance, but in reality, have the care of their political institutions, the general diffusion of knowledge is necessary, in order that they may exercise their rights in a manner the most conducive to the prosperity of the nation, the preservation of its laws, and the purity of its legislative and judicial tribunals. The education and mental training of the youth of the country is absolutely necessary, to qualify them for the care of our political institutions, and that they may possess the ability to exercise the powers of government in a manner the most conducive to the preservation of their civil and religious liberty. All history shows that where the people have not been educated, they have always been the dupes of political demagogues, who were selfish rather than sagacious, and who learned to ruin by hollow pretenses and professions of patriotism. Believing that the generous and ennobling sentiments, to which his own breast is a stranger, are a worthless and wicked pretense in others, he justifies himself in caressing the deluded and uneducated people, he means to scourge as soon as they transfer their power to him.

If an uneducated people do not fall into the hands of demagogues, yet they are sure, in time, to become the victims of the rapacity, avarice, and a thirst for power of another class, who are even yet more dangerous, because they worship cunning, betray with a kiss, counterfeit wisdom, and so adroitly work upon the weakness, ignorance, and prejudices of their victims, that they at length obtain place, as slimy reptiles are sometimes known, by a slow and laborious process, to arrive at the tops of pyramids.

But these political evils and social wrongs can be prevented, by training the youth of the country in proper studies, and by animating them with a love of country and of virtue, by the habitual contemplation of the character and example of distinguished American statesmen and warriors. Enlightened and instructed, they may set at naught the wicked designs of the hypocrite, who flatters and caresses those he means to sell as soon as he discovers that they are sufficiently debased to pass quietly and without resistance under the yoke of a new oppressor. But, if properly educated, the people will be able to sustain the institutions of the country, not only against their own temporary excesses; but when their rulers contemplate wicked enterprises, and would cast down the ark of their country's liberty, they can, without presumption, extend their hands to stay it.

Added to all these, the extension of the revenue laws; appropriations for a library, for paying the public debt of the Provisional Government, for facilitating the arrival and departure of vessels trading into the Columbia river, and for a good wagon road—were all important subjects to which it was deemed necessary to call the attention of the General Government.

CHAPTER III.

DEPARTURE OF THE AUTHOR FROM OREGON, AND VOYAGE TO SAN FRANCISCO.

THE subjects which have been treated of at length, in the preceding chapter, were thought materially to affect the interests and welfare of the people of Oregon. To them, therefore, it was the object of my journey, by all reasonable and prudent means, to call the attention of the General Government at Washington. They are briefly the following:—

1. A line of stockade posts between Independence, Missouri, and Western Oregon, for the protection of emigrants, for facilitating the transportation of an overland mail, and for the establishment of new settlements.

2. Engineers, to survey and establish the best wagon route into Oregon.

3. Appropriations for opening and grading a road across the Presidents' Range.

4. A line of steam packets from Panama, Monterey, San Francisco, and the Columbia river.

5. Appropriations for the mouth of the Columbia river, for a fixed light on Cape Disappointment; a revolving light on Point Adams; buoys; a steam towboat.

6. ~~Fortification of~~ Cape Disappointment, or Tongue Point, or both.

7. Light at New Dungeness.

8. Grants of land to immigrants.

9. Grants of land for educational purposes.

10. A geological survey of the country.

11. Purchase of Indian title.

12. Survey of a road to California, and for stockade posts upon it.

13. Indian agencies, or sub-agencies, at Fort Laramie, Soda Springs, Wallawalla, the Dalles, the Wilhamette valley, Puget Sound, and Rogue river.

14. A military and naval dépôt in Oregon.

15. A recognition of all our legislative and judicial acts. Examples of the necessity for this:—Divorces; contracts made with reference to the currency law; judgments and decrees; judgments and decrees enforced; suits and actions pending.

16. A recognition of our land titles, valid under organic law of Oregon.

17. An appropriation for the payment of the public debt of the Provisional Government.

18. Mail facilities in the Wilhamette valley.

19. Troops for protection.

20. Immediate extension of the jurisdiction of the United States over us.

21. A territorial library.

Monday, Oct. 18, 1847.—I proceeded to Green Point, the residence of his Excellency George Abernethy, the Governor under the Provisional Government, and received his letter to the President of the United States, explaining the nature and objects of my journey to Washington. I then embarked with Capt. Roland Gelston, in his gig, and in a short time my home was lost to my sight, and nothing was left to me but its pleasant recollections. The regular plash of the oars in the water, as we smoothly and rapidly glided down the beautiful Wilhamette, seemed to make a sort of melancholy music, that was much in harmony with my feelings, which I own were those of sadness. There were many circumstances in my position, well calculated to produce this state of mind. In taking leave of my wife, busy memory grouped, within the space of a minute, all our mutual dangers, toils, and famine, with all their accompanying incidents by the way, as we journeyed into the country. Added to this, there had long been a very peculiar and unhappy state of things existing in Oregon, and continuing up to the time of my departure. All felt, and freely spoke of the necessity for something being done for the purpose of procuring at Washington the adoption of measures of relief. We were at that time, as many believed (and the events of the following six weeks demonstrated that their opinions were correct), upon the eve of an Indian war. Yet, to speak a little extravagantly, every man was afraid of his neighbor, because of an apprehension that something would be done to prevent him, or his son, or his son-in-law, or his brother-in-law's son-in-law, or his son's father-in-law, or some other relative or connection, from obtaining an office.

There really appeared, upon a superficial view of occurrences, to be more anxiety felt to obtain office, than to procure the passage of laws and the adoption of measures which the exigencies and dangers of the country demanded. One man, to present an example, sought for himself the office of Surveyor-general; for his almost beardless son the office of District Attorney; for his son's father-in-law the office of Indian Agent; and for his brother-in-law's son-in-law the office of District Judge. The son was little more than a beardless youth, who had contrived to obtain an odd volume of Blackstone, which, after reading six months, qualified him, as he imagined, for writing himself "Attorney and Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery." The brother-in-law's son-in-law had been an intemperate soldier in the army of the United States, in time of peace. Having either served out his time, or deserted, I know not which, he came to Oregon, and obtaining another odd volume of Blackstone, he in a few weeks had no doubt of his ability to discharge the duties of an office upon which Sir Matthew Hale and Chief Justice Marshall had shed luster.

I was fully conscious, therefore, that every man whose consciousness of want of merit or capacity caused him to believe that I would not advocate his pretensions, would probably, by letters written to Washington, make me the victim of his spleen and revenge. This in itself I did not regard; but during a brief period I felt depressed, when I thought that it might deprive me of the power to be useful at Washington, in procuring those measures of relief demanded by the exigencies of the country, and in which I felt a great interest. Nevertheless, I was conscious that my motives were such as I had no reason to disguise. I remembered, too, that there were gentlemen in the Senate and in the House (one of them had been my fellow-student at college), who had known me many years, and whose confidence and friendship I had long enjoyed. The feeling, therefore, was but momentary;

and Crocket's maxim, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead," occurring to my mind, I repeated it aloud, and immediately shook off my sadness, and rapidly glided down the river, leaving these office-seeking gentry to work out their "salvation with fear and trembling."

In about two hours and a half we landed at Portland, twelve miles below Oregon City. Here we were invited to remain for supper. The moon shining bright and beautiful, and casting a silvery luster upon the waters, we again entered the gig, and were rowed down to the bark Whiton, which had weighed anchor before we arrived at Portland, and was then lying about two and a half miles below. Mr. Waymeyer accompanied us, and after introducing the subject of high prices in Oregon, he informed me that he had recently paid to Mr. Pettygrove, a merchant of Portland, two and a half dollars for six very plain cups and saucers, which could be had in the States for twenty-five cents; and the same sum for six very ordinary and plain plates. Wheat at the time was worth one dollar per bushel.

On the afternoon of Saturday, October 22d, Captain Gelston and myself proceeded in a gig to Coffin Rock, for the purpose of examining it, as one of the very remarkable places of Indian sepulture in Oregon. The canoes in which the dead had been deposited were nearly all so much decayed that they had fallen into pieces. Bones were scattered all over the face of the rock, and multitudes had evidently fallen down into the Columbia. A gentleman, who was on board the barque, and who has lived with an Indian wife many years in the country, informed me that the tribe which had used that rock as a place of deposit for their dead, was once powerful, but that it had since become extinct, with the exception of one woman. He also informed me that within twenty years, about eighty-five per cent. of all the Indians upon the Columbia had perished from fever and ague, and that five per cent. of them had died with consumption; and that, while fever and ague had attacked the Indians, the whites were almost wholly exempted. He had previously, while on my way down, called my attention to the site of an old Indian village, at a place now known as Warrior's Point. He said that a powerful chief once occupied that place, who levied a tribute upon all who passed it, and held all the neighboring tribes as tributaries to him. Of this tribe all but six are dead, and the chief is fed at a side table at Fort Vancouver.

This mortality is attributed to the manner in which they treated the disease. The sick was placed in a sweat-house, where he remained until greatly weakened by a most profuse perspiration, when he was plunged into the waters of the Columbia, where he remained until his blood become thoroughly chilled, when he was taken out to die.

The Indians of the Columbia river are usually very much averse to speaking, or having others speak, of their dead, after the days of their mourning are past; and if a stranger persists in speaking upon the subject, they regard it as an offense. George, a brother of the Ramsay, who was murdered in the summer of 1847, told an individual who asked him to relate the circumstances of the killing, that he was "*hias pieton*"—a great fool.

On Saturday, Oct. 30th, Mr. Edmunds, a worthy and enterprising man, came alongside our vessel in a whale-boat, with one of the men in the employment of our excellent bar-pilot, Mr. Reeves, while we were anchored a short distance above Tongue Point. After coming on board, and remaining a short time, they left, and hoisted sail, although a violent gale was blowing at the time. We thought that they were acting imprudently in doing so, but saw them at length take it in. In a few minutes they were again seen to hoist their sail. The weather being cold, and a severe gale blowing the rain directly in our faces, we retired into the cabin. On Monday, November 1st, after anchoring below Astoria, we were informed that Mr. Edmunds drifted ashore, upon his boat, a little before daylight that morning, almost chilled to death, and had with great difficulty made his way to a house a short distance above Astoria. The boat capsized early in the forenoon of Saturday. He and his companion succeeded in getting upon the boat, and they made every demonstration in their power to apprise us of their condition; and although the Whiton, the Cowlitz, and the Henry were all in sight, these unhappy men were not seen. The poor seaman perished in about five hours, and fell into the water. Mr. Edmunds remained in the water about forty-four hours. The gale continued until some time in the afternoon, when it abated, and the weather became clear and calm, but cold.

On Thursday, November 4th, Captain Gelston and some of the passengers, with myself, proceeded in the gig across Baker's Bay, and landed on a low neck of land, east of Cape Disappointment. I have no doubt that a canal cut across this depression, so as to connect Baker's Bay with the ocean back of the cape, would admit vessels into the Columbia at all seasons, and in all weather. Gates at each end would be necessary to prevent a current from the river, carrying sand into it.

From this place we ascended to the top of Cape Disappointment, from which we had an extensive view of the entrance to the mouth of the river—the naked bar, and the breakers. We saw also the Hudson Bay Company's bark, the Cowlitz, taken out to sea by the pilot, Mr. Reeves. We returned to our vessel; and at noon Mr. Reeves came on board and took our vessel through the new channel with three fathoms water at the most shallow part. Smoothy and safely we glided out of Baker's Bay, the beautiful bark behaving herself most nobly, except that she now and then plunged her bow down like a high spirited and restless steed that champs his foaming bit and throws down his head, impatient to bear his rider in thunder upon the plain. In thirty minutes from the time our anchor was "apeak" we were in "blue water," and shaking hands with our cool, intelligent, and skillful pilot, to whom I gave another letter for Mrs. Thornton, we bore away to the westward under a stiff breeze, which made our "trim and stanch sea-boat"

> "Walk the waters like a thing of life,
> That seems to dare the elements to strife."

About five leagues to the westward of the mouth of the Columbia, we spoke the bark Genet, Capt. Dring, near one month from San Francisco. She had encountered a severe gale from the southeast; and had been standing off the entrance of the river eight days waiting for a pilot to come out.

It would not be expected that a landsman should give "sailing directions," nor would a sailor, jealous as he ever is of every one, who, without being a practical seaman, interferes with the mysteries of his craft, give heed to them, if I did, with no matter what degree of correctness. But I may be permitted to say, that when the weary voyager arrives off the bar at the mouth of the Columbia, if he will hoist a signal, and fire a gun, there will be no necessity for standing off seven or eight days; for he will soon find on his deck as safe and skillful a pilot as ever "conned a helm, or hove a lead."

We then bore away to the west, for the purpose of getting out from the coast, so as to have sea-room. Vessels along this coast between Cape Flattery and the Bay of San Francisco, ought not to be in less than seventy fathoms water. This depth clears all outstanding rocks. In the night we encountered a severe gale from the northwest. In the morning we bore away to the south—the waves rolling very high, sometimes dashing over the ship.

There must ever be excitement, novelty, and interesting sensations created in the breast of the most indifferent beholder of the wonderful works of God, as displayed in the unequaled grandeur and power of the ocean-waves, which a man realizes when he finds himself fairly away from *terra firma*; and is borne along, like a feather in the air, wafted hither and thither, or "reeling to and fro, like a drunken man," as the long, sluggish swells leave him rolling upon the deep, or the wildly lashed billows heave the helpless bark, which, although it bears him so safely, is yet driven wildly and fearfully before the storm, notwithstanding the greatest efforts of the most skillful seaman, who is unable to do more than protect his charge from being overpowered by the blast, or engulfed by the mountain wave. With a fair wind he, indeed, pursues his course to his desired haven, but his feet must ever be unstable, because the motion of the ship is as ceaseless as that of the never slumbering deep.

To me, this vast ocean possessed a double interest. I realized, too, that although upon the majestic Pacific Ocean, I was upon the coast of the United States, and sailing only coastwise, with a voyage of many thousands of miles before me; that much less than a century had passed since our flag was first unfurled on the shores of the Atlantic, and that it had advanced, until the setting sun, as he sinks in the depths of this vast ocean, casts his last rays upon that banner which now waves from the Atlantic to the Pacific shore. With the undisputed possession of Oregon, and the certain acquisition of California, the Italy of the western hemisphere, I saw new stars added to a constellation, the light of which we would fain hope is destined never to grow dim, until the great catastrophe of nature shall sweep suns from their systems, and stars from their orbits. But who shall pretend to look into the great and glorious, yet I trust peaceful future of the American Union? or who portray its destiny?

Although the good ship Whiton continued to rear and pitch, roll and tumble, like a wild bison of the prairie, or a fresh caught mule in its efforts to divest itself of a "first pack," yet I was not so sea-sick as to be confined to my berth, or even to the cabin, but I stood quietly upon the deck, holding on by a rope, while I reveled in the beauty of the ceaseless combing and dashing of the waves, till the glorious orb of day set in the sparkling waters, and the body, fatigued with the exciting emotions of the mind, sought its wonted repose. I retired to my room, and after asking the blessing of God upon my wife in my absence, and commending myself to his protection through the night, slumbered peacefully and pleasantly upon the deep, notwithstanding the ceaseless rattling of the waters, as if in my very ears; for so perfectly does the plank convey the sound, that the thought frequently recurred—

> "There is naught but a plank 'tween life and a grave,
> Dark, deep, and still, 'neath the bright sparkling wave."

On the morning of Wednesday, November 10, after a rough though quick passage of six days from the Columbia river, we arrived off the Punta de los Reyes, and stood in for the entrance of San Francisco, passing between the Punta Reyes, and the little islands to the westward known as the Farralones de San Francisco. These islets start up abruptly from the sea, and at a distance present the appearance of a ship under full sail. A few years ago, they were a favorite haunt of the fur seal, and were resorted to by the Russians, who were during many years settled at Bodigo, a little north of Punta Reyes, for the skins, of which they annually took a considerable number. Fur seal and otter are still found there but in numbers greatly diminished.

The Punta de los Reyes, or Kings' Point, is a bold and majestic promontory, stretching to the west-northwest, thirty miles from the entrance of the Bay of San Francisco. High, precipitous cliffs of red sandstone and granite face the sea. These cliffs are varied by deep ravines covered with verdure, and terminate at the sea line with short white sand beaches. A high table land divides it in the center, while the tall black peak of the Picacha Prieto, the base of which rests upon the western edge of the waters of San Francisco, towers up 2800 feet. Upon the sides of this peak, grow some of those immense redwood or Palo Colorado trees, some of which measure from fifteen to nineteen feet in diameter. These trees, whether seen singly or in clusters, are beautiful objects. They have but few limbs, and those are near the top, and project at right angles to the trunk. When felled, they are split into pieces sufficiently small to admit of their being put upon the mill cradle. The lumber made from these trees is very durable, and is suitable for building purposes, except flooring, for which it is too soft. It is more durable than any known pine.

Crossing the bar of San Francisco, with a stiff breeze and fair tide, our barque was rapidly approaching the beautiful and romantic entrance to the bay within. On the right of this entrance, stands perched upon a high cliff, the old Spanish fort which guarded the entrance during the days of the Spanish Dons in this region. Properly speaking, it was but a battery built of sun-dried bricks, forming an irregular wall eight feet high. Some thirty embrasures were at one time filled with long brass nines and twelves, and eighteen-pounders of iron. The position of this battery is commanded by hills a short distance in its rear; and to construct effective fortifications on either side, so as fully to command the entrance, will require extensive and expensive works. Lieut. Warner of the Corps of Topographical Engineers, had completed, some time before my arrival, a military survey of this fine entrance.

It has become the habit of travelers to speak and write of the entrance of San Francisco Bay, as being in defensibility only inferior to Gibraltar; but a single glance at a sketch, much more an examination by the veriest tyro in fortification, will at once show that any thing which science, skill, and money can do for the entrance to San Francisco Bay, can never make it what Gibraltar is.

On passing the battery, the Presidio of San Francisco de Assis appears in view, about one mile inside. This post was the headquarters of the Spanish in this quarter. Afterward it became a Mexican garrison, and so continued as long as they had any force in the country. When taken possession of by the U. S. naval forces, it was commanded by an old corporal, Joaquin Peña, who also composed the entire rank and file of the garrison.

Corporal Joaquin Peña had been at his post during nineteen years consecutively, and had received as an acknowledgment of his services, a grant of one league of land near the Presidia. His very extensive and productive estates, however, might as well have been in the moon, for the tract was covered with brush, was destitute of water and necessary timber, and therefore it yielded him nothing. Believing, with many others, that the advent of the American flag would inure to his own benefit, he petitioned the first American Alcalde of San Francisco, Lieut. W. A. Bartlett, U. S. N., for a pension from the American government, for the faithfulness with which he had continued at his post; and added that he had long been promised one by the Mexican authorities. The whitened locks and deeply furrowed face of the aged Mexican could not fail of securing respect, and of exciting sympathy; and although the American officers were ready to buy his chickens, milk, and eggs at four times their prices at home, they could give him no hope of obtaining a pension from our government for services rendered to another.

The Presidio, at the time of my sojourn in California, was garrisoned by two companies of the seventh regiment of New York Volunteers, under the command of Major Hardie, late of West Point. It was pleasing to see the star-spangled banner waving over the tile-roofed barracks, and to mark the glistening of the musket of the sentinel, as he continued his quiet rounds.

The aged corporal occupied his old quarters unmolested; and he, together with his wife and daughter, declare that "*los soldados Americanos son muy buenos amigos.*"

On the north side of the bay, as we passed, I observed a beautiful cove, called Sousolito—Little-willows—which affords excellent facilities for watering ships. It is, in consequence, a favorite resort of whale-ships and other vessels. It is generally calm, while the northwest winds are sweeping over other parts of the bay.

A fine grazing estate, owned by Mr. W. Richardson, borders on this cove, and supplies good beef to the shipping. His estate, as also all other parts of Punta Reyes, has upon it great numbers of deer, that feed upon the hills, and often in sight of the shipping.

Angel Island, opposite Sousolito, is also a prominent object in the scene. It is high, conical, about five miles in circumference, and has wild oats growing upon it to its summit.

November is the last month of the dry season in Upper California, and the commencement of the rainy season in Lower California. Hence, the scenery of San Francisco, at the season in which I was there, presented a tame appearance, notwithstanding its majestic cliffs, high rolling hills, and the towering peak of Picacho Prieto on the north, and Sierra Bilbones to the east, near the junction of the San Joaquin and Sacramento rivers. The same burnt or parched appearance met my eyes at all points. But a subsequent closer inspection of the character of much of the herbage showed that it was the ripened oats which covered the distant hills, and caused their brown appearance. Every object in view, however, plainly indicated that nearly all the streams were dried; and my subsequent inquiries convinced me, that the nature of the country and climate, although adapted to pastoral purposes, will ever be a most formidable obstacle to making many small farms.

Four miles from the fort, passing to the right of Seal Rock and Pelican or Bird Island, brought our vessel to Yerba Buena Point, on the south side of which, and looking toward the east, stood the busy little town of San Francisco. Rushing past the point at railroad speed, and borne on by wind and tide, we came suddenly before the port, and as quickly dropped our anchor among a number of vessels of all commercial nations. The change in the government of the country, and the prospect of an open market, had evidently given an impetus to commercial enterprise; while our own Oregon was coming in for a full share in supplying the wants of the army and navy, and the inhabitants, from her surplus crops.

I had hoped to have found some of our vessels here; but the quiet of the country, the arrival of the land forces, and the commencement of the favorable season for operations on the southern coast, had drawn them all in that direction; while we were quite in the dark as to whether the war still continued, or peace had been concluded, as many hoped.

The merest glance at the little town of San Francisco was sufficient to show a stranger that a very sudden demand for houses or habitations had arisen in the place, beyond the utmost ability of builders to complete; with likewise an evident scarcity of materials for building. The various styles of architecture were interesting and amusing, even to one accustomed to see towns spring up in the States, like "Jonah's gourd." Commodious mansions, with considerable pretension to taste and elegance, cheek by jowl with a hut, eight feet by ten, of rough boards; here an "adobie" house, and next a "wall tent;" wood sheds turned into parlors, a "horse-power grist mill" into a dwelling-house, a baker's oven into a bed-room, or a windmill into a printing-office, seemed to be but ordinary changes; while society seemed to be in such a happy state of Utopianism, that no man looked down upon his neighbor in consequence of the humbleness of his dwelling, or the want of a floor, if he was so fortunate as to have one; while perhaps his more luxurious neighbor enjoyed all the comforts, and even elegancies of life. But this state of primitive happiness will not be seen long, unless San Francisco should adopt customs of her own; since there is nothing in the old that would tolerate the admittance of a lady upon a carpet, who had no floor to her own humble boudoir, even if there were no boards in the market. It was very clear, however, that, notwithstanding every effort, and the rapid increase of buildings, San Francisco had been much retarded by the want of lumber to build.

CHAPTER IV.

PORT AND TOWN OF SAN FRANCISCO, AND THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY.

THE expedition of Cortez to Mexico resulted in the conquest of that country, about the year 1603, and this conquest ended with the discovery of Monterey and San Diego. San Francisco, however, was not discovered until about 1770; and even then not in the way which naturally suggests itself, but by an overland party. When this place was known to contain the best and safest port in the land, and indeed one of the best in the world, the Mexicans, who at this period are better denominated Spanish Americans, were prompted, by the extensive mines and the valuable pearl-fisheries in this part of the country, or rather a little to the southward, to visit the place. Many efforts were made to open a market here, by settling the country with individuals who were interested in the business of the pearl-fishing, as well as that of exploring the silver mines. But so many were the obstacles operating against such colonization—such as the rocky and mountainous character of the country, and the general unproductiveness of the soil—that each expedition was rendered futile. At first the Jesuits commenced the task of planting the cross upon the mountains and in the valleys of California. Their efforts, perhaps happily for California, proved unsuccessful.

After a struggle of nearly fourscore years—from the year 1697—they had not removed far inland. The failure was a signal one; for they had been expelled from the Spanish possessions just before, and were enabled to muster their forces in this infant colony. Besides, this was not the only reason that rendered it a great failure. Opposed to this powerful order we find the prosperous institution of the Franciscans. Both these orders have for their object the spiritual conquest of gentile countries; but they pursue entirely different courses to effect the same object. About the year 1767, the Franciscans, under the then existing rulers of Mexico, were incited to the undertaking of bringing into notice Alta California—and for a strong reason. These two orders, as we have before remarked, were opposed to each other. The Jesuits were the objects of the greatest attention to the Franciscans: their every step—their every plan—was critically noticed by them; and any motion that could injure the former was eagerly made by the latter. This expedition was considered in this light; and with all the influence which the reigning viceroy of Mexico and their order itself could bring to operate upon the minds of men, they resolved to begin the enterprise.

It was an enterprise of the highest interest. The largest kingdoms of Europe had, with a jealous and watchful eye, for the past two hundred years, guarded their interests upon the coast, and in the isles of the Pacific. Their disapprobation must not be incurred, or else all would be lost. The question then was of moment: How could they be kept pacified? From many plans, which doubtless suggested themselves, they adopted the following: Missionary stations were designed for Monterey and San Diego. Vessels, to the number of three, were sent out to sail for these ports, then the only ports visited in this country. But the vessels were unfortunate. Nature seems to have combined her resistless powers against them; of the three ships, one was totally wrecked, while the other two were detained upon the waters for several months. The inhabitants of this country were then unacquainted with managing their ships during storms of wind, which here, at intervals, last for more than half the year. Baffled by difficulties of navigation, sad because of the loss of one-third of their all, and disappointed, as well as discouraged by the long time they were out upon the ocean, they resolved, after gaining port, to take the remaining part of their journey over the land. To each was assigned his share of labor. The saints, according to their rank, were honored by the subdivisions thus made. But after the deliberations were ended, it was found that St. Francis himself had been neglected. It was necessary to honor him in some way; accordingly it was determined to give him, upon his conducting them to a good port, the glory of that discovery. On beholding this port they were struck, not only with its beauty and value, but were rejoiced that their patron saint had guided them to this delightful spot. The place and the port from that time received the name San Francisco.

The position of the port and town of San Francisco is singular as well as beautiful. The fertile and rich country in the neighborhood—the great valley opened to it by the waters of the Sacramento—and the pleasantness of the country during the whole year—are advantages which will make it among the most noted of any in the world. The bay of San Francisco is cut off from the Pacific by high hills. From the summit of some lofty mountain we have present to the eye a range of land without any opening save one, and that the bay of San Francisco, thereby opening a communication with the whole interior country. On the north the mountain rises to a great height; while on the south it gradually slopes till it presents a surface diversified with hills, ending in a steep point, against which the sea dashes. A strait is formed by these points, about a mile in width, and five miles in length. The bay extends from this place about seventy miles, and is divided into two portions. Frequent islands break the level of the bay, some of which are fertile, and others are entirely destitute of vegetation.

The coast is beautifully lined with hills, having a rich soil, and affording many places for cultivation. At the extremity of the bay, on the south, there are low bottoms, having a fine soil; and in a short distance we come to a valley lying between two ranges of mountains near each other, covered with forests of oak, and at certain seasons of the year with grass. This valley varies from one to thirty miles in width; and besides having large quantities of oaks and grass, has also fine clover and wild mustard. The valley is protected from the northwest winds by a high ridge called the Wildcat Ridge, which is covered with bushes and forests. The end of this ridge on the south is at the Anno Nuevo. On the north it has the town of San Francisco, upon the shore of the bay. The situation of this valley makes it one of the finest grain countries on the globe; and the productions of the soil thus far have been forty and sixty times the amount sown.

The two bays formed by the points which arise in the main water are called respectively the Suisoon and San Pablo bays. The Strait of Carquines unites these two bays. The Suisoon is united with the mouths of the San Joaquin and the Sacramento, the rivers meeting at their mouths, and jointly flowing into the bay. The expanse of water formed by the junction measures about one mile in breadth; though a distance of twenty-five miles is given into the interior valleys, for the purposes of navigation. The Strait of Carquines contains water about fifty feet deep. The country about the Suisoon Bay, as well as the valleys of which mention has been made, is very fertile, and covered with large fields of wild oats. The port and town of San Francisco is thus situated in a rich and lovely spot, and the neighboring country watered by the San Joaquin and Sacramento, affords to it the means of wealth and prosperity.

With privileges so numerous, with enticements so powerful, and with blessings so inviting, the people of this place are poor and dependent. Here water-communications can be made with comparative ease and security, but the natives are willing to borrow from their neighbors even boats to sail about their own wharves; and never, unless the weather is very calm, do they venture on excursions to sea.

But a brighter day has dawned upon Alta California. When I was in that country, the emigrants who had left me upon my journey through the great prairie wilderness to Oregon, to settle in California, had arrived; and around them was springing up the busy mart of business. American enterprise was beginning to awaken a new era in California. Before the hand of the hardy western pioneer, houses were being built, and schools established. While a few whom I esteemed, and with whom I had shared a part of the toils of a wearisome journey through the wilderness, had arrived in California, and were gathering around them the comforts and blessings of home, the tocsin of war was sounded. This has proved one of the most glorious events, of a political and religious nature, that have ever happened to this part of the western world. Before the opening of the late war, the commerce was reduced to a few vessels, which would come for the purpose of getting tallow and hides, which were exported to the United States, Great Britain, and some of the South American states. The repeal of their former laws; the substitution of an American for the previous population; and the great facilities offered to enterprising individuals, had begun, when I was there, to work their wonderful and cheering effects upon business.

Onerous laws, strict prohibitions, and heavy duties were not the only things which injured trade. The destruction of the missionary stations also had a very powerful influence. The trade of the bay was in the hands of foreigners, even before its annexation to the United States, on account of their greater capital and energy. But those who traded here became frequently identified with the natives in their interests, by marrying among them, and by embracing their religion.

Among the missionaries large numbers of sheep were raised; wool was made into cloth; wheat was cultivated; beef was put up for private use, and exported in large quantities; and many other articles, requiring some degree of labor, were to be found among them. But now sheep are scarcely to be obtained for public use; wool is not manufactured to any great extent. In all probability the sheep once there have died out, because of a desire among the people for horned cattle. Beef can not be found cured in sufficient quantities for general and common use. Wines of the finest quality were once obtained at the Missions, but now very little of an extra quality is to be had.

Prior to the Americans occupying the country, the chief articles of import were wines, teas, brandies, cotton cloths, silks, etc. Since the above event, many other articles have been added to this list. Articles of exportation are chiefly hides and tallow, together with some fur, including beaver and sea-otter skins. The value of exports is estimated at about $400,000. The price of hides is about two dollars apiece, while tallow is about $1 50 an arroba (twenty-five pounds); beaver skins are obtained to the amount of several thousands; sea-otter skins to the amount of a few hundreds; the former valued at two dollars apiece, and the latter at thirty dollars. Elk and deer skins are sold in some numbers from fifty cents to a dollar apiece. Grains grow in great abundance. The wheat of this country has been exported in large quantities, and at one time was bought for fifty cents a bushel; but lately it has been much dearer, bringing from two to three dollars a bushel, and much wheat and flour have been imported from Oregon. The products are valued at about one million of dollars.

While in California I sought to obtain such statistical information as I believed would be useful and interesting. Upon my applying to the editor of the "California Star," for information, he politely furnished me with one of his papers, containing an article, upon the subject of the statistics of San Francisco. I beg leave to insert in this place the greater portion of this article:—

"The town of San Francisco (*Yerba Buena*), is situated on the west side of the great bay of the same name, and on the northern point of the peninsula, which lies between the southern portion of the bay and the Pacific Ocean. It is about four miles from the narrows or straits, by which you enter the bay from the sea. The immediate site of the present town is an indentation or cove in the western shore of the bay, directly in front of which, and at the distance of about two miles, lies a large island, called *Yerba Buena* Island. From the water's edge the land rises gradually for more than a half mile to the west and southwest, until it terminates in a range of hills of five hundred feet in height, at the back of the town. To the north of the town is an immense bluff (or rather, three in one), more than five hundred feet high, which comes down to the water's edge with precipitous sides of from twenty to one hundred feet in height. In front of this bluff is the best anchorage ground, the bottom being good, and the high land protecting shipping from the full blast of the westerly winds which prevail so constantly during the summer season. Between this bluff and the hills above mentioned there is a small and nearly level valley which connects with a smaller cove about a mile nearer the ocean. The bluff forms the northwestern boundary of the cove, and the eastern boundary is another bluff, called the Rincon, but of only about fifty feet in height. To the south and southwest of this last mentioned point, there is a succession of low sand hills, covered with a dense growth of shrubby trees peculiar to the country.

"The town plot, as recently laid out and surveyed, fronts upon the cove, taking in the high bluff before mentioned, and the Rincon, and extending about three-quarters of a mile from north to south, and two miles from east to west, thus embracing about one and a half square miles. From the water the streets run to the top of the range of hills in the rear of the town, and these streets are crossed at right angles by others running parallel to the water. The squares thus formed are divided into lots which are of three different sizes, viz.—

"1. *Beach and water lots.*—The lots comprised in this designation are those situated between high and low water mark. They are sixteen and a half varas* in width of front, and fifty varas deep. These lots were surveyed and offered for sale at public action by order of General Kearny, when he was governor of the Territory. There are about four hundred and fifty of them, of which about two hundred were disposed of at the sale in July. They brought prices ranging from fifty dollars to six hundred dollars. One quarter of the purchase money was required to be paid at the time of sale, a second quarter in six months thereafter, a third quarter in six months more, and the fourth and last in six months more—the unpaid balance bearing ten per cent. interest from the date of the sale. About four-fifths of these lots are entirely under water at flood tide, and will, therefore, require much improvement before they can yield a revenue to the holders; still, they are beyond question the most valuable property in the town.

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* A *vara* is a Spanish yard; i. e., about 33⅓ inches, English measure.

"2. *Fity vara lots.*—The principal part of the town is laid out in lots of this class. They are fifty varas depth and front, and six of them make a square. There are now surveyed about seven hundred of this description, of which number four hundred, or, perhaps, four hundred and fifty, have been sold. These lots are sold at private sale by the Alcalde at a fixed price for each. The price established by law is $12 for the lot, to which is to be added the office fees for deed and recording, $3 62½, making, in all, $15 62½. The conditions of sale are, that the purchaser shall fence the lot and build a house upon it within one year from the day of purchase. If he fail to do this, the lot and improvements revert to the town.

"3. *One hundred vara lots.*—The eastern portion of the town is laid out in lots one hundred varas square. This is the largest class, and embraces that part of the town plot which will probably be the last to be improved by purchasers. There are about one hundred and thirty lots of this size, and probably sixty of these are still unsold. These are also disposed of by the Alcalde at private sale, at $25 per lot. The cost of deed and recording is $3 62½, making the whole cost of one of these lots $28 62½. The conditions of sale are the same as for the fifty vara lots. The sales of both classes are made only for cash, which must be paid at the time of purchase.

"The proceeds of the sales of all these lots go into the town treasury, to assist in defraying the necessary municipal expenses. Thus far they have been found more than sufficient for this purpose; and these receipts will probably preclude the necessity for taxation for a short time to come.

"The streets in the oldest part of the town are only about sixty feet in width. Those in the more recent surveys are seventy-five and eighty, with one broad avenue one hundred and ten feet wide. It is a source of regret that any street should have been less than eighty feet in width.

"There was originally a municipal regulation under which the fifty and hundred vara lots were sold, which prohibited any man from purchasing more than one lot. Notwithstanding the object of this regulation was clearly manifest, some few speculators managed, by buying in other men's names, to get quite a number of lots each into their possession, with the avowed intention of holding them at such prices as would enable them to reap a fortune. Such proceedings are certainly detrimental to the interests of the community, however much they may advance individuals; and it is deeply to be regretted that the provisions of so wise and beneficent a regulation should thus be defeated. Since the greater portion of the centrally located lots in the plot have been sold, this regulation has been annulled by the Alcalde and town council. It is certainly a matter of doubt, whether such a proceeding will have a beneficial tendency.

"In connection with the preceding remarks, permit me to lay before your readers some statistics relative to the number and character of the population who compose the now village, but eventual city, of San Francisco. They were collected in the latter part of June, 1847, during short intervals of leisure from public duties; but from various and unavoidable causes their classification and publication has been delayed until the present time.

"The following Table shows the total number of inhabitants, the sex and age of the whites, and the sex of the Indians, Sandwich Islanders, and Negroes, viz.—

Population.	Males.	Females.	Total.
Whites under 5 years of age	28	23	51
" over 5 and under 10	18	14	32
" " 10 " 15	10	14	24
" " 15 " 20	11	11	22
" " 20 " 25	29	15	44
" " 25 " 30	54	19	73
" " 30 " 40	61	19	80
" " 40 " 50	20	10	30
" " 50 " 60	12	3	15
" " 60 " 70	2		2
" " 70 " 80	2		2
Total whites	247	128	375
Indians (of different ages)	26	8	34
Sandwich Islanders (of different ages)	39	1	40
Negroes (of different ages)	9	1	10
Total	321	138	459

"I have no very satisfactory means of judging of the increase of population within the year last past, but the facts I possess render it certain that the increase has been at least one hundred per cent. Of course, the whole of this increase was by immigration.

"To form a correct idea of the energy, enterprise, and capability of the white inhabitants, the reader should not fail to note that thirteen-fifteenths, or more than four-fifths, of the white population are less than forty years of age, and more than one half are between the ages of twenty and forty. It will also be perceived by a glance at the table, that the number of the white males and females are nearly the same under the age of twenty, while above that age the males are nearly as three to one.

"To give a clearer view of the *composition* of the white population, the succeeding statement of the places of birth is given:—Born in Canada, 5; California, 38; other Mexican departments, 2; Chili, 2; Denmark, 1; England, 22; France, 3; Germany, 27; Ireland, 14; Malta, 1; New Holland, 1; New Zealand, 1; Peru, 1; Poland, 1; Russia, 1; Sandwich Islands, 1; Scotland, 14; Sweden, 1; Switzerland, 6; the United States, 228; West Indies, 1; at sea, 4.

"Of the number stated above, as born in California, eight are children of emigrant parents. The others are Californians proper, and they, with two others born in other departments of Mexico (in all thirty-two), constitute the entire Mexican population. Of the whole number (a fact that will at once strike the reader), three-fifths are from the United States. Not only is this true, but probably at least another fifth, including Scotch, Irish, and German emigrants, have reached this country, after residing for a time in the United States.

"The educational memoranda, which have been collected, give these results:—Number who can read and write, 273; can read, but not write, 13; can not read or write, 89.

"From this it appears that the number who can not read or write bears a very near relation to the number of inhabitants under ten years of age. A fact not to be wondered at, when we reflect that there is but one school teacher in the place, and that the town has as yet failed to erect a building suitable for the purposes of education.

"The occupations or professions of the white males are as follows:—Minister, 1; doctors, 3; lawyers, 3; surveyors, 2; school teacher, 1: agriculturists, 11; bakers, 7; blacksmiths, 6; brewer, 1; brickmakers, 6; butchers, 7; cabinet-makers, 2; carpenters, 26; cigar maker, 1; clerks, 13; coopers, 3; gardener, 1; grocers, 5; gunsmiths, two; hotel keepers, 3; laborers, 20; masons, 4; merchants, 11; miners, 1; morocco case maker, 1; navigators (inland), 6; ditto (ocean), 1; painter, 1; printers, 6; saddler, 1; shoemakers, 4; silversmith, 1; tailors, 4; tanners, 2; watchmaker, 1; weaver, 1.

"The Indians, Sandwich Islanders, and negroes, who compose nearly one-fifth of the whole population of the town, are mostly employed as servants and porters. Some of the Indians are very expert in the manufacture of sun-dried bricks (*adobes*), and in the erection of houses from them. The Sandwich Islanders are mostly employed as boatmen in navigating the bay, and they are said to be very servicable in the business. Some few of the Sandwich Islanders read, and two or three can both read and write their own language. Occasionally there will an Indian be found, who had been taught, during the existence of the missions, to read; but such instances are rare. They are, for the most part, an idle, intemperate race, laboring only to procure the means of gratifying their passion for rum and *monte*. Some of the Indians are considered by persons having them, as their property; and I am told, though I have never known of such a case, that there have been instances of the sale and transfer of them from one person to another. As there is no necessity for such an institution as slavery in this country, and as most of the immigrants who come here are educated to respect every human being's rights, there can be no doubt that such practices, if they ever did exist, will soon become obsolete. The few negroes who reside here are from the United States, and are as intelligent as is usual among the free negroes of the north.

"An attempt was made, in collecting the foregoing information, to ascertain the amount of capital invested in the various pursuits and occupations. The results obtained were so meager, that it is not deemed of importance to lay them before the public. The truth is the most of the capital possessed by the great majority of the inhabitants has been employed in purchasing lots, and improving them by the erection of fences and buildings. There is, though, a large amount of money employed in mercantile pursuits, and many small sums in other occupations. That the public may be enabled to form some conclusions on this subject, the following statement of the number of offices and places of business is submitted, viz.—

"Apothecary's shop, 1; bakeries, 3; blacksmiths' shops, 2; butchers' shops, 3; cabinet maker's shop, 1; carpenters' shops, 2; cigar maker's shop, 1; coopers' shops, 2; groceries, 7; gunsmith's shop, 1; hotels, 2; mill (horse power), 1; mill (wind), 1; printing offices, 2; shoemaker's shop, 1; stores, 8; tailors' shops, 2; watchmaker's shop, 1.

"During the year elapsed previous to the 30th of June, 1847, there were built in the town *thirty houses*. Most of these structures are, indeed, but poor affairs, yet they constitute an important item, when taken as an index of the enterprise and improvement which the town exhibits. Since June, and up to the present time (two months), there have been built, or are in process of erection, at least *twenty* houses. There can be no better evidence of the rapid improvement of the place than this single fact.

"In conclusion, I can not suppress a desire to say, that San Francisco is destined to become the great commercial emporium of the North Pacific coast. With the advantages of so fine a harbor, and the enterprise of so hardy and intelligent a race of pioneers, it can scarcely be otherwise. Notwithstanding these conclusions are so obvious, I have heard it asserted, that Monterey is destined to outstrip it. That Monterey can never surpass San Francisco, I think the following view will clearly establish:—1. San Francisco has a safer and more commodious harbor than Monterey. 2. The waters of the bay afford an easy method of communication, and a facile means of transportation, between the town and the hundred lateral valleys which surround the bay, and which are destined soon to become granaries and hives of plenty. 3. It also has a ready means of communication, by water, with the rich and large valleys of the San Joaquin, the Sacramento, and the American Fork, as all of these rivers are tributaries to the bay. So far as my information goes, Monterey, although it has a fine country at its back, has none of the facilities for reaching and transporting the products of that country, which San Francisco possesses in regard to the country which surrounds it. This, it seems to me, allowing all other things to be equal, would give to San Francisco an insuperable advantage.

CHAPTER III.

CALIFORNIA WEST OF THE SIERRA NEVADA.

THE Sierra Nevada divides California into two great divisions. The country lying upon the west embraces ten degrees of latitude, from 32° to 42° north, and occupying the land between the peninsula of California and Oregon. From the mountains to the sea, the distance variously extends from one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles. The total number of square miles would thus be more than one hundred thousand. This division is a populated and settled country, with such peculiarities as render it entirely distinct from other parts of the Territory. The climate is mild and agreeable. From the same latitude upon the eastern side of the United States, no idea can be formed of the character of the soil, climate, or productions. From the Mountains of Nevada the prospect is one of alternate valleys and mountains—plains and hills—beautiful streams and well-timbered bottoms. The mountains running between the coast and the Nevada are parallel to each of them, and as they run northward, are larger and higher, until finally they become in some places entirely covered with snow. Cultivation now is vastly different from what it was in former days. We hear of this being a land of pomegranates, of oranges, of grapes, and of various kinds of fruit—of the indigo, the banana, and the cocoanut being the products of this clime, but now the fields are covered with wild productions, and the scanty crops of the indolent farmers. The evil that has resulted from the abandonment of the missions, is seen in the general neglect that shows itself upon the land. The missions employed by persuasion, by force, or by enticements, thousands of Indians, who were made to cultivate the soil, and were, in reality, nothing more than slaves.

While in the northern part of California we have, in abundance, the products named, we have in the south, besides some of these things, tobacco and wheat cultivated to a considerable extent; and, judging from the uninterrupted dryness of the climate, after the wet season, it doubtless would be favorable to the growth of cotton. The moisture arising from a proximity with the sea, renders it highly favorable to potatoes and other vegetables. Luxuriant fields of almost every kind of fruit and grain—perpetual spring casting its greenness and life over every object, and a salubrious clime, making health a lasting blessing, and life a comfort, are the cheering and inviting advantages of California, west of the Sierra Nevada.

Although I have thus adverted to some of the striking peculiarities of this country, with its productions, I deem it proper to state, that more particular accounts of its climate, soil, productions, etc., will be given in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF CALIFORNIA.

CALIFORNIA enjoys a healthful and salubrious climate. Along the coast, the prevailing northwest winds during the dry season, render the climate somewhat disagreeable and cold. The country in the interior, however, is quite different from that of the coast; and, perhaps, there is not a finer climate to be found in the world than in some parts of the inland country of California. The climate of the valley of San Juan is of this character. The fertile valleys of the San Joaquin and Sacramento rivers, on account of their rank vegetation, are somewhat unhealthy in the months of September, October, and November, when this vegetation decomposes and fills the air with malaria. The deleterious gases that load the atmosphere at this time produce chills and fevers, but these are of such a slight nature that they are easily prevented or cured by medicine. At other seasons of the year these valleys have a fine and pleasant atmosphere, and sickness rarely occurs. The unpleasant winds that sweep over the coast, by the time they reach the interior, have become warmed, and though retaining their purity and freshness, have abated their force and violence. The climate along the coast is, in the afternoon, often cold and disagreeable to some degree, on account of the winds, but is, nevertheless, a pleasant one on the whole. The ground is never frozen, and frost is seldom seen. Woolen clothing is worn with comfort during the most of the year. The atmosphere is also so pure that meat, even in the summer, does not become putrid.

The soil of California varies as much as the surface of the country. With the exception of some small vales among the coast range of hills, there is little soil that is well adapted to agricultural purposes. There is, however, a plentiful supply of wild oats and grass for the deer and other animals. The northern country is fit for extensive operations in agriculture, but few efforts have been directed to its cultivation. Leaving this coast range of hills, the land between the Nevada Mountains and the Pacific coast, is the most fertile part of California. It is capable of producing Indian corn, wheat, rye, and other grains, with many fruits of the tropics, and all those of temperate climates. In the valleys irrigation is not necessary for many of the grains, nor for tobacco, flax, and hemp; but Indian corn and vegetables require it. Wild mustard, oats, and clover, literally cover the country; the two latter of which grow to a great height. The valleys of the San Joaquin, Sacramento, San Juan, Nappa, and Sonama, are the garden-spots of the country. Pasturage here is also very good; but in the dry season, vegetation, notwithstanding it requires but little water, becomes injured, and the stock suffers considerably from want of food.

Cattle and horses have formed the chief products of California. The greater part of the wealth of the people consists in their live stock, which is fine and large. The exportation of hides and tallow, average yearly not much short of one hundred and fifty thousand of the former, and two hundred thousand *arrobas* of the latter. The price of cattle per head will average about five dollars. Horses and mules are numerous; the horses are smaller than the American horses, but for a short journey endure more, and are more fleet. The price of horses fluctuates very much, on account of the immigration into the country; but before there was much immigration, good horses varied in value from ten to twenty-five dollars.

The salmon-fishery is capable of being made a profitable business, if it is attended to. But while this is capable of being made a source of so considerable profit, the people have never engaged in the business to any extent.

The vegetable productions of California embrace nearly all the grains and vegetables of the United States, and nearly all the fruits of the temperate and tropical climates. The grain crops consist of wheat, oats, corn, and other small grains. Potatoes, beans, and pease yield well. The vegetables are beginning to be cultivated extensively; and supplies of the articles just mentioned may be had in abundance, and of the finest kind. The soil is well adapted for the raising of grapes, and every year the labor and attention of the people increase in their cultivation. Rice, cotton, and sugar can not be profitably cultivated here, though some persons have expressed an opposite opinion.

Agriculture is in the rudest state. The utensils of farming are the same as those used when Mexico was invaded and conquered by Cortez, three hundred years ago. The plow is made of a prong of a tree, or a crooked piece of timber, four to six inches square, somewhat in shape like our plows; and while to an American they would be deemed useless, they are believed to answer the purpose in this country very well. The ground is loosened three or four inches in depth, and in a rich soil, and on even land, produces large crops. They are drawn by oxen, and are adapted to the use of the Indian, who easily learns how to use them. The introduction of American farming implements will form a new era in agriculture in California.*

The only trouble the people of California have in raising their cattle is to brand them annually with the peculiar mark of each owner. The cattle pasture in common. The want of fences in the country gives them a large field for roaming, and yearly, when the young are to be branded, they are driven into a pen into which all the owners go at the same time, each owner closely observing his neighbor, to prevent his own rights of property from being invaded. The cattle after being branded are again let out to their pastures. The persons who have composed the company engaged in marking the cattle, wind up the labor of the day by a grand feast, accompanied with various amusements. It is not, however, always the case that the owners of the cattle wait until branding time arrives before they take notice of the stock. Sometimes they drive them up to their pens, or, as they are called,

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* The discovery of the Gold Mines having transpired subsequently to the date of the author's visit, for the sake of greater completeness, it has been deemed expedient by the publishers to embody in the form of an appendix, a condensed view of all that has been ascertained upon the subject, based upon reliable authorities.

kraal, to prevent them from becoming too wild, and also to notice whether some have not been stolen. Stealing, by means of a running noose, is frequently practiced, and even some who are reputed honest in other respects, sometimes appropriate the cattle of their neighbors. The brand is the only means of distinguishing to whom the cattle belong. In law they can be claimed by the persons whose brand they bear. On this account those who steal them are always particular to remove the brand, if possible. In selling them, another brand must be put upon them, or else the buyer's title is not a good one. The wealth of a Californian can very accurately be known by estimating the value of his stock. The income of an individual from his cattle, if he has a very large stock, is great. An animal generally can be sold for five dollars, the hide bringing two dollars, the tallow three, and the flesh usually nothing. Without injury to the stock by a diminution in numbers so great as to effect a decrease of the average number at the time they are let out to pasture, about one-fourth can be killed yearly.

While in California, I was informed that Gen. Don Guadaloupe Vallejo of Sonama owned one thousand horses that were broken to the saddle and bridle; nine thousand that were not broken; and twenty thousand head of cattle. Another gentleman, I was informed, owned eight thousand head of cattle, and according to the above rates, his income from them must be about $10,000. The income at the missions must have been very large. Horses when broken are worth sometimes as much as one hundred dollars, while a wild horse can be had for a very small sum, or for the trouble of getting him. So numerous are horses that at one time some were driven away and others slaughtered, because of their encroachments upon the feeding places of the other stock.

Lassoing cattle is exciting and interesting, besides being attended with considerable danger. Sometimes horses are lassoed while in a pen or *krall*, and sometimes in the open fields. The manner of taking them is the same in both places. A noose is coiled up in the hands, and at a favorable opportunity is directed to the horse that the individual desires to take. When caught, the horse exhibits the utmost fury, plunging and rearing until thrown down. The lasso, when he is down, is loosened, and the steed, being somewhat recovered in strength, makes many futile endeavors to release itself from the rope. After several fruitless efforts of this sort, the animal is finally overcome, and rendered manageable.

The grasses of this country are of many varieties; are more abundant than those upon the Atlantic coast, and possess more nutriment. The different species are all heavily seeded. The grasses are so numerous, and grow so profusely, that in the rainy season they cover the whole land. They are as nutritious as the grains used for sustaining and fattening the cattle; making it useless to raise grain for their food. The seeds of the clover and other grasses are so large that they are easily taken up by the cattle, when scattered upon the ground.

Some idea may be formed of the extent and character of the natural pastures of the country, from the fact that in 1831 the number of horned cattle was estimated at not less than 500,000; the number of sheep, goats, and pigs, 321,000; and the number of horses, asses, mules, etc., 64,000. I have no data upon which to base an opinion as to the present number of sheep, goats, pigs, horses, asses, mules, etc.; but the present number of horned cattle, it is believed by competent judges, will not fall short of one million.

California is rich in its botany and flora. During the months of May and June the greatest number of flowers appear. There are many medicinal plants. One of these plants is the *canchalagua*, which is considered by the inhabitants as an antidote for all the diseases to which they are subject. It is especially useful in fevers and agues; and for cleansing and regulating the system, is, perhaps, unsurpassed by any other medicine. In the flowering season, its blossoms make a beautiful display. There is another plant called the *amóle* or soap-plant, that is very useful in washing linen; its saponaceous part, which is the root, bears a likeness to the onion, and cleanses linen as well as the best manufactured soap. I found also this plant when upon my journey into Oregon, immediately before entering the Umpqua Mountains. The botanists will have hereafter a large and interesting field for investigation, in the botany and flora of this country.

The water-power in California is not very extensive, but is sufficient for milling purposes. There is a great scarcity of timber in most places, except where access is difficult. The timber that can be had on the Nevada Mountains, can not now be obtained, on account of the difficulty of getting to it. The evergreen oak is wholly unfit for any other use than that of fuel. The pine and fir that can be had along the coast, and in the valleys between the hills, are fit for lumber, and will not be exhausted for a long time.

The quantity of game in California is almost incredible. While the elk may be said to be the most numerous, there are many bears, wolves, wild horses, black-tailed deer, foxes, minx, lynx, muskrats, hares, badgers, antelopes, otters, cayotes, squirrels, Rocky Mountain sheep, and beavers. It is the opinion of Dr. Marsh, an intelligent gentleman, residing in the country, that there is only one species of the grisly bear. In addition to the black bear of the United States, found also in Mexico, Dr. Pickering is said to have seen still another species, the coat of which, in summer, bears some resemblance to the yellow bear that is found in Oregon. The young, unlike the grisly bear, is without horny claws. Its skin is made into quivers by the savages. The grisly bear has a skin sometimes as large as that of an ox; it will sometimes attack and devour the savages. It is very strong. The wolf is said to be like that found in Oregon, while others affirm that it is the same as the prairie-wolf of the upper Mississippi. The foxes are the same as the gray foxes of the United States, and have the habit, when pursued, of climbing trees. The wild fowls are very abundant. The skins of the large animals are exported in considerable quantities.

Birds are very numerous, but of only few varieties. Aquatic birds, such as wild geese, ducks, and swans, line the bays and indentations on the coast, and the rivers and lakes in the interior. Immense numbers of eggs are obtained from the islands of San Francisco Bay; the soil of these islands is whitened with the guano of the birds. Partridges and pheasants are numerous in the mountains. There are not many small birds.

The Indians of California are generally of small stature, robust appearance, and not well formed. They wear their hair short, and it is usually thicker than that of the savages living north of them; they also wear whiskers. The women wear the *maro*, and the men go naked. Tattooing is practiced upon the breast to some extent. In some instances their ears are bored, and pieces of bone or wood worn in the openings.

Their arms are the same as those used by the northern tribes. Their bows and arrows are about three feet in length, and are made of yew and encased with sinew. The arrows are pointed with flint, as are also their spears which are very short. They do not use the tomahawk or scalping knife.

An Indian village or *rancheria* usually contains only about five or six wigwams. These huts are constructed by first digging a round hole in the ground, from ten to twenty feet in width, and three or four feet in depth; over this are placed sticks, worked together; these are covered over with grass and reeds; the whole being then overlaid with earth. There is only one entrance to the hut, and this is so small as to make it necessary to creep in order to get admittance. The opening at the top serves as the chimney. The roofs are strong enough to sustain the weight of two or three men, and usually the savages sit upon them. Their *tamascals* or sweat-houses are built in the same manner, with the exception that they are larger and have several entrances. From the great quantity of muscle-shells and acorns that lie around their huts, it would appear that these are their principal food. The huts are shaded by erecting large branches of trees near them. Their furniture consists principally of water-proof baskets and rush mats.

At the usual seasons the Indians take fish in considerable numbers. Their fish-weirs are made with some degree of skill. They drive stakes, inclining down the stream, into the bed, having three apertures, conducting to square pens above: the natives stand upon a platform, constructed over the entrances to the pens, where they catch the fish. A fire is sometimes kindled upon the platforms for the purpose of attracting the fish.

In the days of the missions the Indians were either by persuasion, force, or presents, brought into their fold. The understanding, or rather the rule, was, that they should become Christians, and for such a valuable blessing, they were required to give in exchange ten years of labor. At the expiration of the ten years of service, they were to receive their liberty, together with a few head of cattle, and a small piece of land, that they might follow agricultural pursuits. But these were only given when they could give bonds for their good conduct. It did not often occur that security could be given; and the savages, habituated, from so long a service, to the labor of the missions, generally remained at their old employments. Their duties were varied. Some worked upon the farm; others took care of the stock; some learned and worked at mechanical employments; and others were hired out to the service of the whites. Punishment was administered for bad behavior, and rewards were given to those who behaved well. They were prompted, on account of the inducements offered, to bring into the missions those who would become proselytes. The priests also dispatched agents, whose duty it was to recruit the missions, by enticing the savages into the fold, for the purpose of christianizing and civilizing them. The priests had caused them to believe that they were to be participants in the benefits accruing from the sale of the articles that were taken to the market from the missions. The laborers, who naturally were opposed to labor, soon became industrious and active, when they believed that they would receive in return the proceeds of their toil. Each of the missions constituted a distinct community, and had its own officers. Under the government of the Spanish padres, the missions appeared to be conducted under regulations which, considered with reference to the pecuniary interests of the priests, were good. But, in 1835, the Supreme Government issued orders, annulling the jurisdiction of the priests, and giving them only their religious powers, with a small compensation; at the same time sending to every mission its administradors. The corruption and wickedness that finally manifested themselves made the hitherto profitable labor of the Indians entirely profitless to them, while it increased the riches of the administradors. But a short time wrought such a change, that the missions were not able to support even their proselytes; and the revolution that occurred in 1836, increased the evils of these establishments, by turning loose thousands of disciples, who were compelled to procure subsistence in the best manner they could. The government claimed entire possession of the property, and did not heed the claims of the Indians. Many of them have allied themselves with the wild savages, and, smarting under a sense of injustice and wrong, they use the experience they obtained at the missions for destroying the peace, comfort, and even life, of the white inhabitants. Retaliation was, of course, adopted by the whites. The most cruel measures were taken by both sides to avenge their wrongs. The inhabitants, when aroused, pursue them with the greatest eagerness, and have, at such a time, no regard for sex or condition, the innocent or the guilty.

Under such circumstances, the Indians and whites lived in a belligerent state. The savages stole the horses of the whites, sometimes with the utmost boldness. The Californians, on the other hand, treated them like brutes; and the savages forfeited their lives when caught stealing. Indeed, they were shot down when not violating the laws or disturbing the peace of the country, as pests to society, and enemies to the general welfare of the government.

Their great antipathy is against the Spaniards. The character of these Indians is not fierce. The wrongs, which they endured under the rule of wicked priests, unprincipled administradors, and a corrupt government, have exasperated their feelings. It is said that they are friendly to other citizens than the Mexican-Californians. The knowledge they have obtained from their connection with the missions would, doubtless, enable them, in a well-directed effort, if it were not for the Americans and English, to drive the Mexican-Californians from the country, or, at least, to confine them to their towns.

The largest number of Indians reside in the Sacramento Valley. The present population is from eight to nine thousand. The small-pox has been very fatal to the various tribes, and at present they are only about half as numerous as before the ravages of this disease.

CHAPTER VII.

JOURNEY OF A PARTY OF CALIFORNIA EMIGRANTS, IN 1846, FROM FORT BRIDGER TO THE SINKS OF OGDEN'S RIVER.

UPON my arrival at the town of San Francisco, I had the pleasure of receiving the friendly salutations and cordial greetings of many who had been my traveling companions in 1846. We had all commenced our journey together from the Wokaruska creek, west of the frontier settlements of Missouri, with my valued friend Col. Russell for our leader. In the divisions and subdivisions of the company which subsequently occurred, at the times and places noted in my journal, we were separated. Our respective companies, however, often traveled near to each other, and not unfrequently we encamped at the same grass and water. The reader, by turning back to my journal entries, under dates of July 21 and 22, 1846, will see that these California emigrants, at that time, determined upon following Lansford W. Hastings, upon a "cut-off" into California. This man had left California, and proceeded as far as the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains, and encamped at a place where the Sweet Water breaks through a cañon, at the point where the emigrants leave that river to enter the South Pass. He had come out for the purpose of inducing the emigrants to follow him through a "cut-off" into California. After meeting some of the advanced companies, and sending forward a messenger with a letter to those in the rear, informing them that he had explored a new and much better road into California than the old one, he returned to Fort Bridger, where he stated that he would remain until the California and Oregon emigrants should come up, when he would give a more particular description of his "cut-off."

The emigrants having all in time arrived at that place, Hastings assured them in the most solemn manner that the road over which he proposed to conduct them, was much nearer and better than the one via Fort Hall. He stated that there was an abundant supply of wood, water, and grass upon the whole line of the road, except one dry drive of thirty-five miles, or of forty at most; that they would have no difficult cañons to pass, and that the road was generally smooth, level, and hard.

Upon meeting in California many of those who survived the dangers of that disastrous cut-off, some of them expressed a wish that I would embody the facts, and publish them to the world in connection with my own journal, as constituting an important part of the history of the journey of the emigration of that year to the Pacific coast.

The notes from which I write the history of the journey of that party, after our final separation at Sandy, were written in the presence of Mr. Clarke of San Francisco, as the facts were verbally communicated to me by survivors.

It is proper to state, likewise, that such was the character of many of the shocking and heart-sickening scenes of the journey, that the emigrants had at first determined that they would, as far as practicable, keep these occurrences from the gaze of the world. But those who went from the settlements of California to the relief of the emigrants, at the Mountain Camp, necessarily obtained a knowledge of many facts. These were published, on their return, in the California Star, and also others that were materially erroneous. The latter class of newspaper notices, together with a multitude of floating rumors, finally led to the opinion that a circumstantial and plain narrative of the events referred to should be given to the world.

The California Company, after parting, on the 22d August, 1840, at Sandy, from the company in which I traveled, proceeded on their road to Bridger's trading post, where they arrived July 25th. They left that place on the 28th, buoyant with hope, and filled with pleasing expectations of a speedy and happy termination of the toils and fatigues of travel. They continued traveling, without any circumstance of especial importance occurring, until August 3d, at which time a letter from Lansford W. Hastings was found by them, at the first crossing of Weber river, placed in the split of a stick, in such a situation as to call their attention to it. In this letter they were informed that the road down Weber river, over which the sixty-six wagons led by Lansford W. Hastings had passed, had been found to be a very bad one, and expressing fears that their sixty-six wagons could not be gotten through the cañon leading into the valley of the Great Salt Lake, then in sight; and advising them to remain in camp until he could return to them, for the purpose of showing them a better road than that through the cañon of Weber river which here breaks through the mountains. The company, piloted by Hastings, did with great difficulty succeed in passing. In this letter, Hastings had indicated another road which he affirmed was much better; and by pursuing which they would avoid the cañon. Messrs. Reed, Stanton, and Pike then went forward, for the purpose of exploring the contemplated new route. In eight days, Mr. Reed returned, reporting the practicability of the way, and that Messrs. Stanton and Pike were lost. These eight days thus spent materially contributed in bringing upon them the disasters which ensued. Upon receiving this report, they dispatched a party in search of Messrs. Stanton and Pike, and resumed their journey.

The company at that time consisted of the following persons:—J. F. Reed, wife, and four children; George Donner, wife, and five children; Jacob Donner, wife, and seven children; Patrick Brinn, wife and seven children; William Pike, wife and two children; William Foster, wife, and one child; Lewis Kiesburg, wife, and one child; Mrs. Murphy, a widow woman, and five children; William McCutcheon, wife, and one child; W. H. Eddy, wife, and two children; Noah James; Patrick Dolan; Samuel Shoemaker; John Denton; C. F. Stanton; Milton Elliot; —— Smith; —— Hardcoop; Joseph Rianhard; Augustus Spitzer; John Baptiste; —— Antoine; —— Herring; —— Hallerin; Charles Burger; and Baylis Williams.

On the second day after resuming their journey they came to a grove of willows and quaking asp, through which their way led. Here they were compelled to open a road, which occupied one day. They again continued their journey, and passing over some very difficult bluffs, entered a hollow leading into the Utah River valley, and through which they were under the necessity of cutting eight miles of very thick timber and close-tangled underbrush. This difficult labor occupied eight days. On the sixth day of their being thus employed, Mr. W. Graves, wife, and eight children, and his son-in-law Jay Fosdick and wife, and John Snyder, came up with them. On the ninth day they left their encampment, and traveled into an opening which they supposed led out into the Utah River valley. Here Messrs. Stanton and Pike, who had been lost from the time Mr. Reed had gone forward with them to explore, were found by the party they had sent to hunt for them. These men reported the impracticability of passing down the valley in which they then were; and they advised their companions to pass over a low range of hills into a neighboring valley. This they did. Here they worked five days in cutting through the timber. On the seventh day they came out of the timber into a prairie, which led down to a cañon opening into the valley of the Utah. The cañon being impracticable as a wagon way, they doubled teams and got their wagons to the top of the hill, from which there was a gradual descent into the valley. They encamped in this; and resuming their journey on the next morning, struck the trail of the company in advance, at the crossing of the river which flows from the Utah Lake into the Great Salt Lake. They were thus occupied thirty days in traveling forty miles.

On September 3d, they again resumed their journey, pursuing their way around the south side of the Salt Lake, and along the trail of the company in advance.

The valley of the Utah river is about thirty-five miles long. One of the emigrants expressed to me the opinion, that as a happy abode for man, it surpassed in beauty, fertility, and every thing that can render a spot of earth desirable, any country that he had seen or expected to see. It is well supplied with streams of clear water, filled with salmon-trout. The atmosphere is remarkably pure and healthful, and the whole face of the country is covered with a heavy coat of the most nutritious grass. It is surrounded by high and rugged mountains, in the bosom of which it reposes in a calm and quiet beauty, that invites the weary and worn traveler to stay his wanderings and to enjoy, in the seclusion and loveliness of the scene, the happiness which he has sought in vain amidst the crowded marts of commerce or the fashion and dissipation of cities. The peaceful stillness and loveliness of this most interesting valley, and the happiness to which it seemed to invite, strangely contrasted with the suffering of body and the anguish of spirit which that devoted party subsequently endured.

In listening to the description of this valley, as thus substantially given to me by the emigrants, I was strongly reminded of my own emotions and feelings when, after passing over a long and cheerless waste, I suddenly emerged from sands and artemisia into a beautiful little valley of bubbling springs, and verdure, and flowers. At such a time, it has appeared far more interesting and lovely, from the striking contrast, than it would have done, had I met with it in a country of general fertility. On these occasions I have often experienced a cloud of sadness to come over my spirit, as I reflected that the leaves around me must wither, and the flowers, that modestly turned up their beautiful faces to the sun, must fall silently and unobserved. The beauty of the place, the penciling of the leaves, the sparkling of the fountains, the rippling of the streams, and the whole aspect of the surrounding scenery of nature rejoicing in her beauty, yet induced within my mind saddened emotions, as I reflected how evanescent were all these varied expressions of the beautiful and the real. The interest I have thus felt in all this, was but a tribute of grief and affection, eminently befitting and proper in one whom Nature had never deserted in adversity, but had a thousand times whispered in his ear the promise of a new and better condition of being, in a world not subjected to the decree of the fell destroyer, where the fields are ever fresh and verdant, and the flowers never fade.

It is in this valley that the Mormons have made a settlement and laid out a town, about four miles above the emigrant road.

The Mormons, upon being expelled from Nauvoo, in 1846, made a large settlement at Council Bluffs, upon the Missouri river. This is designed rather for a place of outfit and preparation for the journey across the Rocky Mountains, than as a permanent settlement. A party, consisting of about three hundred and fifty, left Council Bluffs very early in the year 1847, for the purpose of exploring the Salt Lake country. In June they were followed by about fifteen hundred souls, with provisions and supplies for eighteen months. They purpose to plant and sow crops for 1848; and if the climate and soil should be found favorable to the plan of making a permanent settlement at this place, they will establish one here, for the purpose of making it a half-way or stopping place for persons traveling from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Many thousands are expected, during each succeeding year, to settle at this point.

So soon as a settlement shall be established at this place, they propose to explore the mountains, for the purpose of obtaining minerals. They also contemplate opening a new road from the Salt Lake into California. They measured the distance from the Council Bluffs to the Salt Lake, and found it to be eleven hundred miles. The distance from the Salt Lake to San Francisco, now estimated at seven hundred miles, they believe can be diminished to five hundred.

On the evening of September 3d, the emigrants encamped on the southeast side of the Great Salt Lake. On the morning of the next day, they resumed their journey, and at about 9 o'clock commenced passing round the point of a mountain which here runs down to the beach of the lake. This occupied the entire day. Here Mr. Reed broke an axletree, and they had to go a distance of fifteen miles to obtain timber to repair it. By working all night, Mr. Eddy and Samuel Shoemaker completed the repair for Mr. Reed. About 4 o'clock, P.M., Mr. Hallerin, from St. Joseph, died of consumption, in Mr. George Donner's wagon. About 8 o'clock, this wagon (which had stopped) came up, with the dead body of their fellow-traveler. He died in the exercise of a humble trust and confidence in the ability and willingness of the blessed Redeemer to save his soul. The melancholy event filled all hearts with sadness, and with feelings of solemnity, they committed his body to its silent and lonely grave in the wilderness. Nor did they seek to disguise the tears that silently coursed down many a care-worn face, as they took their last adieu of the lost fellow-traveler. The day of the 5th was spent, with the exception of a change of camp, in committing the body of their friend to the dust. They buried him at the side of an emigrant who had died in the advance company. The deceased gave his property, some $1500, to Mr. George Donner.

On September 6th, they resumed their journey, and after dark encamped at a place to which they gave the name of the Twenty Wells. The name was suggested by the circumstance of there being at this place that number of natural wells, filled to the very surface of the earth with the purest cold water. They sounded some of them with lines of more than seventy feet, without finding bottom. They varied from six inches to nine feet in diameter. None of them overflowed; and, what is most extraordinary, the ground was dry and hard near the very edge of the water, and upon taking water out, the wells would instantly fill again.

On the morning of the 7th, they left camp; and after making a long and hard drive, encamped in a large and beautiful meadow, abundantly supplied with the very best grass. Here they found a number of wells, differing in no respect from those just mentioned. Here they found a letter from Lansford W. Hastings, informing them that it would occupy two days and nights of hard driving to reach the next water and grass. They consequently remained in camp on the 8th, to rest and recruit their cattle. Having done this, and cut grass to carry on the way, they resumed their journey at daylight on the morning of September 9th, with many apprehensions, and at about ten o'clock, A.M., of the 12th, Mr. Eddy and some others succeeded, after leaving his wagons twenty miles back, in getting his team across the Great Salt Plain, to a beautiful spring at the foot of a mountain on the west side of the plain, and distant eighty miles from their camp of the 7th and 8th. On the evening of the 12th, just at dark, Mr. Reed came up to them, and informed them that his wagons and those of the Messrs. Donner had bad been left about forty miles in the rear, and that the drivers were trying to bring the cattle forward to the water. After remaining about an hour, he started back to meet the drivers with the cattle, and to get his family. Mr. Eddy accompanied him back five miles, with a bucket of water for an ox of his that had become exhausted, in consequence of thirst, and had lain down. Mr. Reed met the drivers ten miles from the spring, coming forward with the cattle. He continued on, and the drivers came into camp about midnight, having lost all of Mr. Reed's team after passing him. The Messrs. Donner got to water, with a part of their teams, at about 2 o'clock, A.M., of September 13th. Mr. Eddy started back at daylight on the morning of the 13th, and at dawn of day on the 14th, he brought up Mrs. Reed and children, and his wagon. On the afternoon of the 14th, they started back with Mr. Reed and Mr. Graves, for the wagons of the Messrs. Donner and Reed; and brought them up with horses and mules, on the evening of the 15th.

It is impossible to describe the dismay and anguish with which that perilous and exhausting drive filled the stoutest hearts. Many families were completely ruined. They were yet in a country of hostile Indians, far from all succor, betrayed by one of their own countrymen. They could not tell what was the character of the road yet before them, since the man in whose veracity they reposed confidence, had proved himself so utterly unworthy of it. To retreat across the desert to Bridger was impossible. There was no way left to them, but to advance; and this they now regarded as perilous in the extreme. The cattle that survived were exhausted and broken down; but to remain there was to die. Feeble and dispirited, therefore, they slowly resumed their journey.

On this drive thirty-six head of working cattle were lost, and the oxen that survived were greatly injured. One of Mr. Reed's wagons was brought to camp; and two, with all they contained, were buried in the plain. George Donner lost one wagon. Kiesburg also lost a wagon. The atmosphere was so dry upon the plain, that the wood-work of all the wagons shrank to a degree that made it next to impossible to get any of them through.

The name of this place indicates its character in some respects, and I need not now detain the reader with a description of it; but I can not forbear mentioning an extraordinary optical illusion related to me by one of the emigrants. They saw themselves, their wagons, their teams, and the dogs with them, in very many places, while crossing this plain, repeated many times in all the distinctness and vividness of life. Mr. Eddy informed me that he was surprised to see twenty men all walking in the same direction in which he was traveling. They all stopped at the same time, and the motions of their bodies corresponded. At length he was astounded with the discovery that they were men whose features and dress were like his own, and that they were imitating his own motions. When he stood still, they stood still, and when he advanced, they did so also. In short, they were living and moving images of himself, and of his actions. Subsequently he saw the caravan repeated in the same extraordinary and startling manner.

Mr. Eddy having ascended the side of the mountain that commanded a view of the plain below, saw the morning spread out upon the hills, and, at length, beheld the sun arise above the plain, and cover it with splendor and glory. The mind can not conceive, much less the tongue express, the ravishing beauty of the scene that instantly kindled into a magnificence, grandeur, and loveliness unequaled—cloud-formed masses of purple ranges, bordered with the most brilliant gold, lay piled above the eastern mountains. Peaks were seen shooting up into narrow lines of crimson drapery, and festooning of greenish orange, the whole being covered with a blue sky of singular beauty and transparency. All the colors of the prism bordered the country before him, and ten thousand hues of heavenly radiance spread and diffused themselves over it, as the sun continued to ascend. The king of day seemed to rise from his throne, and cast upon his footstool his gorgeous robes of light, sparkling with unnumbered gems. Here nature appeared to have collected all her glittering beauties together in one chosen place.

Having yoked some loose cows, as a team for Mr. Reed, they broke up their camp on the morning of September 16th, and resumed their toilsome journey, with feelings which can be appreciated by those only who have traveled the road under somewhat similar circumstances. On this day they traveled six miles, encountering a very severe snow storm. About 3 o'clock, P.M., they met Milton Elliot and William Graves, returning from a fruitless effort to find some cattle that had got off. They informed them that they were then in the immediate vicinity of a spring, at which commenced another dry drive of forty miles. They encamped for the night, and at dawn of day of September 17th, they resumed their journey, and at 4 o'clock, A.M., of the 18th they arrived at water and grass, some of their cattle having perished, and the teams which survived being in a very enfeebled condition. Here the most of the little property which Mr. Reed still had, was buried, or *cached*, together with that of others. As the term *cache* will frequently occur, I ought to remark that it is used for what is hidden. *Cacher*, the verb, is equivalent to *to conceal*. Here, Mr. Eddy, proposed putting his team to Mr. Reed's wagon, and letting Mr. Pike have his wagon, so that the three families could be taken on. This was done. They remained in camp during the day of the 18th to complete these arrangements, and to recruit their exhausted cattle.

What is the cause of the sterility and aridness of this region, and also of much of the country between the Mississippi and Middle Oregon, is a question that will never, perhaps, be fully answered. It is a remarkable fact, however, that all such districts of country are destitute of timber. And Humboldt has almost demonstrated that the streams of a country fail in proportion to the destruction of timber. If the streams fail the seasons will continue to be worse, because of their becoming each year more dry. It has been observed by the old settlers of a country, that water-courses have failed as the forests have been cleared away. Humboldt, in speaking of the valley of Aragu, in Venezuela says that the lake receded as agriculture advanced, until fine plantations were established on its banks. The desolating wars that swept over the country after the separation of the province from Spain, arrested the process of clearing. The trees again grew up, with a rapidity known only to the tropics, and the waters of the lake again rose, and inundated the low plantations.

Early on the morning of Sept. 19th, the emigrants broke up their encampment, and passing over a low range of mountains, came down into the head of a most beautiful and fertile valley, well supplied with water and grass. They encamped on the west side of this valley. They gave to it the name of the Valley of the Fifty Springs, the name being suggested by that number being here found. They encamped by one of them, situated in the centre of a cone about ten feet high. The water rose to the top, but did not flow over. Many of the springs were hot, some warm, and many cool, and slightly acid. They saw hundreds of Indians, who were friendly, and seemed never before to have seen a white man. Here were great numbers of antelopes and Rocky Mountain sheep, which they had no difficulty in killing. This valley is destitute of timber, and is about fifteen miles wide.

Early on the morning of the 20th, they continued their journey, and traveling about fifteen miles down the valley in a southerly direction, encamped at night near good grass and water. They proceeded down this valley three days, making about fifty miles of travel. The valley, however, still continued to extend south, beyond the reach of their vision, and presenting the same general appearance.

On the morning of Sept. 23d, they left the valley of the Fifty Springs, and crossing over a low range of mountains, came into a valley of great beauty and fertility. Crossing this valley, which was here seven miles wide, and finding water, they again encamped. In all these valleys, there are no springs on their eastern sides. The water being uniformly found breaking out at the foot of the mountains, upon the western side.

They had been traveling in a southerly direction for many days, but on the morning of the 24th, they commenced traveling due north. This they continued to do three days, following the tracks of the wagons in advance. They then turned a little west of north, and traveled two days, so that in nine days' travel they made but about thirty miles westward.

On the night of the 28th, they encamped at the head of a cañon leading into the valley of Mary's or Ogden's river. Here they saw large bodies of Indians in a state of perfect nudity. They hovered around in the vicinity, but did not come into camp.

On the morning of the 29th, they entered the cañon, and traveling about eight miles, found, at 11 o'clock, P.M., a place sufficiently large to admit of an encampment out of the water.

On the 20th, they pursued their way down the cañon, and after traveling eight miles, came out into the valley of Mary's river, at night, and encamped on the bank of the stream, having struck the road leading from Fort Hall. Here some Indians came to camp, and informed them by signs, that they were yet distant about two hundred miles from the sinks of that river.

CHAPTER VIII.

JOURNEY OF THE CALIFORNIA EMIGRANTS FROM OGDEN'S RIVER TO THE EAST SIDE OF THE SIERRA NEVADA.

ON the morning of October 1st, they resumed their journey, and traveled along the usual route down Ogden's river, and encamped that evening at some hot springs, at the foot of a high range of hills.

On the morning of the 2d, they commenced passing over these hills. About 11 o'clock, an Indian, who spoke a little English, came to them, to whom they gave the name of Thursday, on account of their believing that to be the day; although at the time, they were inclined to believe that they had lost one day in their calculation of time. About 4 o'clock, P.M., another came to them, who also spoke a little English. He frequently used the words "jee," "who," and "huoy;" thereby showing that he had been with previous emigrants. They traveled all that day, and at dark encamped at a spring about half way down the side of the mountain. A fire broke out in the grass, soon after the camp fires had been kindled, which would have consumed three of the wagons, but for the assistance of these two Indians. The Indians were fed, and after the evening meal they lay down by one of the fires, but rose in the night, stealing a fine shirt and a yoke of oxen from Mr. Graves.

On the evening of October 5th, the emigrants again encamped on Ogden's river, after a hard and exhausting drive. During the night the Indians stole a horse from Mr. Graves.

On the morning of October 5th, they broke up their camp, and the caravan proceeded on its way. Mr. Eddy went out hunting antelope, and spent the forenoon in this manner, being frequently shot at by the Indians. At noon he came up with the company, which had stopped to take some refreshments, at the foot of a very high and long sand-hill, covered with rocks at the top. At length they commenced ascending the hill. All the wagons had been taken up but Mr. Reed's, Mr. Pike's, and one of Mr. Graves', the latter driven by John Snyder. Milton Elliot, who was Mr. Reed's driver, took Mr. Eddy's team, which was on Mr. Reed's wagon, and joined it to Mr. Pike's team. The cattle of this team, being unruly, became entangled with that of Mr. Graves', driven by Snyder; and a quarrel ensued between him and Elliot. Snyder at length commenced quarreling with Mr. Reed, and made some threats of whipping him, which threats he seemed about to attempt executing. Mr. Reed then drew a knife, without, however, attempting to use it, and told Snyder that he did not wish to have any difficulty with him. Snyder told him that he would whip him, "any how;" and turning the butt of his whip, gave Mr. Reed a severe blow upon the head, which cut it very much. As Reed was in the act of dodging the blow, he stabbed Snyder a little below the collar-bone, cutting off the first rib, and driving the knife through the left lung. Snyder after this struck Mrs. Reed a blow upon the head, and Mr. Reed two blows upon the head, the last one bringing him down upon his knees. Snyder expired in about fifteen minutes. Mr. Reed, although the blood was running down over his face and shoulders from his own wounds, manifested the greatest anguish of spirit, and threw the knife away from him into the river. Although Mr. Reed was thus compelled to do as he did, the occurrence produced much feeling against him; and in the evening Kiesburg proposed to hang him. To this, however, he was probably prompted by a feeling of resentment, produced by Mr. Reed having been mainly instrumental in his expulsion from one of the companies, while on the South Platte, for grossly improper conduct. Mr. Eddy had two six-shooters, two double-barreled pistols, and a rifle; Milton Elliot had one rifle, and a double-barreled shot gun; and Mr. Reed had one six-shooter, and a brace of double-barreled pistols, and rifle. Thus Mr. Reed's comrades were situated, and they determined that he should not die. Mr. Eddy, however, proposed that Mr. Reed should leave the camp. This was finally agreed to, and he accordingly left the next morning; not, however, before he had assisted in committing to the grave the body of the unhappy young man.

On the morning of October 6th, they quitted the wretched scene of mortal strife, and in the evening encamped on Ogden's river.

Leaving camp on the morning of the 7th, they proceeded on until about eleven o'clock, when they found a letter from Mr. Reed, informing them of a battle between one of the advanced companies and the Indians. On the forenoon of this day, a number of arrows were shot at Mr. Eddy and Mr. Pike, while out hunting for game, which the reduced amount of their provisions had by this time made it necessary to seek. Upon arriving at their evening encampment, they found that Hardcoop, a Belgian, who had given out, and had been carried in Kiesburg's wagon for several days, was missing. Kiesburg professed not to know what had become of him, but suspecting that there was some wrong committed, a man was sent back upon a horse, for the old man. He was found about five miles in the rear. Hardcoop stated that Kiesburg had put him out of the wagon to perish.

On the morning of Oct. 8, they *cached* a part of Mr. Eddy's tools and clothing, and Mr. Reed's wagon, and procured a lighter wagon of Mr. Graves. At about nine o'clock they started. In about half an hour Hardcoop came to Mr. Eddy, and informed him that Kiesburg had again put him out of the wagon—that he was an old man, being more than sixty years of age, and in addition to the infirmities usually attendant upon one of his advanced years, was sick and worn down by the toils and hardships of the way; and he concluded by requesting Mr. Eddy to carry him in his wagon, as it was utterly impossible for him to travel on foot. Mr. Eddy replied that they were then in the sand, and if he could in some way get forward until they got out, he would do what he could. He told me that he shuddered at the thought of seeing him left to perish by the way; and that he knew that the picture of his bones bleaching in the wilderness would haunt his memory to the latest day of his life. Hardcoop replied that he would make an effort. The emigrants traveled on until night. As soon as they got into camp, inquiry was made for Hardcoop. Some boys who had been driving cattle stated that they had seen him last sitting under a large bush of sage, or artemisia, exhausted and completely worn out. At this time his feet had swollen until they burst. Mr. Eddy, having the guard during the fore part of the night, built a large fire on the side of the hill, to guide Hardcoop to the camp, if it was possible for him to come up. Milton Elliot had the guard during the latter part of the night, and he kept up the fire for the same purpose. The night was very cold; but when morning dawned, the unhappy Hardcoop did not come up. Mrs. Reed, Milton Elliot, and Mr. Eddy then went to Kiesburg, and besought him to return for the old man. This, Kiesburg, in a very heartless and inhuman manner, refused to do. No other persons, excepting Patrick Brinn and Mr. Graves having horses, upon which he could be carried, they then applied to Patrick Brinn, who replied that it was impossible, and that he must perish. Application was then made to Graves, who said that he would not kill his horses to save the life of Hardcoop, and that he might die; and, in great anger, requested that he might not be troubled any more upon the subject. Milton Elliot, William Pike, and Mr. Eddy then proposed to go back on foot and carry him up, but the company refused to wait. Being in an Indian country, they were compelled to go forward with their traveling companions. They arrived at the place where Applegate's cut-off leaves the Ogden's river road, about 11 o'clock, A.M. of this day (Oct. 9); and having halted for the purpose of resting and taking a little refreshment, they again sought to induce Brinn and Graves to let them have horses to go back for the unfortunate Hardcoop: the proposal was again violently repulsed. Thus disappointed and defeated in every effort, they were, at last, under the dreadful necessity of relinquishing every hope, and of leaving their aged and exhausted fellow-traveler to die a most miserable death. He was from Antwerp, in Belgium—was a cutler by trade, and had a son and daughter in his native city. He had come to the United States for the purpose of seeing the country. He owned a farm near Cincinnati, Ohio, and intended, after visiting California, to go back to Ohio, sell his farm, and return to Antwerp, for the purpose of spending with his children the evening of his days.

Proceeding from their 11 o'clock halt, they arrived at a bed of deep, loose sand about 4 o'clock, P.M., and did not succeed in crossing it until 4 o'clock in the morning of Oct. 10, when they halted upon the place where Mr. Salle, who had been killed by the Indians, had been buried. His body had been dug up by the savages, and his bones, which had been picked by wolves, were bleaching in the sun. Here they *cached* another wagon, and at this place all of Graves' horses were stolen. At 10 o'clock they drove on, and encamped at night on Ogden's river, with scarcely any grass for their cattle, the water being very bad.

On the morning of the 11th George Donner, Jacob Donner, and Wolfinger lost eighteen head of cattle. Graves, also, had a cow stolen by Indians. They encamped on the night of the 11th on a small spot of very poor grass. The water here, also, was deficient in quantity and bad in quality. Brinn had a fine mare die in the mud. He asked Mr. Eddy to help him to get her out. Mr. Eddy referred him to poor Hardcoop, and refused. Several cattle had arrows shot at them during the night, but none of them died in consequence.

On the morning of Oct. 12, the emigrants resumed their journey. One of Mr. Eddy's oxen gave out during the day, and they left him. At 12 o'clock at night they encamped at the sinks of Ogden's river. At daylight on the morning of the 13th they drove their cattle to grass, and put them under a guard. The guard came in to breakfast, and in their absence the Indians killed twenty-one head, including the whole of Mr. Eddy's team, except one ox; and the whole of Wolfinger's, except one. Wolfinger wished to *cache* his goods at the sinks, but the company refused to wait. Rianhard and Spitzer, who were traveling with him, remained behind to assist him. Three days afterward the two former came up to the company at Truckee river, and said that the Indians came down from the hills upon them, and after killing Wolfinger, drove them from the wagons, which they burned, after taking the goods out. Wolfinger had a considerable amount of money. I was informed by Mr. Eddy that George Donner, with whom Rianhard subsequently traveled, told him that Wolfinger had not died as stated—that this fact he learned from a confession made by Rianhard a short time previous to his death; and that he would make the facts public as soon as he arrived in the settlements. Donner having perished, nothing further was ever known of the matter.

In mentioning these facts I am aware that I am anticipating some of the events of this narrative, and I will only remark that Donner, Rianhard, and Spitzer having all been subsequently starved to death, it is probable the facts will never be revealed.

MR. EDDY AND FAMILY SETTING OUT.

Here Mr. Eddy *cached* every thing he had, except the clothing which he and his family had on. On this morning they partook of their last remaining mouthful of food. The Indians were upon the adjacent hills, looking down upon them, and absolutely laughing at their calamity. The lock of Mr. Eddy's rifle had been broken some days before, and the gun left. He could not obtain one, and had he been able to do so, it would have been worse than insanity for him to have encountered the Indians alone. Dejected and sullen, he took up about three pounds of loaf sugar, put some bullets in his pocket, and stringing his powder-horn upon his shoulders, took up his boy in his arms while his afflicted Eleanor carried their still more helpless infant, and in this most miserable and forlorn plight, they set out once more on foot to make their way through the pitiless wilderness. Trackless, snow-clad mountains intercepted their progress, and seemed to present an impassable barrier to all human succor: —mountains, the passage of which, with even the accessories of emigrant wagons, and in the most pleasant season, would have been a feat of no small difficulty. Without shoes—these having been worn out by the jagged rocks—they had nothing to protect their feet but moccasins, which were also so much worn as to be of little service. Their painful and perilous way led over broken rocks, presenting acute angles, or prickly pears, which alike lacerated their feet in the most dreadful manner. Nature disputed their passage, and Heaven seemed to be offended. They struggled on, however, with their precious charge, without food or water, until 4 o'clock on the morning of the 14th, when they arrived at a spring that jetted up a column of boiling hot water, about twenty feet high. It was situated in a region that had been rent into millions of fragments by volcanic fires. The desolation was such as to impress upon the mind the idea of expiring nature convulsed with the throes and agonies of the last great and terrible day, or of an angry Deity having taken vengeance upon a guilty world. Having obtained some coffee from Mrs. Donner, Mr. Eddy put it into a pot, and thus boiled it in the hot spring for the nourishment of his wife and children, refusing to partake of it himself. He told me that he should never forget the inexpressible emotions he felt on seeing them thus revive. Under such circumstances of extreme privation, how much more forcibly does the wasteful prodigality of the rich appear. Although he had suffered the loss of all he possessed, yet had it pleased Heaven to have spared him one blow, he might have still been comparatively happy. But God, who is ever wise and just in the allotments of his providence, had decreed otherwise.

About 9 o'clock the party left the Geyser Spring and traveled all that day until sunset, over a road in no respect different from that of the 13th. At this time Mr. Eddy's children were in great danger of perishing for the want of water. He applied to Patrick Brinn, who he knew had ten gallons, for a half pint to give to them. Brinn denied having any; but this Mr. Eddy knew to be untrue, for he had himself filled Brinn's cask at the sinks of Ogden's river; Brinn finally admitted that he had water, but said he did not know how far water was yet distant from them, and he feared that his own family would require it. Mr. Eddy told him, with an energy he never before felt, that he would have it or have Brinn's life. He immediately turned away from Brinn, and went in quest of the water, and gave some to his children.

At sunset they arrived at an exceedingly difficult sand-ridge of ten miles in width. They crossed it about 4 o'clock on the morning of the 15th, the company losing three yoke of cattle that died from fatigue.

Neither Mr. Eddy nor his wife had tasted food for two days and nights, nor had the children any thing except the sugar with which he left the sinks Ogden's river. He applied to Mrs. Graves and Mrs. Brinn for a small piece of meat for his wife and children, who were very faint. They both refused. The emigrants remained in camp to rest the cattle. The Indians killed some of them during the day.

Mr. Eddy procured a gun in the morning, and started to kill some geese which he heard. In about two hours he returned with nine very fat ones. Mrs. Brinn and Mrs. Graves congratulated him, and expressed the opinion that they were very fine, and wondered what he would do with them. He invited them to help themselves, and they each took two. He gave Kiesburg one.

Oct. 16th, early in the morning, they resumed their journey, and commenced driving up Truckee river. Nothing of importance occurred until Oct. 19th, about 10 o'clock, A.M., when they met Mr. C. F. Stanton and two Indian *vaqueros* (cow-herds) of Capt. Sutter, one named Lewis, and the other Salvadore. Mr. Stanton had flour and a little dried meat, which he had procured for them. I omitted to state that on the day they broke up their encampment on the Salt Lake, they dispatched Messrs. Stanton and McCutcheon to go to

Capt. Sutter's Fort for relief. They drove on during the day, and Mr. Stanton and the *vaqueros* continued on to some of the families one day in the rear.

October 20.—On this day Wm. Pike was killed by the accidental discharge of a six-shooter in the hands of Wm. Foster. He died in one hour: he was shot through in the back.

On the evening of October 22d, they crossed the Truckee river, the forty-ninth and last time, in eighty miles. They encamped on the top of a hill. Here nineteen oxen were shot by an Indian, who put one arrow in each ox. The cattle did not die. Mr. Eddy caught him in the act, and fired upon him as he fled. The ball struck him between the shoulders, and came out at the breast. At the crack of the rifle he sprung up about three feet, and with a terrible yell fell down a bank into a bunch of willows.

On the morning of October 23d they resumed their journey, and continued traveling without any thing of importance occurring until October 28th at dark, when they encamped upon Truckee Lake, situated at the foot of Fremont's Pass of the main chain of the Sierra Nevada. The Pass is here 9838 feet high.

On the morning of Oct. 29th, they again continued their journey, and went on within three miles of the top of the Pass, where they found the snow about five feet deep. This compelled them to return to a cabin, which was situated one mile in advance of their camp of the previous night. Here they remained in camp during the 30th. At dark their fellow-travelers, Stanton, Graves, the Donners, and some others, came up.

On the morning of Oct. 31st the whole body again started to cross the mountain. They succeeded in getting within three miles of the top of the Pass. The snow had deepened to about ten feet. The night was bitterly cold; the wind howled through the trees, and the snow and hail descended. Finding it utterly impossible to cross, they commenced retracing their steps on the morning of November 1st, and arrived at the cabin about 4 o'clock.

CHAPTER IX.

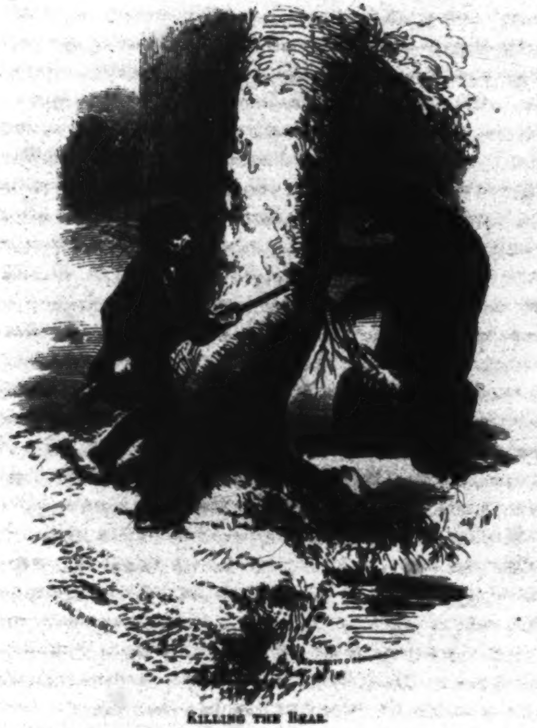
THE MOUNTAIN CAMP.

THEY now saw that it would be necessary to winter here. On the morning of November 2d, Mr. Eddy commenced building a cabin. When finished, the following day, he went into it, with Mrs. Murphy and family, and Wm. Foster and family, Nov. 3d. The snow at the place at which they were encamped, was about one foot deep. A single ox constituted the whole stock upon which the family were to winter.

Mr. Eddy commenced hunting on the 4th, and succeeded in killing a prairie wolf, of which supper was made in the evening for all in the cabin. On the 5th he succeeded in killing an owl, of which supper was made. The Messrs. Graves, Donner, Dolan, and Brinn commenced killing their cattle. Mr. Eddy also killed his ox. On the 6th, an ox belonging to Graves starved to death. He refused to save it for meat, but upon Mr. Eddy's applying to him for it, he would not let him have it for less than $25. This, Mr. Eddy told me, he had paid to the estate of the deceased Graves since getting into the settlement. Mr. Eddy spent the 7th in hunting, but returned at night with a sad and desponding heart, without any game. The three following days he assisted Graves in putting up a cabin for himself and family, and Mrs. Reed and her family. The day after, they cooked some of their poor beef.

On the 12th, Mr. Eddy, C. T. Stanton, Wm. Graves, Sen., Jay Fosdick, James Smith, Charles Burger, Wm. Foster, Antoine (a Spaniard), John Baptiste, Lewis, Salvadore, Augustus Spitzer, Mary Graves, Sarah Fosdick, and Milton Elliot, being the strongest of the party, started to cross the mountains on foot. Mr. Eddy, in narrating the afflicting story, said to me, that he could never forget the parting scene between himself and family; but he hoped to get in and obtain relief, and return with the means for their rescue. They started with a small piece of beef each; but they had scarcely gone within three miles of the top of the Pass, when the snow, which was soft, and about ten feet deep, compelled them again to return to the cabins, which they reached about midnight.

Nov. 13th, Mr. Eddy succeeded in killing two ducks, but no one would let him have a gun without he gave them half he killed. The next day, very faint from want of food, he resumed his hunting, and at length came upon an enormously large grisly-bear track. Under other circumstances, he would have preferred seeing the tracks of one to seeing the animal itself. But now, weak and faint as he was, he was eager to come up with it. So fierce and powerful is this animal, and so great is its tenacity of life, that the Indians almost uniformly avoid it. Even the most daring and successful white hunters who are acquainted with its habits, usually decline shooting at it, unless they are in a position that enables them to spring up into a tree in the event of the first shot failing to bring it down. This very seldom happens, unless the shot takes effect in the brain. Lewis and Clarke give an account of a bear killed by their party, which was not brought down until it had received five wounds, any one of which would have immediately disabled any other animal. Even then, one of their number very narrowly escaped with his life by leaping down a precipice and plunging into the river. It invariably attacks all persons whom it suddenly finds near it. If it be distant, a noise will cause it to run away; but even in this case it uniformly makes battle if wounded. With a full knowledge of its real character, and although he had heard the stories of many exciting adventures, which were not the less interesting because some of them were unreasonable, and others even impossible, yet he now was exceedingly desirous of coming up with an animal he would otherwise have been most careful to shun. He was not long in finding the object of his search. At the distance of about ninety yards he saw the bear, with its head to the ground, engaged in digging roots. The beast was in a small skirt of prairie, and Mr. Eddy, taking advantage of a large fir-tree near which he was at the moment, kept himself in concealment. Having put into his mouth the only bullet that was not in his gun, so that he might quickly reload in case of an emergency, he deliberately fired. The bear immediately reared upon its hind feet, and seeing the smoke from Mr. Eddy's gun, ran fiercely toward him, with open jaws. By the time the gun was reloaded, the bear had reached the tree, and, with a fierce growl, pursued Mr. Eddy round it, who, running swifter than the animal, came up with it in the rear, and disabled it by a shot in the shoulder, so that it was no longer able to pursue him. He then dis-



Killing the Bear.

patched the bear by knocking it on the head with a club. Upon examination, he found that the first shot had pierced its heart. He then returned to the Mountain Camp for assistance to bring in his prize.

Graves and Eddy went out after the bear. On the way out Graves said that he believed he should perish in the mountain; that he feared that the judgment of God would come upon him, for not assisting Hardcoop up to the wagon, when Kiesburg put him out, and for driving Mr. Reed out of camp. They, however, finally contrived to get in the bear after dark. Mr. Eddy gave one half to Mr. Foster for the use of the gun. A part of it was likewise given to Mr. Graves and to Mrs. Reed. The bear weighed about 800 lbs.

Nov. 15th, Mr. Eddy killed a duck and one gray squirrel. Nothing of importance occurred between this date and the 21st, beyond the fears of starvation, and the increasing weakness of the emigrants. On this day, six women and sixteen men, including Stanton and the two Indians, made another effort to cross the mountain on foot. The morning was fine; the wind from the northwest. They crossed the pass on the crust of the snow. Mr. Eddy measured the snow here, and found it to be twenty-five feet deep. They encamped in a little valley on the west side of the mountain, in six feet snow. They experienced great difficulty in kindling a fire and in getting wood, in consequence of their extreme weakness. Here Mr. Stanton and the two Indian boys refused to go any further, in consequence of not being able to get along with seven mules belonging to Capt. Sutter. Fully aware of their peril, Mr. Eddy exhausted all his reasoning powers in a vain effort to induce them to proceed; urging the imminent danger of their all perishing from starvation, and offering to become responsible for the mules. He knew that Capt. Sutter would rather lose the animals, than know that his fellow-beings had perished in a foolish attempt to save them: but all persuasion was in vain. He then proposed that they should compel the Indians to go forward. This was objected to; and a good deal of angry feeling was exhibited by Mr. Eddy, and those against whose plans he vainly remonstrated. Accordingly, on the morning of the 22d, faint and dispirited, they again commenced their return to their unhappy companions in peril. They arrived, almost exhausted, at the cabins about midnight. The previous night had been most bitterly cold; but the weather of this day was clear, and the sun shone brightly upon the snow.

The subsequent day the weather was clear, and the wind westerly. Mrs. Eddy and her children were very weak, but exhibited great courage and fortitude.

The weather on the 25th was very cloudy, and there was every appearance of another snow-storm. The previous night had been intensely cold. They proposed to make another effort the next day, if the weather would admit of it; but the snow began to descend on the afternoon of the 25th, in great flakes, and so thick that it was impossible to see beyond a few feet. This continued with greater or less violence, and with but occasional intermissions, until the 29th, when it ceased for a few hours. The wind changed from northwest to west. By this time it was three feet deep in the valley, which made it very difficult, in their feeble condition, for the emigrants to get wood. On this day Patrick Brinn sold William Foster a yoke of oxen, taking a gold watch and some other property in security, and then killed the last ox he had. On the 30th it snowed very heavily, and there was every appearance of its continuing. It was next to impossible for any living thing without wings to get out.

December 1.—The snow continued to fall as when it first commenced, and upon being measured was found to be from six to six and a half feet deep. The wind blew in fearful and terrific blasts from the west. The cold was intense: the wretched sojourners were nearly naked, and almost without food: the snow had now become so deep as to make it increasingly difficult to get wood for fuel. They were completely housed up, and were cut off from all the world, and sympathies of life. The few cattle that had lived up to this time, and the horses, and Capt. Sutter's mules, were all supposed to be lost in the snow, and none now cherished the least hope of ever finding them.

The snow ceased falling on the 3d; and although the weather continued cloudy all day, the atmosphere was sufficiently warm to thaw the snow a little. They measured the snow on the 5th, and found it seven or eight feet deep. The sun shone again, clear and beautiful, causing every thing, after the long and terrific storm, to assume its wonted aspect. The cheering light once more rekindled hope in the hearts of the desolate travelers.

The morning of the 6th opened upon them fine and clear; and Messrs. Stanton and Graves spent the day in manufacturing snow-shoes, preparatory to making another effort to cross the mountains. Nothing had been heard from the mules, and all, now, at least, saw that they ought to have been killed for food, as Mr.

Eddy proposed at the camp on the 22d, after their return from the mountain. Then Graves and others objected, fearing that it might be necessary to pay for them. The morning of the 8th was fine and clear, although the previous night had been distressingly cold. They found it very difficult to obtain enough wood to cook their now nearly putrid beef, or even to keep them warm. The wind, during the day, was from the southwest.

About 11 o'clock, A.M., Dec. 9, the wind commenced blowing from the northwest, and their hearts almost died within them, as they again saw the snow beginning to descend. Mr. Stanton sought to obtain some food for himself and the two Indians, Lewis and Salvadore, but did not obtain much. Patrick Brinn, on the day before this, took Spitzer into his cabin in a state so weak from starvation, that he could not rise without help. The snow continued to fail on the 10th. On the 13th, it fell faster than on any previous day; and in a short time was eight feet on a level. The prospect became every moment more appalling. Death seemed inevitably to be awaiting them. Messrs. Eddy, Stanton, Graves, and others spent the day in preparing to make another attempt to cross the mountains. On the 14th Baylis Williams died of starvation. He was the first victim of this hapless company who thus expired, and their feelings and reflections may, perhaps, be imagined, but can not be described.

CHAPTER X.

JOURNEY OF A PARTY FROM THE MOUNTAIN CAMP INTO THE SETTLEMENTS OF CALIFORNIA.

ON the 16th of December, the following persons started on snow-shoes to cross the mountains:—Sarah Fosdick, Mary Graves, William Foster, Sarah Foster, C. T. Stanton, William Graves, Jay Fosdick, Wm. Murphy, Charles Burger, Harriet Pike, Lemuel Murphy, Patrick Dolan, Antoine, Lewis, Salvadore, Mrs. McCutcheon, and William Eddy.

The night previous to their departure was exceedingly cold. Their friends were in a state of extreme suffering and want. The hollow cheek, the wasted form, and the deep sunken eye of his wife, Mr. Eddy told me he should never forget. "Oh," said he, "the bitter anguish of my wrung and agonized spirit, when I turned away from her; and yet no tear would flow to relieve my suffering." The wind was from the southeast, and the weather comparatively fair and pleasant. William Murphy found it to be impossible to get along, and he finally turned back during the day. Ultimately, Charles Burger was missed, and it was supposed that he had gone back. They struggled on until night, and encamped at the head of Truckee lake, about four miles from the mountain. The day following they resumed their painful and distressing journey; and after traveling all day, encamped on the west side of the main chain of the Sierra Nevada, about six miles from their last camp. They were without tents. The wind, on this and the previous day, was from the southeast. On the 18th they traveled five miles, and encamped. Mr. Stanton became snow-blind during the day, and fell back, but came up after they had been in camp an hour.

As several instances of snow-blindness will be mentioned in the subsequent progress of this narrative, I will here observe that it is produced by the glare of the snow, combined with great fatigue. It may be prevented, or its effects obviated, by the use of either dark green glasses or black handkerchiefs. Of these they had none.

December 19.—Although the wind was from the northwest, yet the snow which had fallen on the previous night, thawed a little. Mr. Stanton again fell behind, in consequence of blindness. He came up about an hour after they were encamped. The wind on the 20th was from the northeast. In the morning they resumed their journey, and guided by the sun, as they had hitherto been, they traveled until night. Mr. Stanton again fell behind. The wind next day changed to southwest, and the snow fell all day. They encamped at sunset, and about dark Mr. Stanton came up. They resumed their journey on the 22d, Mr. Stanton came into camp in about an hour, as usual. That night they consumed the last of their little stock of provisions. They had limited themselves to one ounce at each meal, since leaving the mountain camp, and now the last was gone. They had one gun, but they had not seen a living creature. The weather was clear and pleasant during the day, and the wind northeast. The weather was always clear when the wind was east or northeast. A south and southwest wind always brought a snow-storm.

December 23.—During this day Mr. Eddy examined a little bag for the purpose of throwing out something, with a view to getting along with more ease. In doing this, he found about half a pound of bear's meat, to which was attached a paper upon which his wife had written in pencil, a note signed "Your own dear Eleanor," in which she requested him to save it for the last extremity, and expressed the opinion that it would be the means of saving his life. This was really the case, for without it, he must subsequently have perished. On the morning of this day Mr. Stanton remained at the camp-fire, smoking his pipe. He requested them to go on, saying that he would overtake them. The snow was about fifteen feet deep. Mr. Stanton did not come up with them. On the morning of the 24th, they resumed their melancholy journey, and after traveling about a mile, they encamped to wait for their companion. They had nothing to eat during the day. Mr. Stanton did not come up. The snow fell all night, and increased one foot in depth. They now gave up poor Stanton for dead. A party that subsequently returned from the settlement, headed by Mr. Fallen, found his remains at the place where they had left him. His pistols, pipe, and some other articles, were found by him; but his body was in a great measure consumed by beasts of prey.

Mr. Stanton was from Syracuse, New York, and had been a merchant at that place. He was kind and benevolent in his feelings, and gentlemanly in his deportment and manners. He had, as has been stated in a previous part of this narrative, been sent on in company with Mr. McCutcheon from the Great Salt Lake, to obtain supplies from the settlements. He traveled several hundred miles through hostile Indians, across deserts and over lofty mountains. He arrived at Capt. Sutter's Fort about the first of October, and from this generous and noble man, obtained supplies for his suffering fellow-travelers. Furnished with seven mules loaded with provisions, and two Indian *vaqueros*, he returned, and met them at the crossing of Truckee river, about half way between Pyramid Lake and Truckee Lake—their route having led them within ten miles of the former. Had it not been for the disinterested sympathy of Mr. Stanton for the unfortunate emigrants, all must have perished before the first party sent out to their assistance reached them.

Before he left Capt. Sutter's Fort to return to their assistance, he left a vest in charge of that gentleman, in one of the pockets of which a small package was subsequently found, directed to Capt. Sutter, with a memorandum as follows: "Capt. Sutter will send the within, in the event of my death, to Sydney Stanton, Syracuse, N. Y." Inclosed was a diamond breast-pin, with a note from his sister, addressed to him at Chicago, Illinois, from which the following is an extract: "Sidney has requested me to do up your breast-pin, and send it to you. As you perceive, I have done it up in a newspaper .... May God bless you, my dear brother. A. S."

The only entire article on the piece of newspaper, was the following translation for the True Sun, from the French:—

"THE WITHERED FLOWER.

"O! dying flower, that droop'st alone,
Erewhile the valley's pride,
Thy withered leaves, disordered strown,
Rude winds sweep far and wide.

"The scythe of Time, whose stroke we mourn,
Our common doom shall bring.
From thee a faded leaf is torn,
From us a joy takes wing.

"As life flies by, oh! who but feels
Some sense, some charm decay?
E'en every fleeting moment steals
Some treasured dream away.

"Some secret blight each hope destroys,
Till at length we ask in grief,
If, than life's ephemeral joys,
The floweret's be more brief."

Every one who understands a woman's heart, who has enjoyed a sister's love and confidence, and who observes the peculiar appropriateness of the poetry to the circumstances then surrounding this affectionate girl, will see in a moment that the paper was selected by her on that account.

On Christmas Day the painful journey was again continued, and after traveling two or three miles, the wind changed to the southwest. The snow beginning to fall, they all sat down to hold a council for the purpose of determining whether to proceed. All the men but Mr. Eddy refused to go forward. The women and Mr. Eddy declared they would go through or perish. Many reasons were urged for returning, and among others the fact that they had not tasted food for two days, and this after having been on an allowance of one ounce per meal. It was said that they must all perish for want of food. At length, Patrick Dolan proposed that they should cast lots to see who should die, to furnish food for those who survived. Mr. Eddy seconded the motion. William Foster opposed the measure. Mr. Eddy then proposed that two persons should take each a six-shooter, and fight until one or both were slain. This, too, was objected to. Mr. Eddy at length proposed that they should resume their journey, and travel on till some one died. This was finally agreed to, and they staggered on for about three miles, when they encamped. They had a small hatchet with them, and after a great deal of difficulty they succeeded in making a large fire. About 10 o'clock on Christmas night, a most dreadful storm of wind, snow, and hail, began to pour down upon their defenseless heads. While procuring wood for the fire, the hatchet, as if to add another drop of bitterness to a cup already overflowing, flew from the handle, and was lost in unfathomable snows. About 11 o'clock that memorable night, the storm increased to a perfect tornado, and in an instant blew away every spark of fire. Antoine perished a little before this from fatigue, frost, and hunger. The company, except Mr. Eddy and one or two others, were now engaged in alternatingly imploring God for mercy and relief. That night's bitter cries, anguish, and despair, never can be forgotten. Mr. Eddy besought his companions to get down upon blankets, and he would cover them up with other blankets; urging that the falling snow would soon cover them, and they could thus keep warm. In about two hours this was done.

Before this, however, Mr. Graves was relieved by death from the horrors of that night. Mr. Eddy told him that he was dying. He replied that he did not care, and soon expired. They remained under the blankets all that night, until about 10 o'clock, A.M., of the 26th, when Patrick Dolan, becoming deranged, broke away from them, and getting out into the snow, it was with great difficulty that Mr. Eddy again got him under. They held him there by force until about 4 o'clock, P.M., when he quietly and silently sunk into the arms of death. He was from Dublin, Ireland. Lemuel Murphy became deranged on the night of the 26th, and talked much about food. On the morning of the 27th, Mr. Eddy blew up a powder-horn, in an effort to strike fire under the blankets. His face and hands were much burned. Mrs. McCutcheon and Mrs. Foster were also burned, but not seriously. About 4 o'clock P.M., the storm died away, and the angry clouds passed off. Mr. Eddy immediately got out from under the blankets, and in a short time succeeded in getting fire into a large pine tree. His unhappy companions then got out; and having broken off boughs, they put them down, and lay upon them before the fire. The flame ascended to the top of the tree, and burned off great numbers of dead limbs, some of them as large as a man's body; but such was their weakness and indifference, that they did not seek to avoid them at all. Although the limbs fell thick, they did not strike.

On the morning of December 28th, they found themselves too weak to walk. The sensation of hunger was not so urgent, but it was evident to all that some substantial nourishment was necessary to recruit their bodies. The horrible expedient of eating human flesh was now again proposed. This Mr. Eddy declined doing, but his miserable companions cut the flesh from the arms and legs of Patrick Dolan, and roasted and ate it, averting their faces from each other, and weeping.

They gave some of this horrible food to Lemuel Murphy, with the hope that he would revive; but he continued to grow weaker, until at length the lamp of life, which had been flickering so long, went out, and the darkness of death covered him forever.

They were all reduced to mere skeletons. The skin upon the face, particularly, was drawn tight over the bones; the eyes were sunken, and had a fierce and wild expression. Perhaps the eye of a famishing tiger would have something of the same expression. But as death came on, the countenance became more settled and calm; the eyes retreated still farther back into the head, losing their fierceness; and the whole features assuming, in some cases, a sort of fixedness, while in others they exhibited a calm and gentle repose, illuminated by the expiring rays of departing reason; like the surface of a lake, no longer lashed by the tempest into foaming surges; but reflecting from its bosom the last rays of the setting sun, indicating that night will soon come on, and cover it with darkness. In other cases, however, some time after this, the expression of the countenance was horrid, ghastly, and restless. The eye was wild and fierce, up to the very moment when its fire was quenched in death forever.

To this place they gave the name of "The Camp of Death." The horrors of that awful scene exceed the power of language to describe, or of imagination to conceive. Besides starvation, they had to contend also with trackless mountains and almost unfathomable snows. The wind and hail had beaten upon them with a fury that seemed to indicate that the Almighty had let loose the elements upon their devoted heads. The deep stupor into which their calamities had plunged the most of them, often changed to despair. Each seemed to see inevitable destruction, and expressed in moans, sighs, and tears, the gloomy thoughts over which their minds were brooding. Mr. Eddy dissembled his own fears, and sought, by proferred consolations and an unmoved countenance, to inspire them with hope and courage. He found it impossible to dissipate the terror of the men. With his female companions there was less difficulty. Some of them, indeed, exhibited a want of fortitude; but the most of them manifested a constancy and courage, a coolness, presence of mind, and patience, which he had not, previous to entering upon this journey, suspected to form any part of female character. He had often occasion to remark the fortitude with which the most of the females sustained the sad reverses by which they were overwhelmed on the way. The difficulties, dangers, and misfortunes which frequently seemed to prostrate the men, called forth the energies of the gentler sex, and gave to them a sublime elevation of character, which enabled them to abide the most withering blasts of adversity with unshaken firmness. She who had been, while in prosperity, all weakness and dependence; clinging around her husband as the ivy does to the oak, now suddenly rose to be his comforter.

On the morning of December 29th they resumed their journey from "The Camp of Death." They had been guided heretofore, partly by the sun, and partly by the two Indian *vaqueros*, Lewis and Salvadore, but now Lewis, who spoke a little English, informed them that they were lost, and that he was, therefore, unable to guide them. They proceeded on, however, in the best way they could, until night, when they encamped. Mr. Eddy had now been a long time without food. The half-pound of roasted bear meat, which his "own dear Eleanor" had, by stealth, put into the bottom of his sack, had preserved his life up to this moment. And even now he felt no hunger—that almost intolerable and maddening sensation had long since passed away. His feelings were peculiar, but altogether indescribable. His companions told him that he was dying. He did not, however, believe them; and so informed them. But he felt that he was sinking, and that there was a rapid breaking up of his energies, which, under God, had hitherto saved his own life and that of his companions. Although he felt no hunger, his body imperiously demanded nourishment. Such were the circumstances under which he made his first cannibal meal. He experienced no loathing or disgust, but his reason, which he thought was never more unclouded, told him that it was a horrid repast. The hard hand of necessity was upon him, and he was compelled to eat or die.

This night passed away as tranquilly as could have been expected of persons situated as they were. Mr. Eddy talked with his unfortunate fellow-travelers of the means by which they would save themselves. He sought to reanimate them with courage, and to inspire them with hope, by speaking of their deliverance as certain. More than one vowed vengeance upon Hastings, for having decoyed them into his cut-off. Their feelings will perhaps be understood by those whom Jesse Applegate, in a similar manner, decoyed into the "Applegate cut-off."

On the morning of December 30th they resumed their journey, their feet being so swollen that they had burst open, and, although they were wrapped in rags and pieces of blankets, yet it was with great pain and difficulty that they made any progress. They encamped, late in the afternoon, upon the high bank of a very deep cañon. From this point they could distinctly see a valley which they believed to be the valley of the Sacramento.

December 31st was spent in crossing the cañon, and although they toiled hard during the entire day, they effected no more than the crossing. Every foot of that day's struggle was marked with the blood from their feet. They encamped that night on the banks of the cañon. Here Mr. Eddy saw that poor Jay Fosdick would not survive much longer; and reminded him that his end was nigh, if he did not summon up all his energies.

On this night they ate the last flesh of their deceased companions. One of the company then proposed that they should kill the two Indian boys, Lewis and Salvadore, who, it will be remembered, met them with Mr. Stanton, with provisions for their relief; Mr. Eddy remonstrated, but finding that the deed was resolved upon, he determined to prevent it by whatever means God and nature might enable him to use. Desiring, however, to avoid extremities, if possible, he secretly informed Lewis of the fate that awaited him and his companion, and concluded by advising him to fly. The expression of the face of Lewis, never can be forgotten; he did not utter one word in reply, but stood in mute astonishment. In about two minutes his features settled into Indian sullenness, and he turned away to fly from the scene of danger. Their complicated sufferings were of a character that rendered it impossible for them to judge accurately, of the right or wrong of many actions. But this was a deed which nothing could justify or excuse. Had it been proposed to cast lots for the purpose of determining who should die, and the lot had fallen upon these Indians, or upon Mr. Eddy, he would have submitted to it without a murmur or complaint. But the thing proposed, he could not but regard with feelings of abhorrence. His very soul recoiled at the thought.

January 1, 1847.—They made their New Year's dinner of the strings of their snow-shoes. Mr. Eddy also ate an old pair of moccasins. They struggled on until night, and encamped in six feet snow. On the morning of the following day they resumed their journey, their feet being still greatly swollen and cracked, and encamped at night in three feet snow. That night they took some old boots and shoes, and having slightly crisped them in the fire, made an evening meal of them.

They staggered on during the 3d, and encamped at night on bare ground, the snow, however, being still in patches. The whole face of the county had gradually changed; the hills had become less and less rugged, and they were now encamped in an open oak grove. They had nothing to eat during this long and melancholy night. Mr. Eddy saw that death was beginning to grapple with poor Jay Fosdick. He had been sinking for some time; but now it was evident that he was drawing very near to the close of his sorrowful pilgrimage. He also saw that they would all very soon perish, if they did not obtain relief. He therefore determined secretly to leave the camp, and go on with a gun, hoping, now they had left the snows behind, that he would find some game. If successful, it was his purpose to return and share with his companions. If successful, he might save himself and them; if otherwise, he could but die. Finally, he determined to give the company some hint of his plans. They at once comprehended his purpose, and the women besought him not to leave them; assuring him that their only hope for life, was in his continuing with them.

On the morning of the 4th, Mary Graves, who had more strength than any of the other women, resolved that she would go with him or perish. Mrs. Pike threw her arms around his neck, imploring him, by every thing to which she could appeal, not to leave them. The other women added their tears and entreaties to those of Mrs. Pike. But to remain with them was to die. To go forward might possibly be the means of their preservation. Although they had seen no game nor a living thing since they had left the Mountain Camp, they were now in an open country, and this circumstance, although trifling in itself, was one that afforded him a hope. Those who have not been in situations in which they were exposed to extreme peril, can form no correct conception of the value which sometimes attaches to the simplest object. They can never know with what desperate eagerness and energy one seizes upon the slightest means capable of mitigating the rigor of a fate into which their circumstances seem about to plunge them.

Mary Graves and Mr. Eddy accordingly set forward. They had not proceeded above two miles, when they came to where a deer had lain the previous night. In an instant a feeling took possession of his heart to which it had been a stranger. He knew not what were all the elements of his emotions; but gratitude to God, and a hope in his providence were at least two. Tears immediately began to flow down his haggard cheeks. He turned round and saw Mary weeping like a child. As soon as his choked utterance would admit of his speaking, he said, "Mary, don't you feel like praying?" "Oh, yes," she replied with sobs and tears, "I do, but I never prayed in my life! Do you pray?" He replied that he knew not how to pray. But in an instant they were both upon their knees, and by a feeling natural to the unfortunate, their hearts were turned toward heaven. Surrounded by danger, and not having a prayer-book, they addressed themselves to the invisible Being in terms neither studied nor measured, but which were the spontaneous outburstings of hearts that felt that nothing but the God who maintains the order of the universe could afford them succor in this their last and most fearful extremity. They then rose from their knees, experiencing the cheering influence of hope. Their vows were solemn and their prayers fervent and impassioned. There was in that first prayer a luxury, the remembrance of which was delightful. In all Mr. Eddy's anguish of spirit upon this most disastrous road he had not shed a tear. Some had wept and prayed; others had wept and cursed Almighty God for their hard fate. He had never felt like cursing God, or blaming his Providence; but he had not wept. The fountains of his tears were as dry as many of the deserts over which they had passed, and upon which they had wrecked their little fortunes. Tears would have relieved the agony of a spirit which, although not disposing him to blaspheme his Maker, did not incline him to submit to the chastisement of his hand. But now he had wept and prayed, and rose from his knees, feeling an humble but not presumptuous trust, that God would fill his mouth with food, and his heart with gladness. They had not proceeded far before they saw a large buck, about eighty yards distant. Mr. Eddy raised his rifle, and for some time tried to bring it to bear upon the deer; but such was his extreme weakness that he could not. He breathed a little, changing his manner of holding the gun, and made another effort. Again his weakness prevented him from being able to hold upon it. He heard a low and suppressed sobbing behind him, and turning round saw Mary Graves weeping and in great agitation, her head bowed, and her hands upon her face. Alarmed lest she should cause the deer to run, Mr. Eddy begged her to be quiet, which she did, after exclaiming, "O, I am afraid you will not kill it!" He brought the gun up to his face the third time, and elevating the muzzle above the deer, let it descend, until he saw the animal through the sights, when the rifle cracked. The deer bounded up about three feet, and then stood still. Mary immediately wept aloud, exclaiming, "O, merciful God, you have missed it!" Mr. Eddy assured her that he had not; that he knew the rifle was upon it the moment of firing; and that, in addition to this, the deer had dropped its tail between its legs, which this animal always does when wounded. They were at the moment standing upon a precipice of about thirty feet, a snow-bank being at the bottom. In a short time the deer ran. Mr. Eddy immediately sprang down the precipice, and in a moment Mary followed him. The deer ran about two hundred yards, and fell. Mr. Eddy got to it while it was yet alive, and taking it by the horns, cut its throat with a pen-knife. Before this was done, Mary was at his side, and they drank the blood together as it flowed from the expiring beast. This gave to them a little strength, and with their faces all covered with blood, they sat down to rest a little. In a short time they rolled the deer near by to a spot where they made a fire. That night they ate the entrails; and with their hearts glowing with gratitude to the Giver of all good, they enjoyed a degree of refreshing slumber to which they had long been strangers.

Their dreams were wont to tantalize and mock them with rich and varied food, prepared in the most inviting manner. But this night they had made an abundant meal upon the entrails of the deer—a meal that they enjoyed more than any they had ever eaten; and their rest was not broken by dreams that insulted their misfortunes.

They rose on the morning of the 5th of January, filled with renewed hopes, and deeply impressed with the sublime idea of a Great and Good Being extending a protecting ægis over the unfortunate.

Several times during the night of the 4th, Mr. Eddy had fired his rifle for the purpose of informing his companions where they were. Jay Fosdick, who, it will be remembered, was expected to die, was about a mile back. He had lain down, unable to proceed any further; and his wife was with him. Upon hearing Mr. Eddy's rifle crack, at the time of his killing the deer, he exclaimed, in a feeble voice—"There! Eddy has killed a deer. Now, if I can only get to him, I shall live." William Foster and wife, Mrs. Pike, and Mrs. McCutcheon, were encamped about half way between Mr. Eddy's camp, and the place at which Mr. Fosdick and his wife were. One of the emigrants, believing that Mr. and Mrs. Fosdick had died during the previous night, sent a person back to the place, with instructions to get Mrs. Fosdick's heart for breakfast; and to be sure to secure her jewelry, and her husband's watches and money. The person sent for this purpose met Mrs. Fosdick on the way to Mr. Eddy's camp. The individual thus sent turned about, and came on with her to Mr. Eddy's camp; who gave them some of the roasted liver of the deer, and upon their returning to the other camp, he requested that all should come to him, and partake of his venison.

Mrs. Fosdick had been with her husband during the previous night, which was bitterly cold; and after his death, she rolled his body in the only blanket they possessed, and laid herself down upon the ground, desiring to die, and hoping that she would freeze to death. The scenes surrounding her were rendered still more terrible by the horror inspired by the darkness of the night; and she prayed, and in a certain sense, struggled for death, during the whole of its heavily-passing hours. But the return of the morning's light brought with it an instinctive love of life, and she now proposed to go back to the body of her husband, and for the last time kiss his lips, then cold and silent in death. Two individuals accompanied her, and when they arrived at the body, they, notwithstanding the remonstrances, entreaties, and tears of the afflicted widow, cut out the heart and liver, and severed the arms and legs of her departed husband.

Mrs. Fosdick took up a little bundle she had left, and returned with these two persons to one of the camps, where she saw an emigrant thrust the heart through with a stick, and hold it in the fire to roast. Unable to endure the horrible sight of seeing literally devoured a heart that had fondly and ardently loved her until it had ceased to throb, she turned away, and went to another camp, sick and almost blinded by the spectacle.

Mr. Eddy cut up the deer, dried it before his fire, and then divided it with his unhappy companions in misfortune and peril, of both camps.

The day having thus passed away, on the morning of the 6th of January they all started together. They went down to the north branch of the American fork of the Sacramento, and after crossing it, encamped for the night. They resumed their journey the next morning, and being unable to proceed down the river, they commenced climbing a very high and difficult mountain. The sides were very steep, and they pulled themselves up the rocks, by laying hold of shrubs growing in crevices. There were many places in which, had these given way, they would have been precipitated hundreds of feet below.

Their feet were greatly bruised, and so swollen that they had literally burst open, and were bleeding so much, that the fragments of blankets with which they were bound up, were saturated with blood. But a merciful God assisted them in a wonderful manner; and after struggling all day, they reached the top, where they encamped. The day was fine, and although the minds of the company were singularly altered by untold sufferings, yet the most perfect tranquillity reigned among them, as calms are said sometimes to precede the most desolating storms. Mr. Eddy lamented the loss of their unfortunate companions, but carefully avoided making any allusion to recent revolting events. They sat down upon the ground to their evening repast, and consumed the last of their venison.

Soon after, Eddy and Foster were apart from the company. Despondency had again seized upon the mind of the latter. He had all along exhibited evidences of a partial and, perhaps, perfect insanity, caused by mental anxiety, hardships, and perils. He had also shown, as a consequence of this, a total want of energy, making no effort, rendering no assistance in making fires, and seeming to look to Mr. Eddy, and to depend upon him—as, indeed, did all the company—to guide and save the lives of the party. He doubted not that they were approaching the last critical hour of their fate. Suffering and danger had rendered him selfish to the last degree; and seeming firmly to believe that the sacrifice of the lives of some of their companions was necessary to the preservation of the others, he proposed to kill Mrs. McCutcheon, alleging that she was but a nuisance, and could not keep up. Mr. Eddy remonstrated, and told him that she was a wife and a mother, and was with them, helpless and without protection, unless she found it in them; and finally informed him, with much sternness in his manner, that she should not die. Foster then proposed that they should kill Mary Graves and Mrs. Fosdick, as they had no children. Mr. Eddy told him that he would inform them of his purpose. This he did in the presence of the company. Foster said he did not care, he could handle Mr. Eddy. Seeing that he was lost to all reason, and perfectly insane, and firmly believing that they would all fall a sacrifice to his insane appetite, unless the further development of this spirit of selfishness was checked, Mr. Eddy said, "Perhaps you intend to make a victim of me. If this is so, we will proceed to settle the question." Seizing a large club, and striking it across a log, to ascertain whether it would break, Mr. Eddy threw it to him, and bade him defend himself. At the same time he advanced upon him with a knife which had belonged to Jay Fosdick, as rapidly as he could in his weak and feeble condition, with the intention of taking his life. Having gotten almost within striking distance, with his arm raised to strike a fatal blow, he was seized by Mary Graves, Mrs. Pike, Mrs. McCutcheon, and Mrs. Fosdick, and thrown down. The knife was then taken away from him. He then told Foster, who stood apparently powerless, that he would kill him if he ever again manifested the slightest inclination to take the life of any of the party; and that if it should become necessary to take life, in order to the preservation of other lives, one of them should be the victim; and that this point should be determined by fighting, since Foster had shown a determination not to cast lots, which was the only just method of deciding upon the victim.

Foster might easily, had he possessed the energy, have dispatched Eddy at the time when the females, whose lives he had saved, by resolutely resisting Mr. Foster's purpose, had thrown him down. But devoid of energy, and conscious, perhaps, although he could not have been sane, that he had meditated a wicked act, he cowered before Eddy's look.

On the other hand, Mr. Eddy was conscious of doing right; and, in addition to this, his was a courage animated by desperation. He had left behind him in the Sierra Nevada a most beloved and affectionate wife, and two young children, whom he tenderly loved. He had been unable to take them out, and was now staggering into the settlements for the purpose of obtaining the means of rescuing them. He saw that Foster was evidently deranged, and therefore a dangerous man to be with, in the circumstances in which they were then placed; and while he was willing to share the risk of life incident to their situation, yet, the ghastly images of his famine-stricken wife and children appealed to every generous feeling of his nature, to require of others a similar and equal risk. He might have reached the settlements sooner, perhaps, by consenting to the death of his companions; but had he done this, and thereby have saved his wife and children, the remembrance of the price paid would have embittered every subsequent moment of his miserable being.

The morning of Jan. 8th they resumed their journey from the "Camp of Strife," order being re-established. They had not proceeded above two miles, when they came into a small patch of snow, where they found the tracks of Lewis and Salvadore, for the first time since Mr. Eddy informed them of their danger. Foster immediately said that he would follow them, and kill them if he came up with them. They had not proceeded more than two miles when they came upon the Indians, lying upon the ground, in a totally helpless condition. They had been without food for eight or nine days, and had been four days without fire. They could not, probably, have lived more than two or three hours; nevertheless, Eddy remonstrated against their being killed. Foster affirmed that he was compelled to do it. Eddy refused to see the deed consummated, and went on about two hundred yards, and halted. Lewis was told that he must die; and was shot through the head. Salvadore was dispatched in the same manner immediately after. Mr. Eddy did not see who fired the gun. The flesh was then cut from their bones and dried. Mr. Foster and wife, and Mrs. Pike encamped at "The Place of Sacrifice." Mary Graves, Mrs. Fosdick, Mrs. McCutcheon, and Mr. Eddy encamped about two hundred yards in advance. They never encamped again with Foster; and some one of their number was always awake, to avoid being surprised.

Mr. Eddy made his supper upon grass. Although they saw deer in great numbers every day, and sometimes very near them, yet such was the extreme weakness to which Mr. Eddy was reduced, that it was impossible for him to take accurate aim at them. He staggered like a drunken man; and when he came to a fallen tree, though no more than a foot high, he had to stoop down, put his hands upon it, and get over it by a sort of rolling motion. They were under the necessity of sitting down to rest about every quarter of a mile. The slighest thing caused them to stumble

Meeting with the Indians.

and fall. They were almost reduced to the helplessness of little children in their first essays to walk. The women would fall and weep like infants, and then rise and totter along again.

January 9.—They proceeded during the day over a rocky country, and encamped at night, after a day of immense toil and suffering. Mr. Eddy gathered some grass near by, to sustain, in his wasted body, the almost extinguished spark of life.

On the following morning they staggered forward, and toward the close of the day, which seemed interminable, they arrived at an Indian village, which in this country is called a *rancheria.* The Indians seemed to be overwhelmed with the sight of their miseries. Proverbial as they are for their cruelty and thievish propensities, they now divided their own scanty supply with them. The wild and fierce savages who once visited their camps only for the purpose of hostility; who hovered around them upon the way; who shot their cattle, and murdered their companions; who actually stood upon the hills, laughing at their calamity, and mocking as their fear came, now seemed touched with the sight of their misfortunes; and their almost instinctive feeling of hostility to the white man, gave place to pity and commiseration. The men looked as solemn as the grave; the women wrung their hands and wept aloud; the children united their plaintive cries to those of their sympathizing mothers. As soon as the first brief burst of feeling had subsided, all united in administering to their wants. One hurried here, and another there, all sobbing and weeping, to obtain their stores of acorns. The acorns grow upon a species of the live oak, and are from one to two inches in length. They are in appearance and taste very much like the chestnut. While they were eating these the Indian women began to prepare a sort of bread from the acorns, pulverized. As fast as they could bake them, they gave them to starving emigrants. It was a sort of food that made Mr. Eddy sick, producing constipation. It did not affect the others in this manner.

On the morning of January 11th, the chief, after sending on runners to the next village, informing them of the approach of the sufferers and to prepare food for them, accompanied them during the day with many of his tribe, an Indian being on either side of each of the sufferers, supporting them, and assisting them forward. They thus continued from day to day until the morning of the 17th, the chief from one village accompanied by some of his men, supporting them to the next, where they witnessed the same exhibition of feeling and sympathy. They received the best food the Indians had, which was acorns. But this, as I before remarked, made Mr. Eddy sick, and he could not eat them, but had lived upon grass only. On the morning of this day, the chief, with much difficulty and labor, procured for him about a gill of pine-nuts, which he ate, and found himself wonderfully refreshed.

They resumed their journey on the next morning, as usual, accompanied by a chief and a number of Indians, supporting and assisting them. Mr. Eddy felt a renewed strength, derived in part, as he supposed, from the pine-nuts, and in part, from the energy which a prospect of a speedy termination of his unhappy journey imparted. Nature seemed to have gathered up all her strength for the last effort; so that he was even able to proceed without assistance.

They had not gone more than a mile when the whole party, excepting Mr. Eddy, sunk under their complicated toils and sufferings, and all laid down to die. The Indians appeared to be greatly distressed. But the picture of his wife and children, perishing with hunger among the terrible snows of the Sierra Nevada, filled the spirit of Mr. Eddy with unspeakable anguish, and he resolved to get to where relief for them could be obtained, or to perish by the way. The old chief sent an Indian with him, instructing him, as well as Mr. E. could understand, to take him to the nearest settlement.

Mr. Eddy had suffered unutterable sorrows by the way. Fear and anguish had got hold upon him; and although he believed that his reason was never more unclouded, yet continued anxiety, the most cruel privations, and circumstances presenting the severest tests of principle, had changed his feelings and his nature in a considerable degree. Let it not therefore be imagined, that in all the dangers surrounding him he had preserved himself entire, if I may be permitted thus to express myself. Now he felt that he was escaping from a painful dream of combats, of famine and death; of cries of despair; of fathomless snows, and impassable mountains; dreams that tormented his soul and exhausted his body with fatigue. The scene was changed. The day was calm and beautiful, and the sun shone as bright as though no murder had ever been committed in its light. A ray of hope beamed to quiet his agitated and over-wrought spirit. He expected soon to be once more among the abodes of society and civilization, and to be able to send succor to his wife and children.

Thus situated, and thus feeling, he hastened on, as though famine and death were close upon the heels of himself and his family. They had not proceeded more than five miles, when they met another Indian, to whom Mr. Eddy promised some tobacco, if he would accompany them. At last it became necessary for them to assist him; and they hurried forward until they arrived at the house of Col. M. D. Richey, about half an hour before sunset, having traveled eighteen miles. The last six miles of the way were marked by the blood from Mr. Eddy's feet. The first white woman he saw, was the daughter of the truly excellent Mr. Richey. Mr. Eddy asked her for bread. She looked at him, and without replying, burst into tears, and took hold of him to assist him into the house. He was immediately placed in bed, in which, during four days, he was not able to turn his body. In a very short time he had food brought to him by Mrs. Richey, who sobbed as she fed the miserable and frightful being before her. In a brief period Harriet, the daughter, had carried the news from house to house in the little neighborhood; and horses were seen running at full speed from place to place, until all the necessary preparations were made for taking out relief to those Mr. Eddy had left in the morning. William Johnson, John Howell, John Rhodes, Mr. Kiser, Mr. Segur, Daniel Tucker, and Joseph Varro, assembled at Mr. Richey's immediately. The females collected all the bread they had, with tea, sugar, and coffee; amounting in the whole to as much as four men could conveniently carry. Howell, Rhodes, Segur, and Tucker, immediately started on foot, with the Indians for guides, and arrived at the company, eighteen miles distant, about midnight. One man was employed all night in cooking food, and although Mr. Eddy had cautioned these gentlemen not to give the sufferers as much as they desired, yet the provisions were all consumed that night. They wept and begged for food continually, until it was exhausted. It is needless to say that they were all sick; none, however, died.

On the morning of Jan. 18th, Mr. Richey, William Johnson, Joseph Varro, and Mr. Kiser, proceeded on horseback, with more provisions for the emigrants, and to bring them in. About 10 o'clock at night they returned, surprised at the distance Mr. Eddy had traveled, which they said they could not have believed, had they not passed over it. Mr. Richey remarked when he returned, that he had followed Mr. Eddy's track six miles by the blood from his feet.

The 19th was a beautiful day, and although Mr. Eddy felt great solicitude for his family, his soul was in harmony with the aspect of the heavens, which seemed to shed upon him a new ray of hope. Filled with gratitude for his own deliverance, he sought to obtain immediate relief for those who yet remained in the Sierra Nevada. For this purpose he dictated a letter to John Sinclair, Alcalde of the Upper District, residing near Sutter's Fort, about forty miles distant, informing him of the condition and peril of the emigrants, and urging him to adopt measures for their immediate rescue from famine, cannibalism, and death. An Indian courier was sent with it. Mrs. Sinclair sent back by the Indian a considerable amount of under-clothing for the females of Mr. Eddy's party, who had arrived almost in a state of nudity.

Mr. Sinclair immediately dispatched a courier to San Francisco with a letter containing the intelligence. The letter was taken up to the City Hotel, and read at the tea-table. The scene that followed will never be forgotten by those present. The ladies immediately left the table, sobbing and in tears. The men, overwhelmed with the picture of distress it presented, rose in haste; and many an eye unused to tears, expressed how much was felt by the burthened and sickened heart.

CHAPTER XI.

PREPARATIONS FOR RELIEVING THE SUFFERERS.

THE insurrection, which had entirely occupied the attention of the United States officers, and of all classes of citizens in the northern district of California, of which San Francisco was the "head-quarters"—having been entirely suppressed, and order restored by the middle of January, 1847, Mr. Reed, who, in consequence of that insurrection, had not been able to obtain any assistance which would aid him in making another effort to recross the mountains, now hoped to effect something, at the earliest moment that experienced mountaineers, acquainted with the Sierra Nevada, believed that sufficient intervals would elapse between the storms in that elevated region, and the settling of the snows, to warrant such an undertaking. Experienced men supposed this might occur by the last of February or first of March; although such an attempt must ever be attended with much risk and no little suffering to the party who should undertake it before the melting of the snows.

At this time Mr. Reed was at the Pueblo de San Jose, on the southeast side of San Francisco Bay, about one hundred and twenty miles from Sutter's Fort. His situation, and that of his suffering companions in misfortune, soon became known to the whole people. Among the people in the town and immediate vicinity, particularly the Mission of Santa Clara, were many immigrants of the last season, who had got in safely and in good time by the old Fort Hall road; and also some who had been caught on and near the summit of the Sierra, in the month of December, 1844, but had got through the snows themselves with great difficulty, leaving behind them all their property, most of which was destroyed by the Indians, in the spring of 1845, before they could recross the mountains to recover it.

Great sympathy was expressed for Mr. Reed and the sufferers, by all parties, as they feared that the company must soon be in a starving condition. Nothing, however, was done.

Mr. Reed, perceiving that nothing could be done at San Jose, proceeded to San Francisco, to bring the condition of the sufferers to the knowledge of the Governor, by a personal representation; and with that view called upon the Alcalde of the town and district of San Francisco, Washington A. Bartlett, Lieutenant U. S. Navy, who at once took a lively interest in all his statements, and assured him that assistance should certainly be afforded him, and that immediately. Lieut. Bartlett waited upon the Governor, and introduced Mr. Reed, who told his painful story; when Capt. Hull stated that he had that morning received a petition from the Pueblo de San Jose; but as he had neither the men nor means to fit out such an expedition as the petition called for, he would consult with the Alcalde, and see what could be done. He remarked, that he thought petitions would do but little toward affording relief, if that was all the people were disposed to do. Lieut. Bartlett informed him that, from what he had already learned in conversation with the principal citizens of the town, a very liberal subscription could be obtained, and a relief company started in a very short time, if the Governor would give it his countenance and support. Governor Hull stated that he would do all in his power, both officially and as a private citizen, and that relief must be sent.

Lieut. Bartlett then informed the Governor that he would issue a call for a public meeting that evening, when the Governor authorized him to subscribe fifty dollars on his account. Capt. Mervine, U. S. Navy, and Mr. Richardson, U. S. Collector, subscribed the same amount.

The meeting was at once called; and at 7, P.M., February 3d, nearly every male citizen of San Francisco, and the officers of the United States forces, assembled in the saloon of the principal hotel, to consider what should be done.

His Honor the Alcalde called the meeting to order, by reading his call upon them to assemble; and then, after stating that Governor Hull designed to do all he could in the matter, read to the meeting the petition from San Jose, and expressed his belief that, although the citizens of San Francisco had never before been called upon to exercise a collective charity, this call would result in something more than a petition; but that, as he did not wish to forestall their action by his suggestions, he hoped they would organize the meeting independently of the magistracy, and thus afford him an opportunity of acting in his private capacity with his fellow-citizens and brother officers. Frank Ward, Esq., was then called to the chair, and William Pettet, Esq., was appointed secretary.

Mr. Reed having come into the room, the people desired him to state to them his opinion of what would be required to make an expedition successful in its results. But Mr. Reed begged to decline, alleging that his feelings were such, that he could not command himself sufficiently to express himself publicly, with the conviction ever on his mind that, in all probability, his wife and children were then starving. Overpowered with emotion by the delivery of a few remarks, he sat down with tears streaming from his eyes, and showing how severe was his suffering.

Mr. Dunleary, with whom Mr. Reed lodged (himself an immigrant), now rose, and stated that, in conversation with Mr. Reed at his house, he had gathered his views, and that he himself had traveled the road, and supposed he could estimate pretty closely where the company then must be; he would, with the indulgence of the meeting, give the views of Mr. Reed and himself as to what was best [illegible] be done.

Those who heard that t[illegible]ng address of Mr. Dunleary will never forget the effect upon his attentive audience, while he related the trials of their journey and the probable fate of the starving company, unless relief was soon carried to them—perhaps already too late; but it was hoped that, if prudent, they could hold out till the first of March. (It must be remembered that nearly the entire population of San Francisco, then resident there, were immigrants by sea, and entirely unacquainted with life on the road or in the mountains.) It is worthy of notice, that the sufferers encamped on the very spot (Truckee Lake) where Mr. Dunleary supposed they must have arrived the day the first snow fell, which was only thirty miles beyond the point reached by Reed and McCutcheon when they failed in their first effort.

The speaker had scarcely taken his seat, when the people rushed up to the chairman's table, from all parts of the hall, with their hands full of dollars. But the chairman begged they would stay their hands for a moment, and organize a little; when two committees were elected—one to solicit subscriptions (scarcely necessary), and also a treasurer, and a committee of purchases of supplies. These were instructed to consult with the Alcalde, who was requested to act with both committees. The subscription was then opened, and $700 subscribed before the meeting adjourned.

Messrs. Ward and Smith, in addition to a generous subscription, offered their fine launch, "*Dice mi Nana,*" free of charge, to transport the expedition to Feather river. Mr. John Fuller volunteered to pilot the launch, and Passed-midshipman Woodworth, U. S. N., volunteered to take charge of the expedition, under instructions from the committee and Governor, and carry out the wishes of the people in aiding Mr. Reed to save the sufferers.

The committee at once dispatched a courier to the Redwood, forty miles south, for Mr. Dennis Martin, as it was not known that any other person could be had who could pilot in the mountains, when covered with snow. A pilot was all-important to prevent the loss of the party going out—at least to take the very shortest route to Truckee's lake.

The next day was employed in adding to the subscription, and purchasing any thing in the market which the best judgment could suggest as necessary. Howard Oakley volunteered to go with Mr. Woodworth, and men were obtained to work the launch up the river. The utmost expedition was used to get Messrs. Woodworth and Reed started. The courier returned from the Redwood, stating that Mr. Martin could not possibly go, in consequence of his engagements.

On the 5th all was ready for a start with the evening tide, when Captain Sutter's launch, "Sacramento," appeared off the town, and on anchoring, the Alcalde received from Justice Sinclair a letter, which, while it filled the hearts of all with horror by its terrible details; and incited to additional efforts of relief, was softened by the pleasing reflection that they had not waited for such an appeal to move them to action.

That letter, honorable to the writer and Captain Sutter, and well calculated to rouse to exertion, was at once laid before Governor Hull, and read at the tables of the principal hotels, by the committees and citizens generally; and, as it contained the information so much needed, enabled the committees of relief to act more understandingly. It being now known that a relief-party were actually on the route, and would probably succeed in bringing out of the snows a considerable number of the sufferers, it was determined to make every provision necessary to relieve both the sufferers and those who had gone to their aid, and to have a relief-camp established at the most eligible point on the route, and also to provide liberally for the wants of the emigrants, in food and clothing, should any party succeed in getting them out. It was, therefore, determined to increase the funds during the next day, and thus increase the supplies, in all that could be considered useful.

The same evening, February 5th, Mr. Greenwood, an old mountaineer, also appeared at San Francisco to ask for assistance in fitting out a party to go out with himself and McCutcheon, to which end the citizens of Sonoma and Nappa, headed by Lieutenant William L. Maury, U. S. N., Commandant of the port, and Don Mariaño G. Vallejo, Ex-Commandant-general of California, had subscribed over $500 for the party, besides large donations of horses and mules, which $500 was to be paid Greenwood and company, *if they succeeded* in raising a party and going out; but as warm clothing and ready money were absolutely necessary to start an expedition, they went to San Francisco for them. Greenwood thought he would succeed, if he could secure ten or twelve men he could depend upon in the snow. He believed he could secure such men by having ready money. His horses and provisions were already in his camp, at the head of Nappa valley.

Governor Hull now desired Lieutenant Bartlett to lay before him a statement of what was proposed to be done, as a basis for his action, on the part of the government; trusting to its generosity and humanity in sustaining him in an extraordinary expense which his position as Governor and Military Commandant of the Northern Department called upon him not to hesitate in incurring, even at the risk of its not being allowed by the government; and, on receiving from Lieutenant Bartlett a communication setting forth the facts already stated, and the appeal of Greenwood for aid to start his expedition, Captain Hull determined to appropriate $400 on government account to organize that party. Greenwood stated to Captain Hull, that he could easily get men, if he had this ready money to make advances and purchase clothing; and, as he had crossed the

Sierra Nevada, while the snow lay on the summit, in April, 1846, he thought he could do it again, as soon as he could reach the mountain; and, possibly, he might succeed in driving over some of his horses, which he would kill in the Mountain Camp for provision for the sufferers. At any rate he and his sons, with Turner and others, could reach them on snow shoes.

As it was believed that Mr. Reed could get to the mountains quicker, by going via Sonoma and Nappa valleys, he determined to leave the next day with Mr. Greenwood, and get animals and packs prepared to meet Mr. Woodworth, at Feather river. Fifty dollars in money was given to Mr. Reed, by the committee, to pay contingencies, and an order, signed by Capt. Hull, to enable him to get the horses, and secure some men if possible. Greenwood was also to start on his independent expedition, at the earliest possible moment. Messrs. Reed and McCutcheon were supplied gratis by the committee, with every thing they required for the journey; and to Mr. Reed was also given a supply of clothing and goods, necessary for the women, who had already reached Johnson's. Mr. Reed was further directed, that in case he should have to waste any time at Feather river, for Mr. Woodworth's arrival, he was not to do so, but push on, and, if possible, drive some cattle to the edge of the snow, to relieve the party now known to be out; in which case, Mr. Woodworth had orders to get his horses, packs, and men, from Sutter's Fort; and if he could not take all on at once, Capt. Sutter was charged with the forwarding of the supplies, which he should leave behind. And Mr. Woodworth was to unload the launch at the Fort, if he should think he could get on faster by so doing.

During the 6th, the crews of the U. S. frigate Savannah, sloop of war Warren, and the marines, in garrison, on shore, carried the subscription up to $1300, which enabled the committee to get other necessaries; and, besides, to place in Mr. Woodworth's hands $100, with which to purchase cattle to drive as far as the snow, and then kill them for food for the relief-parties and sufferers. Capt. Hull, also, sent orders to Capts. Kern and Sutter, to do all in their power, by assisting with men and horses, to hurry forward the supplies.

On an application to Capt. Mervine, commanding the U. S. frigate Savannah, by Lieut. Bartlett, on the part of the committee of supplies, he furnished from the provisions of the ship twenty days' full rations for ten men or two hundred rations; that there should not be any expenditure of the supplies by the persons who should work the launch up and back.

Mr. Greenwood, with the $400 supplied to him by Capt. Hull, purchased the clothing necessary for his party, retaining the balance to make advances, and purchase provisions. All parties being thus supplied, so far as their necessities could be foreseen, set out on their errands of mercy. Messrs. Mellus and Howard tendered the gratuitous use of their launch to transport Messrs. Reed, Greenwood, McCutcheon, and others, to Sonoma.

CHAPTER XII.

MR. GLOVER'S TWO EXPEDITIONS FOR THE RELIEF OF THE SUFFERERS.

IT will be seen from the foregoing chapter, that an expedition was fitted out at San Francisco, for the relief of the emigrants at the Mountain Camp. But as another was organized a little before that, I will take it up as being the first in point of time.

In about a week after Mr. Sinclair received the letter, which has been mentioned as having been dictated by Mr. Eddy, he came to the place at which Mr. Eddy was temporarily abiding. Capt. E. Kern had made an unsuccessful effort to induce men to go with relief to the immigrants, offering three dollars per day. Aquilla Glover, R. S. Mootrey, and Joseph Sel, were all that would consent to go; and they were willing to enter upon the hazardous enterprise, without any other reward than the satisfaction derived from a consciousness of the fact that they might be instrumental, in the hands of God, in rescuing from the jaws of a miserable death a multitude of men, women, and children.

John Sinclair, Esq., and Mr. George McKinstry, Jr., returned from San Francisco about the time of the failure of the effort made by Capt. Kern. Capt. Sutter and Mr. Sinclair then proposed, that they would become responsible for three dollars per day, which they would pay, if the Government of the United States would not. This induced Daniel Rhodes, John Rhodes, Daniel Tucker, and Edward Coffeymier, to join the three above mentioned. William Koon, and a man for whom I have never known any other name than that of "Greasy Jim," also joined the expedition; but as these did not go through, no other notice will be taken of them. Capt. Sutter and John Sinclair furnished supplies and horses.

On the last day of January, the party set out, and after traveling fourteen miles, encamped on Dry Creek.

February 1.—Immediately after sunrise, Mr. Glover, who had command of the party, set out, and after traveling all day, encamped about three miles below Mr. Johnson's, on Bear river. The party proceeded, the next day, on to Mr. Johnson's, where the company was occupied during the 3d and 4th, in making pack-saddles, drying beef, and in completing the preparations for the journey. Mr. Eddy had greatly improved in strength, and fancying that he could be serviceable, he here determined to accompany the expedition.

On the 5th, the party set forward; and after being helped upon a horse, Mr. Eddy proceeded on with it. They continued traveling, with some delays, till February 9, when they arrived at the Mule Springs. Here they found the snow so deep that it became necessary to leave the horses. And such was Mr. Eddy's weak and feeble condition, that the party refused to permit him to go any further. The 10th was occupied in making preparations for carrying provisions over on foot.

The following day Mr. Eddy started back for the settlements, intending to procure fresh supplies, and to return with two men to meet Mr. Glover on his way in. The party set out early in the morning, sinking at each step knee-deep in the snow. That night they encamped on Bear river. They had believed that they would be able to follow it up, and in this manner avoid the hills. But upon examination, this route was found to be impracticable, in consequence of the river breaking through cañons.

On the 12th, the party resumed their journey, and after traveling about two miles, in snow waist-deep, found it impossible to proceed, and encamped for the purpose of making snow-shoes. The following day, they traveled until noon when they encamped, and spent the afternoon in removing the snow from a *cache* of provisions made by Mr. Reed in the autumn. After digging and melting away thirteen feet of snow, the wagon was found torn in pieces by the grisly bears. The party remained in camp during the 14th, preparing packs and provisions.

On the 15th, they left Bear River valley, in consequence of the immense snow-drifts upon the sides of the ridge, over which the emigrant road passes, from Yuva river to this valley. After traveling fifteen miles, they encamped on the wake of Yuva river. The river was entirely concealed by snow of unknown depth.

The next day, the company proceeded on three miles, when it became necessary to stop and make snow-shoes. On the 17th, after traveling five miles, they encamped on Yuva river, in dry and soft snow fifteen feet deep. They traveled eight miles, on the 18th, and encamped at the head of Yuva river, where the snow was so deep that all the low trees, and of course all the undergrowth, were covered.

February 19.—On the morning of this day, the party resumed its journey. Mr. Glover and Daniel Rhodes became so much exhausted in crossing the Sierra Nevada, that their companions were under the necessity of carrying their packs. After traveling about nine miles, they arrived at The Mountain Camp as the last rays of the setting sun were departing from the tops of the mountains. Every thing was as silent as the grave. A painful stillness pervaded the scene. Upon some of the party raising a shout, for the purpose of finding the cabins, by attracting the attention of the living—if, indeed, any did live—the sufferers were seen coming up out of their snow-holes, from the cabins, which were completely covered, the snow presenting one unbroken level. They tottered toward their deliverers, manifesting a delirium of joy, and acting in the wildest and most extravagant manner. Some wept; some laughed. All inquired, "Have you brought any thing for me?" Many of them had a peculiarly wild expression of the eye; all looked haggard, ghastly, and horrible. The flesh was wasted from their bodies, and the skin seemed to have dried upon their bones. Their voices were weak and sepulchral; and the whole scene conveyed to the mind the idea of that shout having awaked the dead from the snows. Fourteen of their number, principally men, had already died from starvation, and many more were so reduced, that it was almost certain they would never rise from the miserable beds upon which they had lain down. The unhappy survivors were, in short, in a condition the most deplorable, and beyond the power of language to describe, or of the imagination to conceive. The annals of human suffering nowhere present a more appalling spectacle, than that which blasted the eyes and sickened the hearts of those brave men, whose indomitable courage and perseverance, in the face of so many dangers, hardships, and privations, snatched some of these miserable survivors from the jaws of death, and who, for having done so much, merit the lasting gratitude and respect of every man who has a heart to feel for human woe, or a hand to afford relief.

Many of the sufferers had been living for weeks upon bullock hides, and even this sort of food was so nearly exhausted with some, that they were about to dig up from the snow the bodies of their companions, for the purpose of prolonging their wretched lives. Mrs. Reed, who lived in Brinn's cabin, had, during a considerable length of time, supported herself and four children, by cracking and boiling again the bones from which Brinn's family had carefully scraped all the flesh. These bones she had often taken, and boiled again and again, for the purpose of extracting the least remaining portion of nutriment.

Some of the emigrants had been making preparations for death, and at morning and evening the incense of prayer and thanksgiving ascended from their cheerless and comfortless dwellings. Others there were, who cursed God, cursed the snow, and cursed the mountain, and in the wildest frenzy deplored their miserable and hard fate. Some poured bitter imprecations upon the head of L. W. Hastings, for having deceived them as to the road upon which he had conducted them; and all united in common fears of a common and inevitable death. Many of them had, in a great measure, lost all self-respect. Untold sufferings had broken their spirits, and prostrated every thing like an honorable and commendable pride. Misfortune had dried up the fountains of the heart; and the dead, whom their weakness made it impossible to carry out, were dragged from their cabins by means of ropes, with an apathy that afforded a faint indication of the extent of the change which a few weeks of dire suffering had produced, in hearts that once sympathized with the distressed, and mourned the departed. With many of them, all principle, too, had been swept away by this tremendous torrent of accumulated and accumulating calamities. It became necessary to place a guard over the little store of provisions brought to their relief; and they stole and devoured the raw-hide strings from the snow-shoes of those who had come to deliver them. But some there were, whom no temptation could seduce, no suffering move; who were

"Among the faithless, faithful still."

Upon going down into the cabins of this mountain camp, the party were presented with sights of woe, and scenes of horror, the full tale of which never will be told, and never ought; sights which, although the emigrants had not yet commenced eating the dead, were so revolting, that they were compelled to withdraw, and make a fire where they would not be under the necessity of looking upon the painful spectacle.

On the morning of February 20th, John Rhodes, Daniel Tucker, and R. S. Mootrey, went to the camp of George Donner, eight miles distant, taking with them a little beef. These sufferers were found with but one hide remaining. They had determined, that, upon consuming this, they would dig up from the snow the bodies of those who had died from starvation. Mr. Donner was helpless. Mrs. Donner was weak, but in good health, and might have come into the settlements with Mr. Glover's party, yet she solemnly but calmly declared her determination to remain with her husband, and perform for him the last sad offices of affection and humanity. And this she did, in full view of the fact, that she must necessarily perish by remaining behind.

On the evening of the 20th, the party that had gone down to Mr. Donner's camp in the morning returned, bringing seven persons with them.

The next day, at noon, the party, after leaving all the provisions they could spare, commenced their return from the Mountain Camp to the settlement, with twenty-three persons, principally women and children. The results of the disastrous and horrible journey of Eddy and Foster were carefully concealed from these poor sufferers. To have acted otherwise would have been to overwhelm them with fear and despondency, and this in their condition would have proved fatal.

Mrs. Pike's child and Mrs. Kiesburg's were carried by the party. After proceeding about two miles, two of Mrs. Reed's children gave out; the one a little girl of eight years old, and the other a little boy of four. It became absolutely necessary, therefore, to return them to the Mountain Camp, or to abandon them to die upon the way. The mother was informed by Mr. Glover, that it was necessary to take them back. And now ensued that which it is hoped none may ever be called upon to witness again. She was a wife, and affection for her husband, then in the settlement, no doubt suggested her going on. But she was a mother, also; and maternal love—that strongest of all feelings, that most powerful of all instincts—determined her, immediately, to send forward the two children who could walk, while she would go back with the two youngest, and die with them. It was impossible for Mr. Glover to shake this resolution, although he promised, that when he arrived at Bear River valley, he would go back for them. At length she asked, "Are you, a mason?" Upon receiving an answer in the affirmative she said, "Do you promise me, upon the word of a mason, that when you arrive at Bear River valley, you will return and bring out my children, if we shall not, in the mean time, meet their father going for them?" Mr. Glover replied, "I do thus promise." She then consented to go on. When the mother and children were about to separate, Patty, a little girl eight years of age, took her mother by the hand, and said—"Well, mamma, kiss me. Good-by! I shall never see you again. I am willing to go back to our mountain camp and die; but I can not consent to your going back. I shall die willingly, if I can believe that you will live to see papa. Tell him, good-by, for his poor Patty." The mother and little children lingered in a long embrace. Being separated, Patty turned from her mother to go back to camp. As Mr. Glover and Mr. Mootrey were taking the children back, she told them, that she was willing to go back and take care of her little brother, but that she "should never see mother again." I have given an imperfect sketch of that parting scene; but to do it justice is as impossible as to paint the rainbow, or to throw the sun upon the canvas.

While Mr. Glover and Mr. Mootrey were taking the children back to the Mountain Camp, the company continued to advance, and after proceeding about a mile, encamped at the upper end of Truckee's Lake. This lake, and the river flowing from it, derive their names from an Indian who piloted Mr. Child's company from the sinks of Mary's river to this lake. His name was Truckee, and the emigrants gave his name to the lake and the river. Fremont calls it Snow Lake or Lake Wood. The river is the west fork of Salmon-Trout river; the east fork heads in Salmon-Trout Lake; and the two unite and flow into Pyramid Lake. There are others in the neighborhood, of great beauty.

Messrs. Glover and Mootrey returned after the party had encamped; but they carefully concealed from Mrs. Reed the fact, that Brinn and wife absolutely refused to permit the children to come into the cabin, until many promises of immediate relief and succor were made. They were even then reluctantly, and with an ill grace, received.

The party were upon an allowance of one ounce of beef and a spoonful of flour, twice per day. The emigrants were almost famished, and some of them that night stole and ate the strings from Mr. Coffeymier's snow-shoes. This circumstance led to an amusing scene, which I would here present, did it not seem to be out of place in a narrative, every page of which presents scenes of horror and sights of woe.

February 22.—The company left camp in the morning, crossed the Sierra Nevada, and camped that night at the head of Yuva river. John Denton being missing at the camp, John Rhodes and one other went back and found him in a profound sleep upon the snow. They labored near an hour before they succeeded in rousing him. He was with great difficulty brought up to camp. Here a new misfortune awaited the party. Mr. Glover, upon his going out to the Mountain Camp, had made a *cache* of provisions at this place; but, upon examination, it was found to have been nearly all destroyed by a cougar. This circumstance rendered necessary a further reduction in the daily allowance of food. The effect and consequence of this discovery can not be fully comprehended by persons sitting in comfort, around their firesides, and in the enjoyment of an abundance of the provisions of God's mercy. The poor emigrants wept bitterly, and the stoutest and bravest hearts of those who had gone to rescue them, were not free from fear and despondency.

On the morning of the 23d, Aquilla Glover, R. S. Mootrey, and Edward Coffeymier, hastened forward in advance of the company, for the purpose of obtaining supplies at another *cache*, which had been made at Bear River valley. From this, it was proposed to obtain supplies with which to return to the sufferers. After the company had traveled about one mile, Mr. John Denton became so much exhausted, as to be unable to proceed. He informed his companions, that it was utterly impossible for him to go any further, and stated that they could be of no service to him, and that to remain with him would involve the lives of all. He therefore requested them to leave him, expressing the hope, however, that relief would be sent to him, if possible. They made a fire for him, and after gathering a pile of wood, and leaving with him nearly all the food they had, they left him by the wayside in the wilderness. It will be seen, that Mr. Reed, after this, hurried forward with the hope of rescuing him; but the vital spark had been extinguished in his weary and worn-out body. After Mr. Reed had passed on, Mr. Eddy found him with the provisions still in his pocket.

He was an intelligent and amiable young man about thirty years of age. He was a gunsmith by trade, and was a native of Sheffield, England, where he had a mother living at the time of his last hearing from home. The four years preceding his entering upon this journey, he had resided in Springfield, Illinois, where he left many warmly attached friends. Mr. Eddy had gone back into the mountain for the purpose of taking relief to the emigrants, and found him in a sitting posture, with his body slightly leaning against a snow-bank, and with his head bowed upon his breast. He had evidently fallen into a profound slumber, during the continuance of which the circulation had gradually diminished, until he ceased at once to live and suffer, and the transition of his spirit from time into eternity was unperceived.

Mr. Eddy found at his side a small piece of India rubber, a pocket pencil, and a little journal, containing a brief notice of some of the most prominent incidents of the journey, and among others of his Christmas dinner. On a slip of the paper was a piece of poetry, which he had written, making some corrections by rubbing out with his India rubber, and rewriting. It was handed over to Mr. Woodworth, who published it in the "Californian Star." It was written in pencil, and there can be no doubt of his having composed it a little before the coming on of that heavy slumber, from which he will never awake, until the angel Gabriel shall rouse earth's sleeping millions from the grave. When the circumstances are considered in connection with the calamities in which the unhappy Denton was involved, the whole compass of English and American poetry may be challenged to furnish a more exquisitely beautiful—a more touching and pathetic piece. Simple and inornate to the last degree, yet coming from the heart, it goes to the heart. Its lines are the last plaintive notes, which wintry winds have waked from an Æolian harp, the strings of which rude hands have sundered. Bring before your mind the picture of an amiable young man, who has wandered far from the paternal roof, is stricken by famine, and left by his almost equally unhappy companions to perish among the terrible snows of the great Sierra Nevada. He knows that the last most solemn hour is near. Reason still maintains her empire, and memory, faithful to the last, performs its functions. On every side extends a boundless waste of faithless snow. He reclines against a bank of it, to rise no more; and busy memory brings before him a thousand images of past beauty and pleasure, and of scenes he will never revisit. A mother's image presents itself to his mind; tender recollections crowd upon his heart, and the scenes of his boyhood and youth pass in review before him with an unwonted vividness; the hymns of praise and thanksgiving that in harmony swelled from the domestic circle around the family altar are remembered, and soothe the sorrows of the dying man; and finally, just before he expires, he writes—

"O! after many roving years,
How sweet it is to come
Back to the dwelling-place of youth—
Our first and dearest home:—
To turn away our wearied eyes
From proud Ambition's towers,
And wander in those summer-fields—
The scene of boyhood's hours.

"But I am changed since last I gazed
Upon that tranquil scene,

And sat beneath the old witch-elm,
  That shades the village green;
And watched my boat upon the brook—
  It was a regal galley,
And sighed not for a joy on earth,
  Beyond the happy valley.

"I wish I could once more recall
  That bright and blissful joy,
And summon to my weary heart
  The feelings of a boy.
But now on scenes of past delight
  I look, and feel no pleasure,
As misers on the bed of death
  Gaze coldly on their treasure."

The party, after providing as far as it was possible for the wants of Mr. Denton, resumed its journey, and after traveling about eight miles in advance, encamped. On that night a child of Mrs. Kiesburg died.

On the morning of February 24th the party resumed its journey, in great weakness, and after traveling within about eight miles of Bear River valley, encamped, and were met by R. S. Mootrey and Edward Coffeymier, with a little beef.

February 25.—The company again set out, and after traveling a short distance, met Mr. Reed. Mrs. Reed instantly rushed into her husband's arms. The affecting scene which followed the meeting of the husband and wife, the father and children, it is impossible to describe. The most generous and amiable sentiments of nature and humanity were testified in the joy this unfortunate couple exhibited, when they had sufficiently recovered their senses to realize that they were indeed restored to each other, after so many torturing anxieties, so many cruel misfortunes; and after encountering from their companions a madness so insensate, sustained by a courage the most heroic. They felt and expressed so vividly the happiness they enjoyed in that moment of unsurpassed rapture, that it would have drawn tears from the most obdurate heart.

But other duties and obligations made it necessary for them to separate. There yet remained in this Mountain Camp many who must die, without assistance. Patty was there; and her little brother, a pet of the whole family, was there. These, aside from the peril of other sufferers, appealed to a father's heart to hasten to their rescue.

Mr. Glover's party encamped that night in Bear River valley, where they found their *cache* of provisions undisturbed. Having now a tolerable supply, young Donner ate too much, and was in consequence very sick. Some tobacco juice being given to him to make him vomit, he was well before morning. At breakfast, however, he again ate too much, and died before 10 o'clock.

The company traveled six miles on the 26th, and encamped near the crossing of Bear river.

February 27.—Mr. Glover's party resumed its journey early in the morning, and encamped that night at the Mule Springs, where Mr. Woodworth was encamped on bare ground, the snow being in patches. Horses had been sent from the settlements for the use of the emigrants. After resting over night, such of the sufferers as could ride, were put upon horses; and the party resuming its journey, traveled on to Cache Creek, where it encamped. On the second day of March the sufferers arrived at Johnson's, and finally terminated their laborious, exhausting and fatiguing journey, at Sutter's Fort (Fort Sacramento), on the 4th of March, grateful to Almighty God for His delivering mercy, and to those whom He had honored by making them the instruments of that deliverance.

On the day of the arrival of Mr. Glover's party, at Fort Sacramento, he started back with two of Capt. Sutter's Indians, having ten or twelve horses and six mules loaded with provisions.

They proceeded on to Capt. Kern's camp, about sixty miles from the fort. Here Mr. Glover sent a man (for whom, after inquiring of a number of persons in San Francisco, I could learn no other name than that of "Greasy Jim") forward to Mr. Woodworth, who was in camp at the Mule Spring, about thirty miles distant. Mr. Woodworth sent back the messenger with a note, requesting that the horses should be brought up. Mr. Glover, upon arriving at Mr. Woodworth's camp, met Mr. Reed with Solomon Hook, Patty, and little Tommy.

Mr. Woodworth informed Mr. Glover that Eddy, Foster, and others had gone on, for the purpose of assisting the emigrants, and that it was with difficulty that a party had been obtained. He stated also that he had promised to meet the party of Messrs. Eddy and Foster, with supplies of food; but that his men were not able to go. Messrs. Mootrey and Coffeymier proposed to go, if Mr. Glover would accompany them. These three gentlemen then started, with packs of provisions upon their backs, Mr. Woodworth accompanying them. They traveled eight miles, and halted, about 3 o'clock, P.M., and made a bark shelter for Mr. Woodworth. The next morning, the party again set out, and after traveling six miles encamped at the head of Bear River valley, where a shelter had previously been prepared for Mr. Woodworth. On the following morning, the party resumed its journey, and after traveling twelve miles, encamped at the last Yuva River cañon upon the emigrant road. On the following morning, Messrs. Woodworth, Glover, and Coffeymier set out, and after traveling until about 2 o'clock, halted to make a fire and cook dinner. While thus employed, Mr. Eddy and party met them. Messrs. Woodworth, Glover, Coffeymier, and Mootrey, after dinner, commenced their return toward the settlements, and encamped at the last crossing of Yuva river, at a place where the emigrant road leaves that river. Some time after the fire had been made, Messrs. Foster, Miller, Thompson, and Eddy came up, and encamped. On the following morning, Mr. Woodworth proceeded on, with the gentlemen who were with him.

Here terminates the events connected with Mr. Glover's second expedition. The occurrences from this point properly refer themselves to the account of the expedition of Messrs. Foster and Eddy, whose story will be found.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FIRST EXPEDITION OF MESSRS. REED AND MC CUTCHEON.

> ...... Farrago libelli.
>
> JUVENAL.
>
> "The miscellaneous subjects of my book."

MR. JAMES F. REED, it will be remembered, had been compelled to leave his company, far back on Ogden's river, on the morning after the unhappy contest with young Snyder. Such was the hostility of the company, with the exception of Milton Elliot and William H. Eddy, to him, that he was not permitted to take a gun, or any other arms, with which to procure game, or to defend himself from savages. After he left camp, Mr. Eddy resolved that he should not be turned upon the road, under circumstances in which he must necessarily perish; and at the hazard of a quarrel with his companions in travel, he followed Mr. Reed, with a gun and some ammunition.

Those who are only conversant with the modes of thought of well-regulated society, will find it difficult to understand the nature and elements of a feeling of hostility, of which the very best men upon the road often become objects. Far removed from the salutary restraining influence which law and the tribunals of justice exert upon even the most profligate and wicked; there being no public opinion in this vast wilderness, a man may have escaped from the gallows, or be a fugitive from the penitentiary, and yet exert an influence, which will finally result in producing a prejudice, and, perhaps, even a positive hostility against men of virtue and intelligence. But there were in Mr. Reed's case some elements of ill-feeling, in addition to those alluded to, which all persons can appreciate. Snyder was one of Mr. Graves' ox-drivers, a daughter of whom he was to marry. This was in itself sufficient to array Mr. Graves and his family, together with all his dependants, and those over whom he could exert an influence, against Mr. Reed. Kiesburg had been required to leave another company, far back on the way, for a great impropriety, often repeated. Mr. Reed was mainly instrumental in that ejection. The divisions and subdivisions of companies, which subsequently took place, had again brought them together in the same company. And now the killing of Snyder, although clearly justifiable, seemed to present an opportunity to Kiesburg for gratifying a deep-seated purpose to be revenged. Accordingly we find that this man, whose character will be more fully exhibited before the curtain falls upon the scenes of this most shocking and revolting tragedy, was the first to propose hanging Mr. Reed, after the arrival of the company, at the evening encampment. This was prevented by the firmness and resolution of Messrs. Eddy and Elliot. Mr. Reed, it will be remembered, left camp on the next morning, leaving his family behind him, to make his way, alone and without food, through a hostile country into the settlements. The history of that journey would, if carefully written, make a volume, every page of which would be replete with instruction and interest. After a thousand hair-breadth escapes, passing through the most terrible scenes, enduring the most cruel sufferings from famine and thirst, struggling with almost inevitable death, and passing days and nights of inexpressible anguish, he finally succeeded, in the good providence of God, in arriving at the settlements.

After recruiting his wasted energies, Mr. Reed obtained provisions and horses, for the purpose of going back to the relief of his family, and the other emigrants. Having passed over the road, after being thrust out by his traveling companions, he knew that they would require assistance, in order to get through. In this enterprise he was assisted by William McCutcheon, who, it will be remembered, had been sent forward with Mr. Stanton from the Salt Lake, to obtain supplies, with which to meet the emigrants. Worn down and exhausted by the journey into the settlements, Mr. McCutcheon did not accompany Mr. Stanton, on his return with two of Captain Sutter's *vaqueros*.

Messrs. Reed and McCutcheon, after obtaining twenty-six horses and mules, with the necessary provisions, and two Indians, from Captain Sutter, set out upon their expedition to cross the mountains. On the second day after leaving Mr. Johnson's, they encountered the snow. On the third day they reached the head of Bear River valley, in two feet snow, with their flour, beef, and beans, in good condition. At this place they found a man, named Jotham Curtis, who had become greatly grieved and vexed with the evil deeds of the uncircumcised Philistines, who had been the companions of his travel. He had fixed upon this spot, as an abiding place, a sort of lodge in the "vast wilderness," in which he might cease to hear of wrong and oppression. But his late companions fully reciprocated the feeling—though, perhaps, even unjustly—which prompted him to desire a separate abode, and, without asking for even a lock of his hair, had hurried forward into the settlement, leaving their afflicted and sorrowing companion to the undisputed possession of his dominions.

He had built a sort of pen, over which he had stretched his tent for a roof. This, in two feet of snow, very imperfectly answered the purpose of a palace for the mountain monarch. Not having any one as yet connected with his establishment to perform the functions of purveyor, he had been reduced to the vulgar necessity of killing and eating his old dog. Upon the whole, Jotham's opinions, like some fruits, had been matured and ripened by frost and snow. In short, his views upon the subject of the blessings of solitude had undergone a most marvelous change, which caused him to determine upon abdicating his sovereignty, on the first suitable occasion. Frost, and hail, and sleet, and snow, had conducted him through a somewhat painful process, to the conclusion that, although a "boundless contiguity of shade" would do well enough for the summer, it was not quite the thing for winter. He was therefore profuse in his thanks to Messrs. Reed and McCutcheon for having come to carry him and his "household" into the settlements. He was informed, however, that they were on their way to their friends and traveling companions, on the eastern side of the mountain; but he was assured that, upon returning, every practicable assistance would be rendered.

Messrs. Reed and McCutcheon resumed their journey the following morning, leaving one Indian and nine head of horses at Jotham's camp, to remain until they returned.

They pursued their way over a difficult mountain, along the emigrant road. Those who subsequently went to the relief of the emigrants avoided this mountain, by continuing up Bear River valley, until they entered the valley of Yuva river. The traveling was so heavy that they were unable to proceed more than three miles, when they encamped in Dry Valley, in three feet of snow. The snow was soft, dry, and very light, and the horses were, in consequence, almost exhausted. The Indian who had accompanied them, became so much discouraged that he secretly left camp to return. His departure being soon discovered, Mr. Reed went back to the camp of Jotham Curtis, who stated that the Indians, after whispering together, suddenly left, about half an hour before; and that they had taken with them three of the horses, which he did not attempt to prevent, because he believed that any effort of that sort would have been useless. The fact was, that Curtis had persuaded them to leave, believing that this would make it necessary for Messrs. Reed and McCutcheon to return, when, he flattered himself, he would be taken out of the snow. Mr. Reed, finding that a further pursuit would be unavailing, returned to his camp in Dry Valley, where he arrived before daylight.

After finishing a hasty breakfast, they resumed their journey for the eastern side of the mountain, along the still ascending ridge between Bear and Yuva rivers. They proceeded, with almost incredible toil, about three miles, when they found the snow four feet deep. They at length arrived at the summit of the ridge, along which they traveled about one mile and a half to a point where they found the snow four and a half feet deep. Here some of the horses becoming exhausted, lay down greatly distressed, with their noses just out of the snow. The saddle-horses were then rode about one mile further, and left; when Messrs. Reed and McCutcheon proceeded on foot for the purpose of ascertaining whether it would be possible to advance. After toiling onward about one mile, the snow was up to their arm-pits. This brought them to the ground which descends towards Yuva river. They now halted to consult. Neither had ever seen snow-shoes. After a few minutes of most anxious and painful deliberation, they resolved to go back. Upon returning to their pack-horses, they found them completely exhausted, and some of them almost smothered in snow. The heads of some were only partially visible; the packs of others were seen a little above the snow, while the head was below. Being at length extricated and taken back into the trail, they were driven to the camp of Jotham Curtis, where Messrs. Reed and McCutcheon arrived at night, suffering greatly from fatigue, and with feelings of the deepest dejection and despondency.

After a very brief rest, Mr. McCutcheon commenced cooking their supper in silence. Mrs. Curtis was unwell and weary. Her husband was dispirited, worn down, and cross as the grisly bear in the forest in which he had made his camp. At length, upon some trifling pretense, he commenced pouring upon Mr. McCutcheon abuse without measure or stint. To all this, however, Mr. McCutcheon gave no attention. His hands were busy with the preparations for the evening meal, and his mind was beyond the mountain. Curtis, however, was rather encouraged by this silence, and his whole conduct was calculated to remind one of a little dog barking at a mastiff. A close observer might indeed have observed, at intervals, the color coming into Mr. McCutcheon's face, and an occasional curl of the brow, which seemed to indicate that it was possible for the little fellow, sitting upon the ground with his toes in the ashes, to get a snap after a while. Mrs. Curtis ventured indeed, once or twice, to hint that neither of the gentlemen were doing any thing wrong, and that herself and husband ought to be very grateful for the deliverance thus brought to them. This, however, only served to increase his wrath, and he made some remarks, amounting to something more than a hint, of his intention to revive in practice an old common-law right, which, although now obsolete, yet was once connected with the marital relation. Mr. McCutcheon, who was a great stalwart Kentuckian, full six feet six inches in height, with a habit of quoting hard names from Shakspeare, as will hereafter be seen, seemed now to be roused into something like a sudden sharp growl, which indicated that he was not in the habit of showing his teeth for nothing; and that he would probably give some little dog a most terrible bite before long.

"Harkee, here, you little mister," said McCutcheon, straightening himself up from over the fire where he had been cooking meat. "Lookee here, I say; if I hear you, you little pictur, saying another word upon that subject, I'll put you on the fire there, and I'll broil you to a cracklin' in two seconds."

Curtis cowered in an instant before the fire of the eyes that flashed upon him; and his wife said, with a trembling voice, that "Jotham meant no harm; he did not intend to do such a thing for any thing in the world—he was only tired, unwell, and a little fretful; but he didn't mean what he said."

"He'd better not," said McCutcheon, as he stooped down again to resume his cooking, "if he don't want me to tear off his arms, and beat him with the bloody ends."

In a short time supper was ready; and McCutcheon said to Mr. Reed, in a whisper, "Reed, ask that starveling, eelskin, snapper, and his wife, to eat of our supper. I don't want to do it; but I know they must be as hungry as wolves. Poor thing, she looks as though she needed food. He's cross, to be sure; but I'd feed Beelzebub, if he was hungry, rather than have him go away and report that a Kentuckian ever turned any one away empty."

"Well, for my part," replied Mr. Reed, with a laugh, "I would not like to have the devil for a guest; but I'll do as you desire."

Mr. Reed then kindly and cordially invited Mrs. Curtis and her husband to partake of the evening meal which had been prepared. The poor woman was hungry, and of course did not decline; but her husband looked sullen, and sat like a spoiled boy in the pouts.

"Why," said McCutcheon at length, as he ran his fingers backward through his long, bushy hair, and looked with well-affected fierceness upon Curtis, "why don't you come to your supper?"

"I— I— I ca— can— can't eat."

"I know better," bellowed McCutcheon, in a voice of thunder. "You're not sick; you can eat; you shall eat. You are as hungry as a wolf. "What's the use of being a fool here in the woods. If you don't get right up now, and come here and sit down by your wife, and take hold of your supper, sick or well, I'll take hold of you, and I'll shake you right out of your trowsers in two seconds, you ugly little pictur, you."

This eloquent harangue evidently impressed the mind of Curtis, with the conviction that at least seven evil ones had taken possession of McCutcheon; and deeming it imprudent, at the time, to contend against such odds he acquiesced, and contrived to do most ample justice to the supper.

During the night, when Messrs. Reed and McCutcheon were supposed to be asleep, Curtis commenced bestowing the most abusive epithets upon his wife for having eaten so readily of the supper. She seemed to be half frightened out of her wits, and replied, in a faltering voice, that he knew very well, that at that time, they had not a mouthful remaining of the old dog.

"Reed, Reed!" said McCutcheon, in a low whisper, accompanied with a smart nudge of the elbow in the ribs, "listen to that villainous compound of all that is cowardly, that woman-fighter, that thing, who is so fierce and pugnacious just now. Listen, Reed, she's crying. Shall I get up, and beat him to death? Tell me, quickly!"

"No, no!" replied Mr. Reed. "What will you beat him to death for? Let them alone. It is not probable he will offer any personal violence to his wife."

"Yes, yes, I know that," said McCutcheon, "but then he's making her cry. It's almost breaking my heart," he continued, as he seemed to be gulping down a sob. "I never could bear to hear a woman cry. And I won't bear it," added he, with an emphatic expletive, and in a voice which had gradually risen from a whisper to a shout.

His actions corresponded with his words; and Curtis, before he expected it, found himself performing sundry feats of ground and lofty tumbling, which finally ended by his finding himself, by some process of legerdemain, in a deep snow-drift, where he was told to remain until it had cooled his wrath.

Curtis at length gathered himself up, and upon coming to the fire, said something about his having fallen among thieves. McCutcheon replied that he had just before fallen into a snow-drift, but that he had previously fallen among the frosts and snows of the Sierra Nevada, where he had been found by a couple of good Samaritans, who were not willing to be called hard names, while they were taking him to an inn. Nor would they permit him to abuse one whom he was under obligation to cherish and protect.

Day at length dawned; the morning meal was prepared, and eaten. Reed and McCutcheon then set about *cacheing* their beef, etc., up in the trees, and the flour in Curtis' wagon, reserving only enough for present use. They then resumed their journey, with all the animals, except a mule that had frozen to death during the night.

After traveling about four miles, they encamped at the foot of the valley. During the night Curtis again became very abusive. No one, however, seemed inclined to notice him, except McCutcheon, who said to Reed, in a whisper, "Reed, Reed! do you hear that fellow again, that starveling, pitiful-hearted Titan, that plague of all cowards, that—"

"Stop, stop," said Reed, amused at his quotations from Shakspeare, and following the example, continued—

> "'breathe awhile,
> You tire yourself in base comparisons.'"

"Well, well, I have no patience with him," said McCutcheon. "I have a mind to get up and maul him, until nothing is left of him."

Curtis hearing a whisper, and having a very sensible recollection of the snow drift, observed during the remainder of the night a very becoming silence, and his conduct was otherwise unexceptionable. In the morning, however, he was observed before breakfast to take a firebrand to a place some distance from the camp, as though he was about to make a separate fire. This did not escape the keen eye of the rough and resolute McCutcheon, who immediately went to him, and thundered out a series of his favorite Shakspearian epithets—"You villainous coward! You panderly rascal! You Phrygian Turk! You knave! You—you—"

Here he seemed to have reached the end of his breath, and of his vocabulary at the same moment. But Curtis, anticipating what he would have said, replied, that he was "afeard" of being killed, and that he had gone out there to make a fire.

"Now march right back," said McCutcheon, "and sit down by the fire, and behave yourself, and don't let me know you to make a Judy of yourself any more, or I'll whip you half to death. If it was not for your wife, we would leave you, and trouble ourselves no more with you. But prudence requires us to take you both in together. But you will, I expect, provoke me to give you a most terrible thrashing."

After breakfast, the horses and mules were caught and packed. They resumed their journey, and Curtis pushed forward for the purpose of avoiding the labor of assisting to drive. McCutcheon observed it, and suggested to Reed the propriety of calling back "that unconfinable baseness," as he denominated Curtis. He was permitted to go forward, however; he seemed to hurry on as though he knew that McCutcheon or the pestilence was at his heels. About 10 o'clock, A.M., a pack of goods, owned by Curtis, became loosened, and fell under the mule. This brought McCutcheon's stentorian lungs into full play, in calling Curtis to return. The hills and valleys echoed back the Shakspearian epithets by which he sought to arrest the onward progress of the fugitive. Curtis was driving through the snow at full speed. McCutcheon was behind gaining upon him, and bellowing like "a bull of Bashan." Curtis was in the mean time "booming it," as McCutcheon phrased it, as through he every moment expected to feel the horns. At length, McCutcheon came up with him, and suddenly restored him to hearing, by making some half a dozen very professional applications, not to the organs affected, but to another part, upon the principle of counter-irritation; repeating the application some two or three times on their way back to the mules. As they came within hearing distance McCutcheon called out, "I tell you Reed, he was booming it! The Flemish drunkard—the book of riddles—the mechanical salt-butter rascal—the Banbury cheese—the base Gangorian wight, was going as fast as a race-horse, and was as deaf as an adder, though I bellowed at him like a mad bull, when no more than twenty feet from him."

This little incident having passed off, the party continued on until night, when they encamped. The evening wore away without any thing of much interest occurring. In the morning, after breakfast, they resumed their journey.

After getting out of the snow, Messrs. Reed and McCutcheon gave to Mrs. Curtis and her husband all the food that remained, and then pushed on to Mr. Johnson's, where they arrived in the evening.

CHAPTER XIV.

SECOND EXPEDITION OF MESSRS. REED AND McCUTCHEON.

ABOUT the 22d of February, 1847, Mr. Reed again started from William Johnson's house, with nine men on foot, loaded with provisions. Mr. Eddy wished to accompany him, but such was his weak and feeble condition, that it was not thought safe for him to attempt it. About the 27th February, this party met that of Mr. Glover in Bear River valley, coming out of the snow, at a place where the parties passed in one hour from naked ground to ten feet of snow. Here Mr. Glover informed him that, on the day previous, he had left John Denton at the head of the wake of Yuva river, twenty-five miles distant. That they had gathered for him a pile of wood, and left him with but a very scanty supply of provisions, because they had not more themselves; and that if Mr. Reed would hasten forward he might find him alive. Mr. Reed pressed on; but he was too late; the vital spark had fled. He had died like a lamp which ceases to burn for want of aliment. Without remaining to observe any thing beyond the fact of his decease, a quilt was hastily thrown over him, and the party pursued their journey. About 11 o'clock, A.M., of each day, the snow would become so soft as not to sustain their weight, and this made it necessary for them to remain in camp until midnight, at which time each day's journey was commenced. They thus continued to toil on until March 1st, when they arrived at the Mountain Camp, where they found the emigrants in a most distressing condition.

When Mr. Reed found them, they were in circumstances the most desperate and shocking. He had in the morning sent forward three of his strongest and most active young men, Charles Cady, Charles Stone, and Mr. Clark, with provisions to the Mountain Camp, with directions to distribute the food among those most requiring it, and to remain by them until he came up, for the purpose of preventing them from eating so much as to injure them. The first camp which he reached was that of Mr. Brinn, whom he found with a sufficient supply of provisions, consisting of beef which he had killed when he first made this camp. He had previously consumed all, or nearly all, of his hides. He had, in fact, been more provident in this respect than any of the other emigrants.

At this camp Mr. Reed saw his daughter Patty sitting on the top of the snow with which the cabin was covered. Patty saw her father at some distance, and immediately started to run and meet him. But such was her weakness, that she fell. Her father took her up, and the affectionate girl, bathed in tears, embraced and kissed him, exclaiming, "Oh! papa, I never expected to see you again, when the cruel people drove you out of the camp. But I knew that God was good, and would do what was best. Is dear mamma living? Is Mr. Glover living? Did you know that he was a mason? Oh! my dear papa, I am so happy to see you. Masons must be good men. Is Mr. Glover

MEETING OF PATTY AND HER FATHER.

the same sort of mason we had in Springfield? He promised mamma, upon the word of a mason, that he would bring me and Tommy out of the mountain." Mr. Reed told Patty that masons were every where the same, and that he had met her mother and Mr. Glover, and had relieved him from his pledge, and that he had himself come to her and little Tommy to redeem that pledge, and to take out all that were able to travel.* Mr. Reed, not seeing little Tommy, feared that he was dead. But Patty informed him, as well as her sobs would permit, that he was sleeping. He immediately descended through the snow-hole that led down into the cabin, and found his little boy asleep, and reduced to a mere skeleton. The feelings of the father upon seeing his child in a situation which may not here be described, may be imagined. He woke him up, but the little boy did not recognize him, and would frequently ask Patty, to whom he looked as a sort of mother, if that really was his father. At length he became assured and happy, and seemed to feel that he once more had a protector and friend.

After giving some bread to his own and Mr. Brinn's children, he went to Kiesburg's cabin, about two hundred yards distant, where he found Mr. Stone, who had given to them some refreshments, and was washing the children's clothes. He found them in a most deplorable condition. Mr. Foster's child and Mr. Reed's were in bed, crying incessantly for something to eat. They would stretch out their arms and beg, in the most moving terms and accents, for food. Mr. Stone had already given the children all that he prudently could. But such was the force of the affecting appeal made by these poor, helpless, and unprotected sufferers, that Mr. Reed could not restrain the promptings of his Irish heart, or refrain from giving heed to their cries, and he gave them more, perhaps, than was prudent. Mrs. Murphy, an amiable woman, and the grandmother of Mr. Foster's children, informed Mr. Reed that these children had been in that bed fourteen days. The imagination must fill up the picture.

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* It may be proper to mention that the author is not himself a mason.

Messrs. Reed and McCutcheon warmed water, and then divested themselves of their clothing, and left it out upon the snow, in order to avoid becoming polluted with vermin, thoroughly washed the children in soap suds, oiled them, and wrapped them in flannel, and put them to bed in comparative comfort. It is due to Mrs. Murphy to say, that she could not prevent this condition in which Mr. Foster's child and Mr. Reed's were found, for she was herself so reduced by famine, that she was helpless. Mr. Reed was now under the necessity of helping her up. She would sometimes weep, and then again laugh. She was, in short, reduced to childishness. Such, indeed, was the condition of the greatest number.

After the children were thus washed, and their wants supplied, Mr. Reed took a kettle of warm water to Kiesburg, and proposed, with the aid of Mr. McCutcheon, to perform the same offices for him. Kiesburg seemed to be greatly moved, and exclaimed in broken English, "Oh, Mr. Reed! is it possible that you have come to wash the feet and body of a poor miserable wretch who once sought to have you hung upon the end of his wagon-tongue? I have so wronged you—have so mistaken your whole character that I can not permit you to do it. Any one but you may do it. This is too much." Mr. Reed said to him that it was an office of humanity, which he was called upon to perform, irrespective of the past; and that oblivion should cover the unhappy scenes and circumstances that had occurred by the way. The men had now, for the first time, a little leisure to observe. The mutilated body of a friend, having nearly all the flesh torn away, was seen at the door—the head and face remaining entire. Half consumed limbs were seen concealed in trunks. Bones were scattered about. Human hair of different colors was seen in tufts about the fire-place. The sight was overwhelming; and outraged nature sought relief by one spontaneous outcry of agony, and grief, and tears. The air was rent by the wails of sorrow and distress that ascended at once, and, as if by previous concert, from that charnel house of death beneath the snow.

Messrs. Reed, Joseph Jaundro, Matthew Dofar, and Hiram Miller then proceeded some eight miles to the camp of Messrs. Donner; Messrs. Turner, Wm. McCutcheon, and Britton Greenwood, being left with Mrs. Graves, for the purpose of *cacheing* her few effects, and to have the sufferers in readiness to return with the party to the settlements.

When Mr. Reed arrived there he found Messrs. Cady and Stone, who had been sent in advance with provisions to this camp. They informed him that when they arrived at the camp, Baptiste had just left the camp of the widow of the late Jacob Donner, with the leg and thigh of Jacob Donner, for which he had been sent by George Donner, the brother of the deceased. That was given, but the boy was informed that no more could be given, Jacob Donner's body being the last they had. They had consumed four bodies, and the children were sitting upon a log, with their faces stained with blood, devouring the half-roasted liver and heart of the father, unconscious of the approach of the men, of whom they took not the slightest notice even after they came up. Mrs. Jacob Donner was in a helpless condition, without any thing whatever to eat except the body of her husband, and she declared that she would die before she would eat of this. Around the fire were hair, bones, skulls, and the fragments of half-consumed limbs. Mr. Reed and party, after removing the tent to another place, and making Mrs. Donner as comfortable as possible, retired for the purpose of being relieved for a brief period from sights so terrible and revolting. They had not gone far when they came to the snow-grave of Jacob Donner. His head was cut off, and was lying with the face up, the snow and cold having preserved all the features unaltered. His limbs and arms had been severed from the body which was cut open—the heart and liver being taken out. The leg and thigh which the boy, John Baptiste, had obtained, had been thrown back, upon the party coming up with relief. Other graves were seen, but nothing remained in them but a few fragments.

The party then proceeded to the tent of George Donner, who was in a weak and helpless condition. Mrs. Donner appeared to be strong and healthy. She would not consent to go, leaving her husband; and she declined letting her children go, because she said that she hoped, from what she had learned, that Mr. Woodworth, would be in camp in a few days, at most, when she thought they would all be able to go into the settlement. Mr. Cady was in the mean time sent back to the upper camp with instructions to return that night with seven days' provisions. After leaving a man to take care of the sufferers, and to give them their food, Mr. Reed and party returned to the upper camp, taking two of Jacob Donner's children, and bringing up a pair of new boots for Kiesburg. After leaving Mr. Stone to take care of those at this camp, and to give to them, in proper quantities and at proper intervals, seven days' provisions, the party set out to cross the mountain.

The following are, in substance, extracts from a journal kept by one of the emigrants, and are introduced here for the purpose of presenting at least an imperfect account of the sufferers in their Mountain Camp. Although it possesses great interest, as showing some of the dire sufferings of the miserable survivors who passed through an ordeal more horrible and terrific than that of either fire or water, yet it must not be regarded as perfect. A multitude of the most shocking and revolting circumstances are designedly suppressed, as being unfit for the sober pages of history. Notwithstanding the unspeakable distress which is known by the world to have existed, and the thrilling scenes which the narrative of this lamentable affair presents, the *full* story will never be told, and the half of that which is known by the people of California will never appear in print; and indeed ought not.

"*Dec.* 17.—Pleasant. William Murphy returned from the mountain last evening. Milton and Noah started for Donner's, eight days ago, and not having returned, it is probable that they are lost in the snow."

"*Dec.* 19.—Snowed last night, but is thawing to-day, although the wind is northwest."

"*Dec.* 20.—Clear and pleasant. Mrs. Reed is here. We have yet received no account from Milton. Charles Burger set out for Donner's, but was unable to proceed, and turned back. These are tough times, but we are not discouraged for our hope is in God."

"*Dec.* 21.—Milton got back last night from Donner's camp, and brings with him the sad news of the death of Jacob Donner, Samuel Shoemaker, Rianhard, and Smith. The others are in a low situation. The snow fell during the whole of the last night, with a strong southwest wind."

"*Dec.* 23.—Clear to-day. Milton took some of his meat away. All well at their camp. Began this day to read the 'Thirty days' prayers.' Almighty God, grant the request of unworthy sinners."

"*Dec.* 24.—Rained all night, and still continues. Poor prospect for any kind of comfort, spiritual or temporal."

"*Dec.* 25.—Began to snow yesterday. Snowed all night, and it continues to fall rapidly. Extremely difficult to get wood. Offered our prayers to God this Christmas morning. The prospect is appalling, but we trust in Him."

"*Dec.* 27.—Cleared off yesterday, and continues clear. Wood growing scarcer. A tree when felled sinks into the snow, and is hard to get at."

"*Dec.* 30.—Fine, clear morning. Froze hard last night, about ten o'clock."

"*Dec.* 31.—Last of the year. May we spend the coming year better than we have the past. This we purpose to do, if it is the will of the Almighty to deliver us from our present dreadful situation. Amen. Morning pleasant, but cloudy. Wind east by south. Looks like another snow-storm. Snow-storms are dreadful to us. It is very deep."

"*Jan.* 1, 1847.—We prayed the God of mercy to deliver us from our present calamity, if it be His holy will. Commenced snowing last night, and snows a little yet. Provisions getting very scarce. Dug up a hide from under the snow yesterday, but have not commenced on it yet."

"*Jan.* 3.—Fair during the day. Froze during the night. Mrs. Reed talks of crossing the mountain with her children."

"*Jan* 4.—Fine morning. Looks like spring. Mrs. Reed and Virginia, Milton Elliot, and Eliza Williams, started a short time ago, with the hope of crossing the mountains. Left their three children here. It was hard for Mrs. Reed to part with them."

"*Jan.* 6.—Eliza came back yesterday, being unable to proceed. The others kept ahead."

"*Jan.* 8.—Very cold this morning. Mrs. Reed and the others came back, not being able to find the way on the other side of the mountain. They have nothing to live on but hides."

"*Jan.* 10.—Began to snow last night, and it still continues. Wind north-northwest."

"*Jan.* 13.—Snowing fast; snow higher than the shanty. It must be thirteen feet deep. Can not get wood this morning. It is a dreadful sight for us to look upon."

"*Jan.* 14.—Cleared off yesterday. The sun shining brilliantly renovates our spirits. Praise the God of Heaven!"

"*Jan.* 15.—Clear day again. Wind northwest. Mrs. Murphy snow-blind. Lanthron not able to get wood. Has but one ax between him and Kiesburg. Looks like another storm. Expecting some account from Sutter's soon."

"*Jan* 17.—Eliza Williams came here this morning. Lanthron crazy last night. Provisions scarce. Hides our main subsistence. May the Almighty send us help."

"*Jan.* 21.—Fine morning. John Baptiste and Mr. Denton came this morning with Eliza, who will not eat hides. Mrs. —— sent her back to live or die on them."

"*Jan.* 22.—Began to snow after sunrise. Likely to continue. Wind west."

"*Jan.* 23.—Blew hard, and snowed all night. The most severe storm we have experienced this winter. Wind west."

"*Jan.* 26.—Cleared off yesterday. To-day fine and pleasant. Wind southwest. In hopes we are done with snow-storms. Those who went to Sutter's Fort not yet returned. Provisions getting scant, and the people growing weak, living on a small allowance of hides."

"*Jan.* 27.—Commenced snowing yesterday, and continues to day. Lewis S. Kiesburg died three days ago. Wood growing so scarce, that we don't have fire enough to cook our hides."

"*Jan.* 30.—Fair and pleasant. Wind west. Thawing in the sun. John and Edward Brinn went to Mr. Graves' this morning. Mr. —— seized upon Mrs. ——'s goods, to hold them until paid for a little food which she bought. The hides which herself and family subsisted upon were also taken away from her. An opinion may be formed from these facts of the fare in camp. Nothing is to be had by hunting; yet, perhaps, there will soon be."

"*Jan.* 31.—The sun does not shine out brilliantly this morning. Froze hard last night. Wind northwest. Lanthron Murphy died last night, about 10 o'clock. Mrs. Reed went to Graves' this morning, to look after her goods."

"*Feb.* 5.—Snowed hard until 12 o'clock last night. Many uneasy for fear we shall perish with hunger. We have but a little meat left, and only three hides. Mrs. Reed has nothing but one hide, and that is in Graves' house. Milton lives there, and likely to keep that. Eddy's child died last night."

"*Feb.* 8.—It snowed faster last night and to-day than it has done this winter before. Still continues. Wind southwest. Murphy's folks and Kiesburg's say they can not eat hides. I wish we had enough of them. Mrs. Eddy died on the night of the 7th."

"*Feb.* 9.—Mrs. Pike's child all but dead. Milton is at Murphy's, not able to get out of bed. Kiesburg never gets up. Says he is not able. Mrs. Eddy and child were buried in the snow to-day. Wind southeast."

"*Feb.* 10.—Beautiful morning. Thawing in the sun. Milton Elliot died last night at Murphy's shanty. Mrs. Reed went to see after his effects this morning. J. Denton trying to borrow meat for Graves. Had none to give. They had nothing but hides. All are entirely out of meal, but a little we have. Our hides are nearly all eaten up; but, with God's help, spring will soon smile upon us."

"*Feb.* 12.—Warm, thawy morning."

"*Feb.* 14.—Fine morning, but cold. Buried Milton Elliot in the snow. John Denton not well."

"*Feb.* 15.—Morning cloudy until 9 o'clock, then cleared off warm. Mrs. Graves refused to give Mrs. Reed her hides, and to prevent her from getting Sutter's pack-hides to eat, put them upon her shanty."

"*Feb.* 16.—Commenced raining last evening, and then turned to snow in the night, which continued to fall until morning. Weather changeable; sunshine, and then light showers of hail, accompanied by strong winds. We all feel very unwell, and the snow is not getting much less at present."

"*Feb.* 19.—Froze hard last night. Aquila Glover, R. S. Mootrey, Joseph Sell, Daniel Rhodes, John Rhodes, Daniel Tucker, and Edward Coffeymier, arrived from California with provisions, but left the greater part on the way. To-day is clear and warm for this region."

"*Feb.* 20.—John Rhodes, Daniel Tucker, and R. S. Mootrey went to Donner's Camp this morning, and returned this evening, bringing seven persons to go into the settlements. They start to-morrow."

"*Feb.* 21.—To-day, at noon, the party set out with twenty-three of our number, some of them being in a very weak state. Two of Mr. Reed's children brought back."

"*Feb.* 22.—Mrs. Kiesburg started with the Californians yesterday, and left her husband here unable to go. Pike's child died two days ago, and was buried in the snow this morning."

"*Feb.* 23.—Froze hard last night. To-day pleasant and thawy; has the appearance of spring, all but the deep snow. Wind south-southeast. Shot a dog today, and dressed his flesh."

"*Feb.* 25.—To-day, Mrs. Murphy says, the wolves are about to dig up the dead bodies around her shanty. The nights are too cold to watch, but they hear them howl."

"*Feb.* 26.—Hungry times. Mrs. Murphy said here yesterday, that she thought she would commence on Milton and eat him. I do not think she has done so yet. It is distressing. The Donners told the California folks six days ago, that they would commence on the dead people, if they did not succeed that day or the next in finding their cattle, then ten or twelve feet under the snow. They did not know the spot or near it. They have done it ere this."

"*Feb.* 28.—One solitary Indian passed by yesterday, coming from the lake. He had a heavy pack on his back, and gave me five or six roots resembling onions in shape, having tough fibers, and tasting something like a sweet potato."

"*March* 1.—Mr. J. F. Reed and nine men arrived this morning from Bear Valley with provisions. They are to start in two or three days, and *cache* our goods here. They say that the snow will remain until June."

The foregoing extracts from a journal kept during the winter, will present some imperfect view of the scenes and events which occurred in the Mountain Camp during the long and dreary winter. But this journal affords only indistinct glimpses of scenes as they passed. The full and complete record of even those circumstances which were entered in that journal were never read by above three persons. They preserve a silence as unbroken as the grave. But many things occurred in that Mountain Camp previous to the first of March, which were not written, except by the recording angel; and which will never be fully known until God shall bring every secret work into judgment, whether it be good or evil.

After leaving about seven days' provisions with them to sustain them until Mr. Woodworth could come to them with relief, Mr. Reed's party commenced their return to the settlements, with seventeen of the unhappy beings, whose condition during the winter is in part shown by the foregoing journal. These persons were Patrick Brinn, wife, and five children; Mrs. Graves and four children; Mary and Isaac Donner, children of Jacob Donner; Solomon Hook, a step-son of Jacob Donner, and two of his children. He had met his wife with two of his children in the Bear River valley.

On the first day they traveled but three miles, although greatly urged by Mr. Reed to go faster and further. They encamped that night on the side of Truckee's Lake. It will scarcely be credited that on this night this company of emigrants, although surrounded by circumstances of extreme peril, amidst the most terrible scenes, and still struggling with death, were in fine spirits, and some of them uttered pleasantries which made their companions smile, notwithstanding the horrors of their condition. Patrick Brinn played about two hours upon a violin, which had been owned by Jay Fosdick, and which Mrs. Graves was taking into the settlements for him, she supposing him to be still living.

On the day that Mr. Reed's party left the camp in Bear River valley, he instructed the men with him not to let the sufferers know any thing in reference to the disasters which befell the party that came in with Mr. Eddy. This was necessary, because of the effects which might, and probably would, have resulted from the depression the communication of the intelligence would have produced.

The night passed away, and in the morning a young man who was carrying $500 in specie for Mrs. Graves, said to one of his companions in a vein of pleasantry, such as that in which they had indulged during the previous night, "I think that we had better play *euchre*, for the purpose of determining who shall have this money." Although nothing was seriously meditated, yet the remark alarmed Mrs. Graves, who, when the company set forward, remained behind for the purpose of concealing the money. Mrs. Graves having perished a few days after this, a knowledge of her secret perished with her. The party traveled about five miles to the foot of the mountain and encamped, Mr. Reed finding it impossible to induce them to go further. The music of the violin again beguiled the heavily-passing hours. It could not, however, dispel the anxiety which Mr. Reed felt, upon observing a heavy and portentous cloud that hung, with a threatening and vengeful aspect, about the top of the mountain. Fearing the effects which might result from communicating his apprehensions to any one, he looked in silence upon the gathering storm, which was to sweep with desolating fury and a fearful energy over the sides of the mountains; the pines, standing upon which, seemed even then, as they swayed to and fro in the wind, to be moaning for the dead. After the evening meal, there remained only provisions sufficient to last them one day and a half. On the following morning Mr.

Reed sent Joseph Jaundro, Mathew Dofar, and Mr. Turner forward, with instructions to get supplies at a *cache* that had been made about fifteen miles from that place, and to return. If, however, that should be found robbed, they were to go still further on to a second *cache*, unless, in the mean time, they should meet Mr. Woodworth coming to the relief of the sufferers; in which event, they were instructed to return with him as soon as possible. Upon these being sent forward, the party resumed their journey, expecting to meet the supplies thus sent on the next day. They crossed the Sierra Nevada, and after traveling about ten miles, encamped on a bleak point on the north side of a little valley, near the head of Yuva river. During the night a most terrible snow-storm came down upon them, accompanied by a fierce wind, which increased to a tremendous gale before morning. The altitude of the mountain at the pass is 9838 feet. The camp was situated about 1500 feet below, and upon about 40 feet of snow—the snow above being from 60 to 100 feet deep. The storm continued, without the slightest intermission, for two days and three nights. On the morning of the third day the dark and angry clouds gradually passed off, and the air became, if possible, more intensely cold. The sufferings of the party, and especially of the unhappy and emaciated famine stricken emigrants, can never be portrayed with that vividness of coloring which is necessary to convey to the mind an adequate conception of what they endured. It is not possible to present upon the cold, and necessarily imperfect pages of a narrative, a true picture of the distress and anguish of spirit with which this terrible storm overwhelmed them. Individuals who have been so unfortunate as to have been at some times similarly situated, can sympathize, to some extent, with those upon whom it descended with resistless fury. But the more inexperienced reader, sitting in a comfortable parlor, by a cheerful fire, surrounded by happy faces, can never know the suffering of body and tortures of mind, endured by those who felt that they were abandoned by those whose duty it was to come to their relief.

The bleak point upon which they encamped was selected, not from choice, but necessity. Mr. Glover had encamped here on his way to the Mountain Camp, and the snow had in consequence been partially trodden down. It was an object to encamp there, in order to enable the sufferers to keep their feet dry. They had, moreover, traveled ten miles, which, if the feeble condition of the emigrants be considered, will at once be seen to be a hard day's travel, especially so when it is remembered that the party had crossed the mountains. Mr. Glover's party had also left at it some logs; and this, too, was an object with men who, in addition to assisting forward the sufferers during the day, were under the necessity of performing the severest camp duty at night.

The manner in which the fires upon these terrible snows were made by those who were engaged in these expeditions was as follows:—two green logs were cut and laid down at a distance corresponding with the length of the fire necessary to be made. Large green logs of pine or fir were then cut and placed transversely upon the first two. These served as a foundation upon which to build the fire up out of the snow, and upon these the fire was made by piling on dry wood. Boughs were cut down and laid upon the snow around the fire, and upon these the emigrants lay, with their feet to the fire. If the green logs burnt through, the fire fell upon the snow below, and was of course extinguished. Unless, therefore, this could be prevented by putting in other green logs, there was the greatest danger of all perishing with the cold. The heat of the fire above would also sometimes melt the snow below; and if this melting was greater at one end, or upon one side than another, the logs would become displaced, and the fire rolling down into the snow would become extinguished. If the process of melting was uniform, a hole in the snow would thus be made, varying from ten to thirty feet deep.

Such were some of the dangers to which they were exposed during the continuance of this dreadful storm, especially on the third night. Boughs had been set down around the fire. The snow was then thrown from the inside against the boughs, and upon the outside, so as to form a bank to break off the force of the wind and driving snow, which fell so thick as to make it impossible to see beyond a few feet. The cold was so intense as to make it impracticable to chop more than a few minutes without returning to the fire to warm. The party had all lain down, and were seeking to shelter themselves beneath their blankets. The driving snow soon covered them up. Upon some of them rising, the logs were found displaced, and the fire almost extinguished. The men, women, and children, were all so cold as to be in great danger of freezing. Mr. Reed had become snow-blind during the evening, and it was impossible for him to do any thing. The men, with the exception of Hiram Miller,

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Mrs. Drinn in Tribulation.

and Wm. McCutcheon, were worn down and disheartened. All became greatly alarmed. The children were all crying. One of the women was weeping—another praying. A portion of Mr. Reed's men were also praying. The two above named were alternately struggling to save the expiring coals, and swearing at the others, urging them to leave off praying and go to work for the purpose of saving the fire; assuring them that all would inevitably perish before morning. Mrs. Brinn's voice was heard above the roaring of the storm, the weeping of the women and children, the prayers of some of the men and the swearing of others. She screamed, "Mr. Rade! Mr. Rade! Do in the name of the blessed Vargin make yer min get up and make a fire. We're all frazin'—every sowl of us! In the name of Saint Patrick and the Vargin, make them get up. They are all gettin' three dollars a day to take us out of the snow, and here they are a-lettin' us all fraze. The Vargin save us! Oh! you've brought us here to murther us! You brought us away from our comfortable camp to fraze us! Oh! Johnny's fell down in the pit and is kilt intirely. Patrick's froze to death. Little Jammy's legs are burnt off by the knees; and Patsy's heart has sased to bate for the space of faftane minutes!" Here Mr. McCutcheon, no longer able to bear this torrent of words, with a multitude of adjectives and expletives, informed her, in a voice he contrived to raise above hers, that if she did not "sase" this abuse and invective, he would, in less time than "faftane minutes," make her heart "sase to bate." The whole scene, though one of distress and the most imminent peril, was one in which the comic and tragical, the terrible and the ludicrous were strangely mingled. At length, however, a fire was made, and it was soon found that Johnny had not been "kilt," nor Patrick froze to death, nor little Jammy "burnt off by the knees," and that Patsy's heart was still "bating," and that Mrs. Brinn's tongue was running with an increased velocity.

Morning came at length, and the storm passed away. The whole party had then been two days without any sort of food. Mr. Reed urged them to resume the journey. None of the party, however, were able to travel except Solomon Hook and Patrick Brinn and family. The latter affirmed that they could remain in camp better without food than travel without it. Mary Donner had burned her foot very much during the previous night, and, although she made an effort, she soon fell, and was assisted back to camp. Mr. Reed and party, after leaving wood for three days, then set out, taking his two children and Solomon Hook, Mr. Miller carried Tom, Solomon Hook also walked. Patty refused to let her father carry her, and continued to travel in the newly fallen snow, into which they all sunk about two feet. Her father frequently asked her if she was not tired or cold, but such was her energy and courage, that she continued to travel on foot, refusing to be carried. At length she called out to her father that she saw the stars and a multitude of angels. He immediately saw that she was freezing, and having wrapped her in a blanket, carried her upon his back. The child derived warmth from the body of her father. The party were all without food, and Mr. Reed had no hope of obtaining assistance from Mr. Woodworth. In fact, he informed the eleven, he had been under the necessity of leaving, that Mr. Woodworth ought to have met them long before, and that to rely upon him any more, was leaning upon a broken stick. The men were very much reduced, from want of food, and worn down by toil. They were, in consequence, greatly discouraged, and expressed their fears that they would all perish; but Patty, who was herself, as has been seen, so near perishing in the morning, said, "No! no! God has not brought us so far to let us perish now." The remark of the child so filled the heart of the rough and resolute McCutcheon, that his eyes immediately filled with tears, that froze as they fell, and he exclaimed, with an oath, "Boys, if there is an angel on earth, Patty is that angel. Just listen to the child." No apology can be made for swearing; and yet the first wish of the heart is, that the tears of the recording angel may have blotted out the oath forever.

Soon after arriving at the encampment, Mr. Stone and Mr. Cady, who had been left at the Mountain Camp, came up. All the men, excepting Mr. Miller and Mr. Stone, found, upon coming to the fire, that their feet were without sensation. Mr. Reed, suspecting that they were frozen, thrust his into the snow, and advised the others to do so. Some of them did it. Mr. Cady, Mr. Dunn, and Mr. Greenwood lost more or less of their toes. Some of them were crippled for life.

The next morning, the party resumed their journey, this being the fourth day they had all been without food. Late in the afternoon, they found a little that had been left in a tree by Mr. Dofar, who had at length, with Mr. Jaundro and Mr. Turner, got forward to a small *cache*. It will be remembered that these men had been sent forward for provisions, when the party arrived at the Starved Camp, where Brinn and his family had been left. The storm, however, had caught these, and they were themselves near perishing. Mr. Turner had been so much frozen, that he was with great difficulty taken forward. They had come to the first *cache*, which they found robbed by wild animals. After the storm abated, they had proceeded on to the second *cache*. A part of this was found, and with it Mr. Dofar had returned, and after depositing it in such a manner as to enable Mr. Reed's party to find it, pursued his way toward Mr. Woodworth's camp.

A little strengthened by this timely supply, the party continued on until night, and encamped. Mr. Cady and Mr. Greenwood had, however, pushed on with the hope of finding Mr. Woodworth. They arrived at his camp after night, I believe, and informed him of the condition of the party. After dark, Woodworth came to Mr. Reed's camp, with Mr. John Starks and Mr. Oakley, the two latter carrying provisions.

This party, finally, after immense toil and extreme peril, arrived in the settlement, without further disaster, or loss of life.

CHAPTER XV.

EXPEDITION OF MESSRS. FOSTER AND EDDY FROM THE CALIFORNIA SETTLEMENTS TO THE MOUNTAIN CAMP.

THE chapter which I have devoted to showing what were the nature and extent of the preparations made by the people of California for the relief of the sufferers of the Mountain Camp, present the facts which show the manner in which Passed-midshipman S. E. Woodworth became connected with the expeditions for the relief of the emigrants.

Furnished with the most ample supplies, Mr. Woodworth set forward with instructions from Captain J. B. Hull, U. S. navy, and at that time commander of the northern district of California, to use every possible exertion to rescue the unhappy sufferers, agreeing, on the part of the United States, to pay whatever might be necessary to prevent his countrymen from perishing.

Four days after Mr. Woodworth's party left Johnson's ranche, Messrs. Foster and Eddy obtained horses which had been purchased under the order of Captain Hull. With these they set out to meet Mr. Reed and his party.

Mr. Eddy had heard that his wife and one of his children had perished, but he cherished a feeble hope that he was not left to mourn the loss of all; and that he would find one of his children with Mr. Reed; and in any event he felt it to be a duty which he owed to suffering humanity, to do all in his power to rescue others, although his wife and children might be no more. Mr. Foster believed that his child yet survived. He hoped also to find his mother-in-law, Mrs. Murphy, and his brother-in-law, Simon Murphy, alive.

On the second day after they left, they arrived at Bear River valley, where they found Passed-midshipman Woodworth remaining in camp with one man to bring water, make fires, and cook for him. There were also other men in other ways to assist him. Messrs. Eddy and Foster believed that at that time he was over the mountain, and upon inquiring of him why he was not, he replied that he could not go without a guide. Mr. Eddy replied that he had the best guide in the snow trail of those who had preceded him. Mr. Woodworth promised that he would set forward on the following morning, but he advised Messrs. Foster and Eddy not to attempt the passage of the mountain. They informed him that they had passed over under vastly more difficult circumstances, and that they would certainly attempt it again.

They according set out, eight in number, on the following morning. Having crossed a ridge, they arrived at Yuva river, where Passed-midshipman Woodworth, who had become tired from carrying his blanket, proposed, at about 3 o'clock, P.M., to encamp. That night two of Mr. Reed's men came to Mr. Woodworth's camp, and informed him that Mr. Reed's party were encamped about one mile in advance (in the direction of the mountains). Mr. Woodworth then went to Mr. Reed's camp, and after conversing with him, returned. Mr. Reed had informed him that some miles from that place he had left fourteen of the sufferers. Mr. Woodworth asked the men with him, if they would go to the relief of these emigrants, and received a reply in the negative.* Messrs. Foster and Eddy proposed to make themselves responsible for almost any sum to persons who would go with them. To this it was replied that they, having lost all their property and money, were irresponsible. J. F. Reed and Hiram Miller said that they would be responsible for any amount, for which Messrs. Eddy and Foster would engage. But these it was said were in the condition of the first. Mr. John Starks offered to go out without any reward beyond that derived from the consciousness of doing a good act. But the snow made it prudent to have only light men for the service. It was necessary for each man to carry fifty pounds of provisions; and this, added to Mr. Starks' own weight, of two hundred and twenty-four pounds, made it imprudent for him to go.

Being unable to induce any of them to consent to go, Messrs. Eddy and Foster were about to set out alone. Mr. Reed, however, remonstrated against this, and at length induced them to consent to return to Bear River valley, where he said he would use his utmost efforts to prevail upon Mr. Woodworth and his party to enter upon the enterprise. Upon returning to Bear River valley, Mr. Woodworth finally said that he would engage, under the authority he had received from Capt.

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* I ought to say here, that in this chapter I omit several facts communicated to me by the emigrants, because I do not wish unnecessarily to involve myself in a newspaper controversy with others, and because their omission does not affect the fidelity of a narrative, having for its object the showing of how and in what numbers the sufferers were rescued.—AUTHOR.

Hull to pay three dollars per day to every man who would go, and fifty dollars in addition to every man who would bring out a child not his own. Mr. Eddy hired Hiram Miller, formerly of Springfield, Illinois, engaging to pay him fifty dollars.* Mr. Foster hired a Mr. Thompson for the same sum. Howard Oakley, John Starks, and Mr. Stone looked to Capt. Hull for their wages.

The company thus organized, through the instrumentality of Messrs. Eddy and Foster set out for the Mountain Camp, on the following morning. They encamped that night about half way up Yuva river, in fifteen feet of snow. The next day, at 4 o'clock, they arrived at the camp of those whom Mr. Reed had been compelled to leave. The fire at the Starved Camp had melted the snow down to the ground, and the hole thus made was about twelve or fifteen feet in diameter, and twenty-four feet deep. As the snow had continued to melt, they made steps by which they ascended and descended.

The picture of distress which was here presented, was shocking indeed. And yet Patrick Brinn and his wife seemed not in any degree to realize the extent of their peril, or that they were in peril at all. They were found lying down sunning themselves, and evincing no concern for the future. They had consumed the two children of Jacob Donner. Mrs. Graves' body was lying there with almost all the flesh cut away from her arms and limbs. Her breasts were cut off, and her heart and liver taken out, and were all being boiled in a pot then on the fire. Her little child, about thirteen months old, sat at her side, with one arm upon the body of its mangled mother, and sobbing bitterly, cried, Ma! ma! ma! It was a helpless and innocent lamb among the wolves of the wilderness. Mr. Eddy took up its wasted form in his arms, and touched even to tears with the sight he witnessed, he kissed its wan and pale cheeks again and again; and wept even more bitterly in the anguish of his spirit as he thought of his own dear ones, and the departed companion of his perils and sorrows. The child looked up imploringly into his face, and with a silent but expressive eloquence, besought him to be its protector. In a few minutes it nestled in his bosom, and seemed to feel assured that it once more had a friend. As soon as possible, he made some thin soup for the infant, which revived it, and, with the exception of an occasional short convulsive sob or sigh, it again appeared quiet and happy. It was brought safely into the settlements, where its very misfortunes made friends for it. But it drooped and withered away like a flower severed from the parent stem. It now blooms in the paradise of God, in a better and happier clime, where the storms and disasters of life will affect it no more.

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* During my sojourn in California, I saw this debt paid.

After supplying these emigrants with food, Messrs. Oakley, Starks, and Stone were left to lead them on to Bear River valley, and to carry out Mrs. Graves' babe and two other children. Messrs. Eddy, Foster, Thompson, and Miller, started at about 4 o'clock, on the following morning, for the Mountain Camp, where they arrived at about 10 o'clock, A.M.

A more shocking picture of distress and misfortune, can not be imagined, than the scene they witnessed upon their arrival. Many of those who had been detained by the snows had starved to death. Their bodies had been devoured by the wretched survivors; and their bones were lying in and around the camps. A body with half the flesh torn from it, was lying near the door. Upon turning over a head which was severed from the body, Mr. Eddy instantly recognized the familiar face of an old friend and traveling companion. A dead child lay near. The wild, fiery, and fierce look of the eyes, and the emaciated and ghastly appearance of the survivors added tenfold horror to this scene of the Mountain Camp.

It is impossible for human language to describe the change wrought in the feelings of those who, but a few weeks before, would have preferred a thousand deaths to eating human flesh. The change which their unspeakable sufferings had produced seemed to affect the very texture of their nature and being. In the solitude and horror of the Mountain Camp, long nights of physical suffering and mental anguish had succeeded each other, in a manner of which it is impossible to have an adequate idea. Days had followed each other in a long succession; but no sun of hope had arisen to dispel the darkness of their misery; and as the long nights came on, the yet driving snow was heaped in impenetrable drifts above them, and extinguished even the dim rays which had sometimes shone fitfully through the dark clouds of disaster, which seemed to be fast thickening, and settling down upon them in a night of death. Surmisings had often been indulged, as to their probable fate; and questions had been asked for the thousandth time, as to the probabilities of relief. They had made calculations for the next and succeeding meals, as they sat gloomily around the fires of their miserable camps. Some had added the last little fuel to the dim and flickering flame, and had given themselves up to the ravings of despair and madness, as they felt the crush of their reliance for aid from the settlements. Others had bowed their heads in moody silence upon the palms of their hands, and given themselves up to the tortures of thought. Here and there one was found, in whose face meekness and resignation were visible, and they seemed to say, "Father, not my will, but thine be done."

Day after day had passed away, and the scanty store of food, miserable and loathsome as it was, had rapidly diminished, until the last hide had been consumed. Then hunger, keen, gnawing, and maddening, preyed upon them, until it might have been said of those who unlike some of their more miserable companions, had up to that time refrained from eating human flesh, "In their gloomy looks you might see the longings of the cannibal." Many expedients had been discussed, for the purpose of avoiding the dreadful alternative of dying themselves, or of killing their companions, by lot or otherwise, to preserve their own lives. But at that juncture a greater number of persons perished from famine, than was necessary to supply, for a time, all the miserable survivors with this horrible food.

It is said that, immediately previous to this, a sacrifice had been agreed upon, and that an individual, who was supposed to have less claims to life than the others, had been selected as the victim. But Providence interposed, and some of them sank into the arms of death, whispering praise for unmerited mercies; while others expired, cursing their miserable fate. And now those who, but a short time before, would have shuddered at the thought of devouring the dead bodies of their companions, rejoiced at their decease, and regarded it as a providential interference in their behalf.

In a very brief period, all the fountains of the heart's purest, noblest, and best affections were dried up, and in some instances every tie was sundered by the one great absorbing thought of individual self-preservation, which led them to escape, if possible, and without regard to others, from the calamities surrounding them.

Something was absolutely necessary to be done to sustain their miserable existence; yet all of them, except Kiesburg, had refrained from this most monstrous food as long as any thing else could be had. Once, when the snows had partially melted away, and the emigrants were enabled to find four hides and a dead bullock, upon which this man, as did the other emigrants, might have subsisted for a time, he took a child of Mr. Foster's, aged about four years, and devoured it before morning. What adds, if possible, to the horror of this horrible meal, is the fact that the child was alive when it was taken to bed; leading to the suspicion that he strangled it, although he denies this charge. This man also devoured Mr. Eddy's child, before noon on the next day, and was among the first to communicate the fact to him. When asked by the outraged father why he did not eat the hides and bullock, he coolly replied, that he preferred human flesh, as being more palatable, and containing more nutriment.

Such was the horrible and emaciated appearance of this man that Mr. Eddy, as he informed me, could not shed his blood there; but he resolved to kill him upon his landing at San Francisco, if he ever came to the place. Mr. Eddy subsequently armed himself for that purpose, but was prevented by Mr. J. F. Reed and Edwin Bryant, Esq., the author of "What I saw in California."

I would without hesitancy express the opinion, that Kiesburg was at the time insane, had he not, long after his subsequent arrival in the settlements of California, shown himself to be a wild beast, by declaring with a profane expletive, that "A man is a fool who prefers poor California beef to human flesh." But the closing scenes of the Mountain Camp will more fully show that this man is perhaps without a parallel in history.

Whatever may be our feelings toward Kiesburg, we should not censure others who were already overwhelmed with misfortunes, but pity their condition, rather than cherish indignation against them for doing that which they could not avoid. We should rather shed tears of sorrow and sympathy for those who were reduced to such dreadful extremities, that their own lives could only be preserved by devouring the bodies of their companions. It will be impossible to prevent some share of our indignation from being directed against those who, by inducing the emigrants to leave the usual route, were the causes of their misfortunes.

The party of Messrs. Eddy and Foster, upon their arrival at the Mountain Camp, found five living children, to wit: three of George Donner's, one of Jacob Donner's, and one of Mrs. Murphy's. They also found a man whose name is Clarke. He was a shoemaker. He had been a sailor also, and I believe he ran away from the ship. I mention these particulars that he may not be confounded with a worthy gentleman of the same name in San Francisco, with whom I traveled upon a part of my journey to Oregon.

Clarke had gone out with Mr. Reed, I believe, under the pretense of assisting the emigrants. He was found with a pack of goods upon his back, weighing about forty pounds, and also two guns, about to set off with his booty. This man actually carried away this property, which weighed more than did a child he left behind to perish. But this is not the only instance of the property of emigrants in distress being appropriated under some pretense, or directly stolen by thieves who prowled about the camp.

In addition to these, there were in camp, Mrs. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. George Donner, and Kiesburg—the latter, it was believed, having far more strength to travel than others who had arrived in the settlements. But he would not travel, for the reason, as was suspected, that he wished to remain behind for the purpose of obtaining the property and money of the dead.

Mrs. George Donner was in good health, was somewhat corpulent, and certainly able to travel. But her husband was in a helpless condition, and she would not consent to leave him while he survived. She expressed her solemn and unalterable purpose, which no danger and peril could change, to remain, and perform for him the last sad offices of duty and affection. She manifested, however, the greatest solicitude for her children; and informed Mr. Eddy that she had fifteen hundred dollars in silver, all of which she would give to him, if he would save the lives of the children. He informed her that he would not carry out one hundred dollars for all that she had, but that he would save the children, or perish in the effort.

The party had no provisions to leave for the sustenance of these unhappy and unfortunate beings. After remaining about two hours, Mr. Eddy informed Mrs. Donner that he was constrained by the force of circumstances to depart. It was certain that George Donner would never rise from the miserable bed upon which he had lain down, worn out by toil, and wasted by famine. It was next to absolutely certain, if Mrs. Donner did not leave her husband, and avail herself of the opportunity then presented for being conducted into the settlement, that she would perish by famine, or die a violent death at the hands of a cannibal. The instinct of a mother strongly urged her to accompany her children, that she might be able to contribute her own personal efforts and attention to save the lives of her offspring. The natural love of life, too, was without doubt then felt, urging her to fly from a scene of so many horrors and dangers. Her reason, may have asked the question, "Why remain in the midst of so much peril, and encounter an inevitable death—a death of all others the most terrible—since it is certain that nothing can rescue your husband from the jaws of the all-devouring grave? and when you can not hope to do more than beguile, with your society, presence, and converse the solitude of the few hours that remain of a life, the flame of which is already flickering, and must in a very brief period be extinguished in the darkness and gloom of death?"

A woman was probably never before placed in circumstances of greater or more peculiar trial; but her duty and affection as a wife triumphed over all her instincts and her reason. And when her husband entreated her to save her life and leave him to die alone, assuring her that she could be of no service to him, since he probably would not survive, under any circumstances, until the next morning, she bent over him, and with streaming eyes kissed his pale, emaciated, haggard, and even then death-stricken cheeks, and said:—

"No! no! dear husband, I will remain with you and here perish, rather than leave you to die alone, with no one to soothe your dying sorrows, and to close your eyes when dead. Entreat me not to leave you. Life, accompanied with the reflection that I had thus left you, would possess for me more than the bitterness of death; and death would be sweet with the thought, in my last moments, that I had assuaged one pang of yours in your passage into eternity. No! no! this once, dear husband, I will disobey you! No! no! no!" she continued, sobbing convulsively.

The parting scene between the parents and children is represented as being one that will never be forgotten, as long as reason remains, or memory performs its functions. My own emotions will not permit me to attempt a description, which language, indeed, has not the power to delineate. It is sufficient to say that it was affecting beyond measure; and that the last words uttered by Mrs. Donner, in tears and sobs, to Mr. Eddy, were, "O, save! save my children!"

Mr. Eddy carried Georgiana Donner, who was about six years old; Hiram Miller carried Eliza Donner, about four years old; Mr. Thompson carried Frances Ann Donner, about eight years old; William Foster carried Simon Murphy, eight years old; and Clarke carried his booty, and left a child of one of the Donners to perish.

The first night after leaving the Mountain Camp, the party encamped at the foot of the pass, on the eastern declivity of the mountain. On the next day they crossed the pass, where Mr. Eddy found an aperture in the snow which had been kept open by a spring, where, by letting down a cord, he ascertained the depth of the snow to be sixty-five feet. That night they encamped half way down Yuva river. The next morning, they resumed their journey, and came up with Mr. Starks, with Patrick Brinn and family, and others, who were the eleven persons that remained alive of the fourteen whom Mr. Reed had been constrained to leave. They at the same time met Messrs. Glover, Coffeymier, Mootrey, and Woodworth, who had halted to prepare dinner. After the meal was taken, these gentlemen set out for the Mule Spring.

Toward the close of the afternoon, Mr. Woodworth's party encamped at the last crossing of Yuva river. At night Messrs. Eddy, Foster, Thompson, and Miller came up, bringing with them the children with whom they had left the Mountain Camp. John Baptiste and Clarke were also with them. Here they encamped in the snow.

On the following morning, Mr. Woodworth gave to the party a little food. He was informed that there were persons yet remaining at the Mountain Camp, for whose rescue an effort ought to be made. He replied, that he could not remain any longer, and after giving his blankets to Mr. Mootrey to carry, he said he would go forward and prepare horses for proceeding immediately on into the settlements. Messrs. Woodworth, Glover, Mootrey, and Coffeymier then proceeded forward to the Mule Spring, where they encamped.

Messrs. Foster, Eddy, Miller, and Thompson resumed their journey, and at 10 o'clock, A.M., arrived at the Mule Spring. Here they came up with Messrs. Oakley and Stone, who, having left Mr. Starks, had passed Messrs. Foster, Eddy, Miller, and Thompson.

On the evening of the second day after their arrival at this camp, Mr. Starks came up, with Patrick Brinn, his wife, and children. Mr. Starks carried Jonathan Graves, a boy twelve years of age.

Mr. Stone had carried the deceased Mrs. Graves' babe. Mr. Oakley carried Mary Donner, a girl thirteen years old, one of whose feet had been severely burnt at the Starved Camp, previous to Mr. Reed leaving at that place the fourteen, as previously mentioned.

The morning following the day upon which Mr. Starks came up, the whole number of persons thus brought together set out for the settlements; and in three days arrived at Fort Sacramento, the residence of Capt. Sutter.

CHAPTER XVI.

EXPEDITION OF MESSRS. STARKS AND OTHERS.

IT will be remembered that Messrs. Starks, Stone, Oakley, Thompson, Miller, Foster, and Eddy, when on their way from the Mountain Camp, with a company of the sufferers, met Messrs. Woodworth, Glover, Mootrey, and Coffeymier, and that Mr. Woodworth was informed that there yet remained several persons at the Mountain Camp, for whose rescue an effort ought to be made.

From the point at which this information had been communicated, Mr. Glover proceeded on to Fort Sacramento, where he saw Mr. McKinstry, and informed him that Mr. Woodworth had declined making any further efforts to have the emigrants rescued. Mr. McKinstry promised to send a letter to Mr. Woodworth, urging him to send a party out. Mr. Woodworth received this letter March 23d. He then organised a party, consisting of John Rhodes, John Starks, E. Coffeymier, John Sel, Daniel Tucker, William Foster, and the son of Mrs. Graves; who were dispatched with provisions and horses.

This party proceeded no further than Bear River valley, or the foot of the mountain, from which point they returned, in consequence of the snow upon the mountain having become so soft, as to make the traveling impracticable.

CHAPTER XVII.

MR. FELLUN'S EXPEDITION.

MR. FELLUN set out from the settlements in April, with six others, for the relief of such persons as might be found to survive at the Mountain Camp; and also to collect and, as far as practicable, secure the scattered property of both the living and the dead.

Upon arriving at the Mountain Camp, he found that all had perished except Kiesburg. A perusal of the following extract from Mr. Fellun's journal, as published in the California Star upon his return, is well calculated to create a painful suspicion, that this man remained at the Mountain Camp, to appropriate the property and money of the dead, and that he killed Mrs. Donner, Mrs. Murphy, and the child which the man Clark left there to perish. But this is not the only instance of the property of emigrants in distress being appropriated. Almost all which the perils and dangers of my own journey had left to me, in going into Oregon, was taken by a needy adventurer, who had come from the settlements, and had united with another, distinguished for even less principle than himself.

Mr. Fellun says:—

"Left Johnson's on the evening of April 13th, and arrived at the lower end of the Bear River valley on the 15th. Hung our saddles upon the trees, and sent the horses back, to be returned again in ten days, to bring us in again. Started on foot, with provisions for ten days, and traveled to the head of the valley, and camped for the night; snow from two to three feet deep. Started early in the morning of the 15th, and traveled twenty-three miles; snow ten feet deep.

"*April* 17.—Reached the cabins between 12 and 1 o'clock. Expected to find some of the sufferers alive, Mrs. Donner and Kiesburg, in particular. Entered the cabins, and a horrible scene presented itself—human bodies terribly mutilated, legs, arms, and skulls, scattered in every direction. One body, supposed to be that of Mrs. Eddy, lay near the entrance, the limbs severed off, and a frightful gash in the skull. The flesh was nearly consumed from the bones, and a painful stillness pervaded the place. The supposition was, that all were dead, when a sudden shout revived our hopes, and we flew in the direction of the sound. Three Indians, who had been hitherto concealed, started from the ground and fled at our approach, leaving behind their bows and arrows. We delayed two hours in searching the cabins, during which we were obliged to witness sights from which we would have fain turned away, and which are too dreadful to put on record. We next started for Donners' camp, eight miles distant over the mountains. After traveling about half way, we came upon a track in the snow which excited our suspicion, and we determined to pursue it. It brought us to the camp of Jacob Donner, where it had evidently left that morning. There we found property of every description, books, calicoes, tea, coffee, shoes, percussion caps, household and kitchen furniture, scattered in every direction, and mostly in the water. At the mouth of the tent stood a large iron kettle, filled with human flesh, cut up. It was from the body of George Donner. The head had been split open, and the brains extracted therefrom, and, to the appearance, he had not been long dead—not over three or four days, at the most. Near by the kettle stood a chair, and thereupon three legs of a bullock that had been shot down in the early part of the winter, and snowed upon before it could be dressed. The meat was found sound and good, and, with the exception of a small piece out of the shoulder, wholly untouched. We gathered up some property, and camped for the night.

"*April* 18.—Commenced gathering the most valuable property, suitable for our packs, the greater portion requiring to be dried. We then made them up, and camped for the night.

"*April* 19.—This morning, Foster, Rhodes, and J. Foster, started, with small packs, for the first cabins, intending from thence to follow the trail of the person that had left the morning previous. The other three remained behind to *cache* and secure the goods necessarily left there. Knowing the Donners had a considerable sum of money, we searched diligently, but were unsuccessful. The party for the cabins were unable to keep the trail of the mysterious personage, owing to the rapid melting of the snow; they, therefore, went direct to the cabins, and, upon entering, discovered Kiesburg lying down amidst the human bones, and beside him a large pan full of fresh liver and lights. They asked him what had become of his companions; whether they were alive; and what had become of Mrs. Donner. He answered them by stating that they were all dead. Mrs. Donner, he said, had, in attempting to cross from one cabin to another, missed the trail, and slept out one night; that she came to his camp the next night, very much fatigued; he made her a cup of coffee, placed her in bed, and rolled her well in the blankets; but the next morning found her dead. He ate her body, and found her flesh the best he had ever tasted. He further stated, that he obtained from her body at least four pounds of fat. No traces of her person could be found, nor of the body of Mrs. Murphy either. When the last company left the camp, three weeks previous, Mrs. Donner was in perfect health, though unwilling to come and leave her husband there, and offered $500 to any person or persons who would come out and bring them in—saying this in the presence of Kiesburg—and that she had plenty of tea and coffee. We suspected that it was she who had taken the piece from the shoulder of beef in the chair before mentioned. In the cabin with Kiesburg were found two kettles of human blood, in all supposed to be over one gallon. Rhodes asked him where he had got the blood. He answered, "There is blood in dead bodies." They asked him numerous questions, but he appeared embarrassed, and equivocated a great deal; and in reply to their asking him where Mrs. Donner's money was, he evinced confusion, and answered, that he knew nothing about it—that she must have *cached* it before she died. 'I hav'n't it,' said he, 'nor the money, nor the property of any person, living or dead!' They then examined his bundle, and found silks and jewelry, which had been taken from the camp of the Donners, amounting in value to about $200. On his person they discovered a brace of pistols, recognized to be those of George Donner, and, while taking them from him, discovered something concealed in his waistcoat, which on being opened was found to be $225, in gold.

"Before leaving the settlements, the wife of Kiesburg had told us that we would find but little money about him; the men, therefore, said to him, that they knew he was lying to them, and that he was well aware of the place of concealment of the Donners' money. He declared, before heaven, he knew nothing concerning it, and that he had not the property of any one in his possession. They told him, that to lie to them would effect nothing; that there were others back at the cabins, who, unless informed of the spot where the treasure was hidden, would not hesitate to hang him upon the first tree. Their threats were of no avail; he still affirmed his ignorance and innocence. Rhodes took him aside and talked to him kindly, telling him, that if he would give the information desired, he should receive from their hands the best of treatment, and be in every way assisted; otherwise, the party back at Donners' camp would, upon its arrival, and his refusal to discover to them the place where he had deposited this money, immediately put him to death. It was all to no purpose, however, and they prepared to return to us, leaving him in charge of the packs, and assuring him of their determination to visit him in the morning; and that he must make up his mind during the night. They then started back and joined us at Donners' camp.

"*April* 20.—We all started for Bear River valley, with packs of one hundred pounds each; our provisions being nearly consumed, we were obliged to make haste away. Came within a few hundred yards of the cabin which Kiesburg occupied, and halted to prepare breakfast, after which we proceeded to the cabin. I now asked Kiesburg if he was willing to disclose to me where he had concealed that money. He turned somewhat pale, and again protested his ignorance. I said to him, 'Kiesburg, you know well where Donner's money is, and d—n you, you shall tell me! I am not going to multiply words with you, or say but little about it; bring me that rope!' He then arose from his pot of soup and human flesh and begged me not to harm him; he had not the money nor the goods; the silk clothing and money which were found upon him the previous day, and which he then declared belonged to his wife, he now said were the property of others in California. I then told him I did not wish to hear more from him, unless he at once informed us where he had concealed the money of those orphan children; then producing the rope, I approached him. He became frightened; but I bent the rope about his neck, and threw him, after a struggle, upon the ground, and as I tightened the cord, and choked him, he cried out that he would confess all upon release. I then permitted him to arise. He still seemed inclined to be obstinate, and made much delay in talking; finally, but with evident reluctance, he led the way back to Donners' camp, about ten miles distant, accompanied by Rhodes and Tucker. While they were absent, we moved all our packs over to the lower end of the lake, and made all ready for a start when they should return. Mr. Foster went down to the cabin of Mrs. Murphy, his mother-in-law, to see if any property remained there worth collecting and securing; he found the body of young Murphy, who had been dead about three months, with the breast and skull cut open, and the brains, liver, and lights taken out; and this accounted for the contents of the pan which stood beside Kiesburg, when he was found. It appears that he had left at the other camp the dead bullock and horse, and on visiting this camp and finding the body thawed out, took therefrom the brains, liver, and lights.

"Tucker and Rhodes came back the next morning, bringing $273, that had been *cached* by Kiesburg, who after disclosing to them the spot, returned to the cabin. The money had been hidden directly underneath the projecting limb of a large tree, the end of which seemed to point precisely to the treasure buried in the earth. On their return, and passing the cabin, they saw the unfortunate man within, devouring the remaining brains and liver, left from his morning repast. They hurried him away, but before leaving, he gathered together the bones and heaped them all in a box he used for the purpose, blessed them and the cabin, and said, 'I hope God will forgive me what I have done; I couldn't help it! and I hope I may get to heaven yet!' We asked Kiesburg why he did not use the meat of the bullock and horse instead of human flesh. He replied, he had not seen them. We then told him we knew better, and asked him why the meat in the chair had not been consumed. He said, 'Oh, it's too dry eating! the liver and lights were a great deal better, and the brains made good soup!' We then moved on, and camped on the lake for the night.

"*April* 21.—Started for Bear River valley this morning; found the snow from six to eight feet deep; camped on Yuva river for the night. On the 22d, traveled down Yuva about eighteen miles, and camped at the head of Bear River valley. On the 25th, moved down to the lower end of the valley; met our horses, and came in."

The last of the survivors of the Mountain Camp had now been brought in. The following list presents the names of the party. Those who perished were:—C. T. Stanton; Mr. Graves; Mrs. Graves; Franklin Graves; Jay Fosdick; John Denton; George Donner; Mrs. Donner, his wife; Jacob Donner; Betsy Donner; Isaac Donner; Lewis Donner; Samuel Donner; Charles Burger; Joseph Rianhart; Augustus Spitzer; Samuel Shoemaker; James Smith; Baylis Williams; Bertha Kiesburg; Lewis S. Kiesburg; Mrs. Murphy; Lemuel Murphy; Lanthron Murphy; George Foster; Catharine Pike; William Pike; Eleanor Eddy; Margaret Eddy; James Eddy; Patrick Dolan; Milton Elliott; Lewis and Salvadore, Capt. Sutter's vaqueros.—In all (including two who died before reaching the Mountain Camp) 36.

The following survived:—William Graves; Mary Graves; Ellen Graves; Viney Graves; Nancy Graves; Jonathan Graves; Elizabeth Graves; Sarah Fosdick; Loithy Donner; Leon Donner; Frances Donner; Georgiana Donner; Eliza Donner; George Donner, Jun.; Mary Donner; John Baptiste; Solomon Hook; Mrs. Wolfinger; Lewis Kiesburg; Mrs. Kiesburg; William Foster; Sarah Foster; Simon Murphy; Mary Murphy; Harriet Pike; Miriam Pike; Patrick Brinn; Margaret Brinn; John Brinn; Edward Brinn; Patrick Brinn, Jun.; Simon Brinn; James Brinn; Peter Brinn; Isabella Brinn; Eliza Williams; Noah James; James F. Reed; Mrs. Reed; Virginia Reed; Patty Reed; James Reed; Thomas Reed; William H. Eddy.—In all, 44.

The following Table exhibits the sex of those who were lost, and of those who were saved:—

	Males.	Females.	Total.
Number who perished	28	8	36
" " survived	20	24	44
Total	48	32	80
Number who perished	28	8	
Had the rate of mortality in the sexes been equal there would have died .	21⅗	14⅖	
Dif. against males, and in favor of females	6⅖	6⅖	

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SENSATIONS AND MENTAL CONDITION OF THE SUFFERERS.

I WILL now make some remarks, in addition to those already made, respecting the sensations of the sufferers, and their mental condition, as far as I have been able to obtain information from the survivors, or to infer it from the events narrated.

Some of the unfortunate sufferers entirely lost their reason. Of this number was Patrick Dolan, at the Camp of Death. His words were vague and unconnected. He struggled until he got out from under the blankets. He called to Mr. Eddy, saying that he was the only person of their number who could be depended upon. He then pulled off his boots, and, divesting himself of nearly all his clothing, he bade Mr. Eddy follow him, and said that they would be in the settlements in a few hours. He was with great difficulty brought under the blankets, and held there until at length he became as quiet and submissive as a child; when he soon expired, as though he was in a calm and pleasant sleep.

Lanthron Murphy was of this number also.

Mr. Foster was likewise insane; but his was an insanity which, though complete, was of a totally different character. He, in a considerable degree, realized his situation, and in some respects was capable of reasoning from cause to effect. Nevertheless, his mental condition was one which rendered him irresponsible for his actions. His conduct as exhibited in the account of the journey of the sixteen from the Mountain Camp, is not in any degree in keeping with his general character, both before he entered upon this journey, and since his arrival in San Francisco, where he now resides, and is esteemed a reputable and worthy man.

Mr. Eddy was probably the only really sane one of that party of sixteen.

With but few exceptions, all the sufferers, both those who perished and those who survived, manifested the same species of insanity as did Mr. Foster.

Objects delightful to the senses often flitted across the imagination; and a thousand phantasies filled and disturbed the disordered brain. Of this number I may mention the unhappy Denton, who, however, was sometimes perfectly sane; and was undoubtedly so when he finally perished. But the whole number, with very few exceptions, might be individually named as examples.

Their deluded fancies often represented to them during the day, beautiful farm-houses and extensive fields and gardens in the distance. Toward these they pressed forward with all the energy with which alternate hope and despair could inspire them. During the night they often heard men talking, dogs barking, cocks crowing, and bells tinkling. These cruel mockings were probably the effects of fever. Many believed that they were surrounded by familiar faces and old friends; and that they saw objects associated with scenes of other years and places. Some saw persons coming to their relief, and called to them to hasten. Many fancied, although in the midst of winter, that they were traveling through highly cultivated regions in the midst of harvest. There were instances of persons suspecting at times that the circumstances with which they were surrounded were not real; and that they were deceived by the illusions of the most horrible dreams, and they would rub their eyes and put their hands upon the head for the purpose of assuring themselves, if possible, that all was not the result of a dreadful vision or nightmare. One was doubtful whether he had not in some way, unperceived, passed from time into eternity, in which the circumstances of his condition were a part of his new mode of being.

The following extract from the journal of the intrepid and enterprising Col. Fremont, will be interesting and appropriate in this connection:—

"We began," he says, "to be uneasy at Derosier's absence, fearing he might have been bewildered in the woods. Charles Towns, who had not yet recovered his mind, went to swim in the river, as if it were summer, and the stream placid, when it was a cold mountain torrent foaming among rocks. We were happy to see Derosier appear in the evening. He came in, and sitting down by the fire, began to tell us where he had been. He imagined he had been gone several days, and thought we were still at the camp where he had left us; and we were pained to see that his mind was deranged. It appeared that he had been lost in the mountain, and hunger and fatigue, joined to weakness of body, and fear of perishing in the mountains, had crazed him. The times were severe, when stout men lost their minds from extremity of suffering—when horses died—and when mules and horses, ready to die of starvation, were killed for food."

Some of the party, though sometimes, during brief intervals, perfectly sane, when awake, yet suffered from the most painful and terrifying dreams, in which they saw combats and heard cries of despair and anguish. Dreams of famine and death, of floundering in fathomless snows, frequently made them afraid to sleep; for when they did, they often started up from their miserable beds in horror and affright. These not only tormented the mind, but the body also was exhausted and fatigued, through the sympathy which exists between the mortal and immortal part of man's nature.

Some of these unhappy emigrants felt a general sinking of all the energies of the mind, and a total prostration of the body, without, however, experiencing any gnawing of hunger. The unfortunate Denton was probably an example of this. It will be recollected that he was found at one time asleep upon the snow. He was with great difficulty aroused, but was afterward left with a little food; and when found dead, the food left with him was in his pocket. It is probable that, after writing the piece of poetry which I have mentioned in a former part of this volume as having been discovered at his side, he did not experience a sensation of hunger; and a drowsiness overcoming him, he never awoke.

This absence of the sensation of hunger was generally followed by an irresistible desire to sleep. If great efforts were not made to arouse them from the torpor into which they were sinking, an unnatural and difficult manner of breathing was usually observed in about half an hour; and this was followed by a rattling of the throat in about three-fourths of an hour. This continued from one to four hours; when death closed the scene; the individual appearing to be in a profound slumber, until life was wholly extinct, and the spirit was released from its suffering body. Sometimes they were permitted thus to die, in order that the miserable survivors might in this manner obtain food, without resorting to a more horrid alternative. There were examples of no efforts being able to awaken persons from this dreadful slumber. On one occasion, a person in this sleep threw his arm out in such a manner that his hand fell into the fire. Mr. Eddy, who was awake, and observed it, hoped that it would awaken the miserable sleeper, and he permitted it to remain there until it was doubled and shriveled. He then threw the hand back upon the body; but the sleeper soon extended it again, and it fell into the fire, where it was consumed to a coal, without the slightest movement of a single muscle, or a perceptible change of the features, indicative of pain.

If the effort to arouse the sleeper was successful, as it frequently was, the poor sufferer often spoke of the most delightful visions, in which his imagination had presented to his view, beautiful plantations of luxuriantly growing crops, and tables groaning with a weight of food, prepared in the most inviting manner.

Such was the condition, both mental, and physical, into which Mr. Eddy felt himself sinking, at the time of his making his first meal of human flesh. He had ceased to experience the sensation of hunger, although at other times this had almost maddened him. But he felt a general prostration of body and mind, and a heaviness and lethargy almost imperceptibly stealing upon him. Those who were with him, told him that he was dying. This, however, he did not believe, but he, nevertheless, had witnessed enough to convince him that these were primary symptoms, which, if he did not resist them, would certainly terminate in his death in a few hours. He reasoned clearly concerning his condition, and he knew perfectly well that nothing but courage could rescue him from that state of stupor and mental imbecility into which he was falling.

A few became furious, and died without sinking into this slumber. Others died calm and peaceful, taking an affectionate leave of their friends, and expressing a confident hope in the mercy of the blessed Redeemer; and in the fullness of the provision made by His death for even the most wicked; and in His power and willingness to save them in His kingdom.

CHAPTER XIX.

CONCLUSION.

ON the 12th of December, 1847, I bade adieu to my former traveling companions whom I found in San Francisco, and to many new and pleasant acquaintances which I there made. Having embarked on board the Whiton, the vessel weighed anchor, and after a prosperous and pleasant voyage we arrived at St. José, in Lower California, where we found the U. S. sloop-of-war Portsmouth, at anchor. Capt. J. B. Montgomery, the estimable and able commander of this vessel, upon being informed of the nature and objects of my mission to Washington City, very obligingly, and in most courteous terms, offered to convey me in his vessel to the United States. Of the kindness and Christian politeness of this good and brave man I can not say too much. It is sufficient to say that I continued to receive from him those delicate attentions which can only be manifested by a man who is truly a Christian and therefore truly a gentleman, in the only proper sense of that term.

While at St. José, I employed myself in making notes of such information as I believed would be useful and interesting. These, although they have since been written out at length, are now omitted, to avoid increasing the size of my work.

Having sailed from this port, we arrived at Valparaiso, Chili, on the 17th of February, 1848. At this port, also, I employed myself in making notes, which, although since written out, are omitted for reasons already mentioned.

On the 23d of February, Capt. Montgomery ordered the vessel to be got under way, and we set sail for Boston where, after a pleasant and speedy voyage, we arrived May 5th.

Though thus passing over, and wholly unnoticing many occurrences, I can not forbear alluding in this place to one truly characteristic of "the universal Yankee nation." While on my journey from Boston to Washington, I had occasion to remain in New-York two or three days. I put up at the Astor House, where my name and residence being registered, I became on the day after my arrival an object of some attention from gentlemen who, in addition to their very natural desire to obtain information upon the subject of the geography, climate, geology, soil, and productions of Oregon, evidently felt an unusual interest in me because of my residence in so remote a part of our country. On one of these occasions a New Englander in a decent but coarse garb, and having a whip in his hand, contrived to elbow his way through the group around me, and upon some interest of the sort being manifested, he said, with great complacency, as he turned upon his heel, and, with an inimitable swing of his arm, cracked his whip, "O! livin' in Oregon ain't nothin'. I've been thar peddlin' tinware."

I arrived at Washington City on the 11th of May. On the following day, the Hon. Stephen A. Douglass, whose friendship I had long enjoyed, introduced me to the President, who received me kindly and respectfully, and to whom I delivered my letter from his Excellency George Abernethy, the Governor under the Provisional Government of Oregon. On the 13th, I had a private interview with the President, for the purpose of more fully communicating a knowledge of the condition and wants of the people whose interests I had come to promote. He manifested a very deep, and, as I believe, sincere concern for the condition of the people of Oregon. He had on several occasions called the attention of the legislative branch of the government to the subject, but hitherto without effecting any thing. Soon after this I prepared a memorial to Congress, which was presented by the Hon. Thomas H. Benton to the Senate, and by that body ordered to be printed for the use of both Houses. The public debates and action of Congress upon the affairs of Oregon are now a part of the history of the country. My own private and daily journal notes are omitted for a variety of reasons, in addition to that which caused me to believe it to be expedient not to embody in this work many observations which I made while in California, and all those written by me in South America. But the reader has nothing to regret in the suppression of these notes, since this can injure no one; and their publication could benefit no one. To me, however, they will, in coming years, should the Good Being spare a life his mercy has hitherto blessed, afford the materials for useful and profitable private reflection. While, in some instances, they will remind me of untoward events, in others, they will bring vividly before me the remembrance of occurrences that will be pleasant to contemplate. To two of these, I trust the reader will pardon an allusion.

Although I lived with the most rigid economy, yet my necessary expenses had been so much greater than I had believed they would be when I left Oregon, that at one time my purse contained no more than half a dime. I arose at sunrise from a bed to which I had retired at two in the morning. My rest had not only been brief, but disturbed and feverish. My mind was anxious, and I felt my energies sinking under a weight that oppressed me. An act to which I had been impelled by a sense of what I deemed my duty to those whose interests I sought to promote, had gathered a storm-cloud above me, and no ray of hope penetrated the dark and threatening mass. I thought of my humble cabin in Oregon, and of my devoted wife, its occupant. With this was associated her parting words—"Husband, if you should get into trouble, go to The Strong for help." I did "go to The Strong for help;" for, kneeling down at the side of [illegible] bed, I addressed myself to the Invisible Being, and implored the aid of Him at whose command Peter cast his hook into the sea, and brought up a fish with tribute-money in its mouth. I arose from my knees. Every care was removed, and every anxious thought had passed away. During that day I received far more money than my present necessities required. At night Capt. Montgomery of the U. S. navy, having no knowledge of my having obtained a supply, called on me and generously tendered me his purse.

Another occurrence of a different character, but to me of a pleasing nature, I hope I may be pardoned for rescuing from the oblivion to which I propose to consign my "notes." I had been sorely wounded by the archers, the dogs were upon my track, and I expected to retreat to the quiet of my home in Oregon, with my own respect, indeed, unimpaired, and without self-reproach, yet under circumstances far different from those I desired. Thus situated, I went into the library of Congress, where I met Judge Collamer, the chairman of the Committee on Public Lands, in the House. After a few brief remarks, and without my making any reference to any subject at all affecting myself, he said—"You act very much like a man who intended to return to his people." I know not certainly to what he alluded, but I am sure that these words were those of balm, and peace, and healing.

Upon the final passage of the Oregon Bill, I received a number of letters from members of Congress, congratulating me on the event, and attributing to my efforts, and to the information which my residence in that country had enabled me to communicate, far more influence than I could conscientiously claim for them. Of these I will mention one from the Hon. Mr. Hunt, of New York, and another from the Hon. Robert Smith, of Illinois.

There are several subjects relating to the condition and prospects of Oregon, which are necessary to be noticed, but which I could not appropriately arrange under any other than a general head.

High prices, generally, in Oregon, have hitherto greatly retarded its prosperity. These prices were a necessary consequence of the peculiar condition in which we were left, by the omission of Congress to extend over us the laws and jurisdiction of the United States. The entrance to the Columbia river was not therefore buoyed out, and there was not a lighthouse to inform merchantmen of their approach to the river in the night. The unwillingness of merchantmen to enter the river under these circumstances, greatly retarded the growth and prosperity of the country, by creating a want of competition among merchants, who have been charged with establishing their own exorbitant prices. But the truth is, that the unwillingness of men of business and capital to risk their merchandise in the mouth of the Columbia, has heretofore caused the supply to be very greatly below the demand. To this, and not to a disreputable desire for gain, is to be attributed the high prices in Oregon; for it is a well-known principle of political economy, that supply and demand are the uniform regulators of prices in every branch of industrial employments, whether mercantile, mechanical, or agricultural.

The following list of prices in Oregon, at the time I sailed from the Columbia river (Nov. 4, 1847), will clearly show that these high prices are not confined to merchants, but are general; and that there is, perhaps, nowhere a finer field than Oregon for mercantile investment of capital, and especially so since Congress, in the act lately passed for organizing a territorial government, has appropriated $15,000 for building a lighthouse at the mouth of the Columbia, and for putting down buoys:—

Flour per barrel, $7 to $8; pork per barrel, $10; beef per cwt., $6; beans per bushel, $4; coarse split-bottomed chairs, without paint, per dozen, $24; plain rocking-chairs, without paint, $15; butter per pound, 25 cents; lard per pound, 12½ cents; tallow per pound, 10 cents; oats per bushel, 50 cents; day laborers, $1 to $1 50; rails per 100, $1; hauling per 100, $1;

mechanics per day, $3 to $5; horse-hire per day, $1 50; horses, small and indifferent, $40 to $80; wood per cord, $3 to $4; oxen per yoke, $50 to $80; wagons, second hand, $100 to $200; flour barrels, $1; fir lumber per 1000 feet, $20; pine, $40; potatoes per bushel, 75 cents to $1; turnips per bushel, 62½ cents; common wash-stand, $10; plain dining table, $15; stocking a plow, $4 to $6; pickled salmon per barrel, $10; boarding per week, $3 50 to $4 50; cows, $20 to $50; American work-horses, $100 to $150; sheep per head, $5; cheese per pound, 25 cents; shingles per thousand, $4; hewed timber, square and delivered, per foot, from 6 to 9 cents; medium Irish linen, $2 to $3; coarse gray cassimere per yard, $5; coarse gray cloth, $7; fine blue, $13; medium handsaw, $3 50; wood-saw, $3 25; second and third quality of felling-axes, $3 75; medium white flannel per yard, $1 25; coarse calico per yard, 40 to 75 cents; lead per pound, 20 cents; powder, coarse and indifferent, 50 cents; coarse brown sugar per pound, 12½ cents; syrup per gallon, indifferent, 75 cents; molasses, indifferent, per gallon, 60 cents; white lead in oil per pound, 28 cents; window glass, such as would not sell here at any price, per box, $8 to $10; putty per pound, 20 cents; coffee, indifferent quality, 33⅓ cents; cast-steel spades, $3; iron per pound, 12½ cents; wrought iron plows per pound, 50 cents; indifferent salt per bushel, $1; Russia duck, $1; hyson tea, $1 50; rice per pound, 12½ cents; cradling scythes, $3 50; smoothing irons, $2; writing paper per quire, 75 cents; medium silk pocket handkerchiefs, $2; fine shoes, at the shop, $5 50; fine boots, at the shop, $12 to $15; very coarse boots, made in the States, $8; coarse cotton handkerchiefs

50 cents; coarse half hose, $1; percussion caps per box, $2; drawing knives, $3 to $5: tools of every kind very high; nails per pound, 25 cents; cooking stoves, medium size and pattern, $70 to $80; cast iron ploughs, stocked, $30 to $45; very coarse wool hats, $3.

The emigrants endure great fatigue, and are exposed to losses and perils, which might be avoided by surveying, marking out, and making a good wagon road from the western settlements of Missouri to the Wilhamette valley. Such road being once made, and small military posts established along the line of communication, many of the most formidable obstacles to the performance of the journey would be removed.

There is reason to believe that a nearer and better route into the settlements of Oregon may be had, by leaving the Oregon road on Bear river, and then passing north of the great Salt lake to Ogden's river, and by crossing the Wyhee river and the Blue Mountains north of Tlamath lake, so as to cross the Presidents' Range of mountains near some streams flowing into the Wilhamette. This route would probably conduct the emigrants into the Wilhamette valley a little south of Mount Jefferson, which is one of the great snow-peaks of the Presidents' Range. Trappers in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company affirm that the valley of the Malheur river makes a good pass through the Blue Mountains. Crooked river, which is a branch of the De Chutes, heads with Malheur river, and runs in a westerly direction. A road, following these streams might, perhaps, be found, having sufficient grass.

That a pass may be found, in the Presidents' Range, near to Mount Jefferson, is made probable by the observations of Col. Fremont, in 1843, while traveling upon the river De Chutes. He says in his journal, page 119, that "a small trail takes off through the prairie, toward a low point in the range, and perhaps there is here a pass into the Wilhamette valley." His camp that night was in latitude 45°, 2′, 45″ north, and longitude 125°, 2′, 43″.

A wagon road from the western settlements of Missouri being established and graded, and facilities being provided for crossing the principal streams, the next measure in the magnitude of its importance, as affording assistance and protection to the emigrants, is the establishment of military posts upon this road, and at points so selected, as at the same time to keep the Indians in check, and to form the nucleus of settlements for production of supplies to the posts, and to emigrants. In addition to their ordinary duty, the soldiers might be employed with advantage in the transportation of the mail, or, at least, in the protection of those who might be engaged in that service. This would secure a more rapid, easy, and less perilous communication between the settlements west of the Rocky Mountains and those east of them, and would vastly increase the number of emigrants from the latter to the former. Considered, then, as a purely political measure, tending to a rapid colonization of our possessions upon the Pacific, the establishment of a cordon of military posts is important and necessary.

Although I could indicate the places at which, in my judgment, it would be proper to establish said posts, and assign the reasons for this my judgment;

yet, knowing that if they are ever established, the fixing of their location will become the duty of competent officers appointed for that purpose, I deem it inexpedient to remark upon this subject, aware as I am of a very natural and even commendable professional jealousy. Yet, there being one location, of which mere professional skill and science can not enable their possessor to speak with so much authority as a very humble emigrant, who has made it his business to make practical observations, I respectfully beg leave to say, that there is no place upon the whole line of communication so important for the establishment of a military post as the Grand Round. Mere scientific travelers and explorers, in consequence of their want of a sufficiently practical acquaintance with the wants, the toils, and dangers of the emigrants, as such, have hitherto wholly failed to see the importance of the position.

The Grand Round is one of the most beautiful and fertile valleys in Oregon, and is eminently adapted to agriculture and grazing purposes, if any reliance can be placed upon the statements of gentlemen who have passed through it. It lies in Middle Oregon, and is surrounded by the Blue Mountains, upon which there is an abundant supply of fir, pine, and cedar. It is circular in form, as is denoted by its name. It is very productive, and is sufficiently watered by streams running through it, and these are also said to have timber upon them. The Oregon road passes through it. A settlement can not now be made in it in consequence of the opposition of the Indians. The presence of a comparatively small military force here would remove every obstacle, by affording protection to emigrants, who would immediately fill it. Its extent is sufficient for a large country.

Emigrants who had been detained until the coming on of the rainy season, or whose teams were broken down, might remain here during the winter, or they might finally determine upon making it their place of residence. Others, who might require it, could obtain fresh supplies at this place, and then continue their journey into the Wilhamette.

Emigrants could usually arrive at this point without encountering any difficulties which could not be surmounted by using a little more than ordinary prudence and diligence.

Considered purely as a political measure, it can not be otherwise than an important object to colonize our possessions on the Pacific coast as rapidly as possible. A flourishing State or States upon the western side of the continent would, by means of an armed occupation of the places at which an enemy could debark, effectually resist his approach. The nature of the coast and of the country is such that the possession of certain points commands the whole.

But a flourishing State upon the Pacific is important, not only as a military defense, but as opening the way for American enterprise and capital to the commerce of Asia, which would be turned to our western coast as soon as population and increased facilities for over land carriage will render it expedient for men of capital to send their commodities and merchandise through this channel, rather than round Cape Horn.

The investment of capital in a small steamboat, drawing about three or four feet of water, to run in the Wilhamette, above the Falls, and in another, drawing four or five feet, to run between Oregon City and the mouth of the Columbia, and also up to the Cascades, would be profitable to the proprietors, and eminently useful to the country.

Those who remember my description of the Wilhamette river, will see that the boat intended for that stream above its Falls would have to be brought in parts and put together above the Falls, or be built in Oregon. In either case it would be necessary to ship the machinery from the States.

A territorial government will be organized in Oregon sometime in the early part of the spring of 1849. There being but one small hand printing-press in the country, an enterprising printer would greatly promote his own interest, and that of Oregon, by immediately going by sea to that country with suitable presses, types, and paper, etc., for executing the territorial printing. There are few printers in the country. These should, therefore, also go out.

I trust that, having had some experience, I may be permitted to offer some advice to those who intend to enter upon the journey to any portion of our possessions on the Pacific coast.

All persons, whether the proprietors of teams, and the heads of families, or the drivers of the teams (who are often, worthy young men, desiring to settle in the country, and who go in this capacity), ought to use great caution in forming their connections. No partnership by which the rights of property are mingled, ought to be made, if it can be avoided. If this can not be avoided, at least, those with whom such connections are formed, should be well known to be persons of principle; for it is certain that the toils and every-day occurrences of the way, will furnish the severest tests of character—tests so thorough and searching, that every thing, but the genuine gold, will be consumed in the furnace. These remarks, and others of a like character, are made with a view to practical usefulness.

Emigrants ought to procure strong, well ironed, light wagons, made of *thoroughly* seasoned timber. The tongue should be a *falling* one, and the hounds should be *thoroughly* braced above, below, and at the sides, with iron. The bed should be made of three-quarter-inch plank, and be also well ironed, having strong shoulders on the under-side to prevent it from becoming displaced in ascending and descending steep mountains. Each wagon ought to have at least four yokes of strong, healthy, well-broken oxen, with long straight legs, and from four to six years old. They ought to be worked some during the previous winter, to keep the neck hard, and be fed upon corn and hay, to secure firm flesh. Their yokes should be strong, but not unnecessarily heavy, and they ought to work easily upon the neck. They should also be provided with iron bow-keys, secured to the yoke by means of a light chain. Each wagon ought to be provided with about one dozen extra bows, made of hickory. As many young cows as can be brought, should accompany the loose stock. These can be yoked as the oxen give out, stray, or are stolen or killed by the marauding savages of the desert. Cows are not so strong as oxen, but they endure fatigue longer, and can subsist upon less. When brought to Oregon, they will sell for twice their cost in the States.

Too much caution can not be observed in the weight of the load. No furniture, and but few cooking utensils ought to be taken. The table ware should be tin, and the camp kettles should be made of sheet-iron. These ought all to be made in sets, so as to fit into each other, for the purpose of economizing space. Little else ought to be taken, than bed-clothing (without the beds, but buffalo-robes instead), an abundance of ordinary wearing apparel for use in the country, but buckskin for use upon the journey; and a *circular* tent. This tent is preferable to any other form, because it can be put up with one pole. It should be made of very strong cotton drilling, and may be double, but ought not to be oiled.

To this should be added, for each adult:—100 pounds flour; 100 pounds butter crackers; 100 pounds bacon sides—no hams; 50 pounds dried beef; 50 pounds kiln-dried corn-meal; 20 pounds rice; 25 pounds beans; 1 light rifle, having a percussion lock, and carrying about 40 balls to the pound; 1 revolving, or Colt's pistol; 25 pounds lead; 12 pounds best rifle powder; 1 butcher-knife; 1 small tomahawk—with the nerve to use them, not rashly, but effectively, when necessary. Green goggles should be provided, to protect the eyes from the otherwise almost intolerable dust. I advise each person to take at least two pair, that the loss of one may be supplied in the event of accidental breaking.

The provisions should be stored in half-inch pine boxes, of a uniform height, and corresponding in length with the width of the wagon-bed. Wearing apparel, bed clothing, etc., ought to be stowed in sacks (waterproof, if possible), to avoid the unnecessary and often fatal weight of boxes and trunks.

To each wagon there ought to be an ax; a drawing knife; a hand-saw; a set of augurs, from half an inch to two inches; a gimlet; a hammer; about four pounds of assorted wrought nails; about forty pounds of tallow; and fifteen pounds of black lead.

The overland emigrant, having repaired to Independence, Missouri, and there completed his outfit in those things in which it was before wanting, should hasten to the place of rendezvous, which is usually in the great prairies, some fifteen or twenty miles from Independence, where it may be proposed to perfect the organization of the companies, previous to finally taking up the line of march. The companies should be organized as soon as twenty wagons are ready. A strong, athletic, enterprising farmer, of great endurance and patience, possessing a sound judgment, and practically acquainted with the use and management of cattle, ought then to be selected as a leader. An education—if I may be allowed the term—upon a farm and among cattle, would qualify any man for this station, who possesses good principles, a mature judgment, and the other qualifications already mentioned.

Being thus prepared for the journey, and the organization being perfected, as soon as the grass is an inch high, the emigrant ought firmly to resolve that he will keep the fear of God before his eyes; that he will cheerfully perform all his allotted camp duties; that he will take no "cut-offs," but keep the old roads, knowing that these have been passed in safety; that he will never yield to fatigue; that he will never beat and bruise the poor oxen that draw his load from day to day, and from month to month; that he will take no offense at any thing that may be said either to him or of him; that he will never become either angry or unreasonable with those who are dependent upon him, or in any manner in his service; that he will neither be impatient with himself, nor unjust to himself or to others; that he will not confide in Indians, nor misuse them; that he will use all due and proper diligence in traveling; and then he may cherish a reasonable hope that he will arrive at the end of his journey safely and in season.

In prosecuting this journey, the emigrant should never forget that it is one in which time is every thing. Emigrants are often disposed to remain in camp a day or two, and sometimes even three. They ought to remain in camp on the Sabbath day. Aside from the obligation imposed by a command of God, the cattle will endure more if they are permitted to enjoy this periodical rest. The emigrants should remain in camp also about one day in two weeks, at some place where there is good grass and water, for the purpose of washing and cleansing their clothes.

That time is important on this journey can easily be made apparent. If the emigrant to California fails to arrive at the eastern side of the Sierra Nevada before the falling of the very early snow, to which that mountain is peculiarly liable, in consequence of its altitude, the destruction of his property is certain, and the loss of his life probable. If the emigrant to Oregon fails to arrive at the Presidents' Range before the rainy season commences, he must hazard the destruction of his wagons, by leaving them among the Indians at the Dalles; he must have his cattle driven over the mountains; and must take his family and goods in boats down the Columbia. He thus encounters a considerable expense and loss, which might and ought to be avoided.

But another evil resulting from remaining in camp, arises out of the fact that cattle, after remaining upon grass more than one day and night, are inclined to stray in search of new feeding-grounds. The loss of a single ox is the loss of a yoke, because they must be worked in pairs. The loss of a yoke is often practically the loss of the whole team, in consequence of the necessity for requiring the remaining oxen to perform more labor than their strength is equal to.

For these reasons it is expedient to drive every day, except those already mentioned, even if the distance traveled do not exceed two or three miles, and therefore there be little more than a change of camp.

To observe this diligence, and to continue it with system, will require an energy that is not ordinarily necessary. The long journey, which many will regard as being interminable, bringing with it, upon the return of each day, a renewal of great toil and anxiety, under even the most favorable circumstances, will exhaust the vital energies of the body, and fatigue the mental faculties to so great a degree, that there will often be a powerful inclination to remain in camp. But this must not be done, unless it be absolutely necessary to rest the cattle, to repair a broken wagon, or to afford the females time to wash.

A line of mail steamers will commence running from New York to Chagres, on the eastern side of the isthmus of Darien, and connect, on the first of January, 1849, with the line of mail steam packets, owned by Messrs. Howland and Aspinwall, of New York, which on that day will commence running regularly between

Panama, on the western side of the isthmus, and the Columbia river. These lines will afford a cheap, pleasant, and expeditious method of traveling from the Atlantic States to either Oregon or California. These lines will doubtless be the means of bringing into Oregon a people distinguished for their intelligence, enterprise, and both public and private virtue. I have often asked the question, "If our brethren of New England can make such fine farms among the bleak rocks of their country, and build such cities as I have there seen, what could not genuine Yankee enterprise, intelligence, and capital make of Western Oregon?" I have traveled through portions of Massachusetts. Rhode Island, and Connecticut, and have seen the best parts of those States, and I do not hesitate to affirm that Western Oregon is superior to them in health, climate, and soil. Great numbers of New Yorkers and New Englanders, by availing themselves of the means of emigrating which these lines of steamers will afford them, might obtain, gratuitously, from government, large and fertile tracts of land in Oregon; and exchange the climate of a bleak and rugged coast, where thousands die annually from consumption, for the mild and pleasant climate of Oregon, where it would almost seem that people can never die but by the natural decay of nature.

The preceding pages will show that our enterprising brethren, who may propose to emigrate from the Western States to Oregon, must reasonably expect to encounter much in getting into the country. But the difficulties of the way have been passed by men, women, and children, and can be surmounted by others, who enjoy all the benefits of our experience, and who will not, when they arrive in the country, be subject to the privations of pioneers. It can be shown that there has been a greater loss of life and property, in one year, resulting from abandoning the regular route, than has ever been sustained at the hands of all the savage tribes between the borders of the Western States and the Pacific coast. About half the emigrants into Oregon in 1846 lost their property, not by savages stealing it from them, or robbing them of it, but in consequence of placing confidence in a man who led them from the old road into his "cut-off." A body of California emigrants, consisting of eighty men, women, and children, was, in like manner, led into a "cut-off." This company, as I have elsewhere shown, lost all their property; and thirty-six of their number starved to death, and were literally devoured by the more miserable and unfortunate survivors. These companies would have arrived, each at its place of destination, safely and in season, had they pursued the regular route. The disasters, therefore, of these two companies are not to be regarded as necessary incidents of the journey.

If the emigrant, therefore, will give heed to my advice, I believe that when he arrives in Oregon he will be grateful to me for having given it. I might, by suppressing the necessary difficulties of the journey, and by presenting prominently in my journal only the agreeable scenes and incidents of the way, have induced others to believe that the journey to Oregon and California is only a pleasant excursion. But, to refer to no higher motive, I am too proud to utter an untruth; or, which is the same thing, to suppress a part of the facts, when I profess to tell the whole story. Besides, I believe that I have some character; and I have not yet made up my mind to sacrifice it.

Being fore-warned, therefore, the emigrant is fore-armed; and although he will have some serious and real difficulties, yet when he arrives in Western Oregon, he will, according to my best judgment, after seeing considerable portions of it, find a country which, in health, climate, soil, and productions, will more than compensate him for all his toils, anxieties, and privations upon the way.

APPENDIX.

THE GOLD REGION OF CALIFORNIA.

WHILE the first portion of this work was passing through the press the world was astounded by a rapid succession of the most wonderful narratives of the discovery of boundless treasures, in our new possession of Upper California. At first these incredible accounts were treated by the graver portion of the population as idle stories—perhaps absolute hoaxes, or at best but gigantic exaggerations. Letter after letter, however, continued to arrive, in quick succession, from persons on the ground, to their friends in the Atlantic cities, all conspiring to give authority and consistency to these wonderful reports. Yet many doubted, and others even continued to laugh at the whole affair, and denounce it as a stale and profitless trick. But at length a letter arrived to a respectable mercantile house in New York, from the captain of one of their ships in the Pacific, stating that all California was rushing to the newly-discovered gold regions, and that his sailors had caught the infection, and deserted him—leaving his vessel safely laid up in the harbor of San Francisco, with no prospect of speedily leaving. He also corroborated the fact that gold had already begun to come in from the mines in large quantities, and that the quantity of the precious metal already discovered was incalculable, and the limits of its deposit continually expanding. About the same time several specimens of the gold itself found their way to New York, and some gentlemen arrived direct from San Francisco, who confirmed all that had been told.

The public mind was by this time greatly inflamed on the exciting subject, and the doubters were becoming fewer and fewer. At this juncture the question was definitely set at rest by the appearance of the official letter of Governor Mason, our military commandant in California, whose statements, made with all the gravity and responsibility of his official station, far exceeded the wildest stories that had before been circulated. This was enough; and the eager and vigorous character of our people at once began to display itself in rapid preparations for emigrating, singly, and in companies, to the new *El Dorado,* which had thus suddenly gleamed in golden light upon the world. The new line of steamers, just then going into operation between New York and Chagres, and between Panama and San Francisco, were at once taken up with passengers, and scores of vessels of all sorts and capacities sailed out of harbor with every favorable wind, crowded with adventurers to this new and richly-promising field. The excitement rapidly spread from New York to the neighboring cities and states, and, in an incredibly short period, the Gold Fever had made its appearance in the most confirmed form of an epidemic in every portion of the United States. Nor has it yet abated, nor have the accounts which regularly reach us from the scene of operations at all diminished, but rather increased, in their exciting and tempting character. Several thousand persons, of all ranks, embracing many well-known and learned names in fashion, literature, science, and art, either have already arrived at the golden goal of their desires, or are on their way there.

The Gold Region of California, as far as our present information extends, lies principally in the valley of the Sacramento river, and the smaller valleys of its tributaries, the Gila, Feather river, and the American Fork, reaching about one hundred and fifty miles from north to south, and fifty from east to west—with the fortieth parallel of latitude running through it rather north of the center. Two degrees north ran the United States boundary line of 1819, and at about the same distance south commences the great southern chain of the Sierra Nevada, or Snowy Mountains. Less than a degree south of the lower line of the Gold regions, as already defined, is the pass which divides the southern and northern chains of these mountains, and which itself was ascertained by Colonel Fremont to be 9338 feet above the level of the sea. The lower gold mine, or Mormon Diggings, is about twenty-five miles up the American Fork, from Sutter's Fort; and this latter is, by land, from 150 to 200 miles from the city of San Francisco. You can go by water, however, across the bay of San Francisco, and up the Sacramento, to within a few miles of Sutter's Fort.

The manner in which the first discovery of the gold was made, deserves notice. At a point on the American Fork, about fifty miles above Sutter's Fort, where the country becomes broken and mountainous, grows in large quantities a species of pine tree, which Captain Sutter wished to make available for lumber. For this purpose he contracted, in September last, with a Mr. Marshall to build a saw-mill at this place. The mill was finished in the course of last spring, and a dam and race constructed. Upon turning on the water, however, it was discovered that the tail-race was too narrow to permit the water to escape, with the proper degree of rapidity. Mr. Marshall, therefore, to save labor, let the water directly into the race, with a strong current, so as to wash it wider and deeper. He effected his purpose, and a large bed of mud and gravel was deposited at the foot of the race. One day, as Mr. Marshall was walking down the race to this deposit of mud, he observed some glittering particles at its upper edge. He gathered a few, examined them, and became convinced of their value. He then went to the fort, informed Captain Sutter of his discovery, and they both agreed to keep it secret, until a certain grist-mill of Sutter's was finished. The news, however, somehow got out, and spread like magic. Remarkable success attended the labors of the first explorers, and in a short time hundreds of men were drawn to the spot. At the time of Governor Mason's visit to the place (about three months after the first discovery), it was estimated that upward of four thousand men were employed in the immediate vicinity, gathering, on the average, from one to three ounces of gold per man per day. [The value of an ounce of gold in New York is $16.] The appearance of the Mines, at the period of Governor Mason's visit, he thus graphically describes:—

"At the urgent solicitation of many gentlemen, I delayed there [at Sutter's Fort], to participate in the first public celebration of our national anniversary at that fort, but on the 5th resumed the journey, and proceeded twenty-five miles up the American Fork to a point on it now known as the Lower Mines, or Mormon Diggings.

The hill-sides were thickly strewn with canvas tents and bush arbors; a store was erected, and several boarding shanties in operation. The day was intensely hot, yet about two hundred men were at work in the full glare of the sun, washing for gold—some with tin pans, some with close-woven Indian baskets, but the greater part had a rude machine, known as the cradle. This is on rockers, six or eight feet long, open at the foot, and at its head has a coarse grate, or sieve; the bottom is rounded, with small cleats nailed across. Four men are required to work this machine: one digs the ground in the bank close by the stream; another carries it to the cradle and empties it on the grate; a third gives a violent rocking motion to the machine; while a fourth dashes on water from the stream itself.

"The sieve keeps the coarse stones from entering the cradle, the current of water washes off the earthy matter, and the gravel is gradually carried out at the foot of the machine, leaving the gold mixed with a heavy, fine black sand above the first cleats. The sand and gold, mixed together, are then drawn off through auger holes into a pan below, are dried in the sun, and afterward separated by blowing off the sand. A party of four men thus employed at the lower mines averaged $100 a day. The Indians, and those who have nothing but pans or willow baskets, gradually wash out the earth and separate the gravel by hand, leaving nothing but the gold mixed with sand, which is separated in the manner before described. The gold in the lower mines is in fine bright scales, of which I send several specimens.

"From the mill [where the gold was first discovered], Mr. Marshall guided me up the mountain on the opposite or north bank of the south fork, where, in the bed of small streams or ravines, now dry, a great deal of coarse gold has been found. I there saw several parties at work, all of whom were doing very well; a great many specimens were shown me, some as heavy as four or five ounces in weight, and I send three pieces, labeled No. 5, presented by a Mr. Spence. You will perceive that some of the specimens accompanying this, hold mechanically pieces of quartz; that the surface is rough, and evidently molded in the crevice of a rock. This gold can not have been carried far by water, but must have remained near where it was first deposited from the rock that once bound it. I inquired of many people if they had encountered the metal in its matrix, but in every instance they said they had not; but that the gold was invariably mixed with washed gravel, or lodged in the crevices of other rocks. All bore testimony that they had found gold in greater or less quantities in the numerous small gullies or ravines that occur in that mountainous region.

"On the 7th of July I left the mill, and crossed to a stream emptying into the American Fork, three or four miles below the saw-mill. I struck this stream (now known as Weber's creek) at the washings of Sunol and Co. They had about thirty Indians employed, whom they pay in merchandise. They were getting gold of a character similar to that found in the main fork, and doubtless in sufficient quantities to satisfy them. I send you a small specimen, presented by this company, of their gold. From this point, we proceeded up the stream about eight miles, where we found a great many people and Indians—some engaged in the bed of the stream, and others in the small side valleys that put into it. These latter are exceedingly rich, and two ounces were considered an ordinary yield for a day's work. A small gutter not more than a hundred yards long, by four feet wide and two or three feet deep, was pointed out to me as the one where two men—William Daly and Parry McCoon—had a short time before, obtained $17,000 worth of gold. Capt. Weber informed me that he knew that these two men had employed four white men and about a hundred Indians, and that, at the end of one week's work, they paid off their party, and had left $10,000 worth of this gold. Another small ravine was shown me, from which had been taken upward of $12,000 worth of gold. Hundreds of similar ravines, to all appearances, are as yet untouched. I could not have credited these reports had I not seen, in the abundance of the precious metal, evidence of their truth.

"Mr. Neligh, an agent of Commodore Stockton, had been at work about three weeks in the neighborhood, and showed me, in bags and bottles, over $2,000 worth of gold; and Mr. Lyman, a gentleman of education, and worthy of every credit, said he had been engaged, with four others, with a machine, on the American Fork, just below Sutter's mill; that they worked eight days, and that his share was at the rate of $50 a day; but hearing that others were doing better at Weber's place, they had removed there, and were then on the point of resuming operations. I might tell of hundreds of similar instances; but, to illustrate how plentiful the gold was in the pockets of common laborers, I will mention a simple occurrence which took place in my presence when I was at Weber's store. This store was nothing but an arbor of bushes, under which he had exposed for sale goods and groceries suited to his customers. A man came in, picked up a box of Seidlitz powders, and asked the price. Capt. Weber told him it was not for sale. The man offered an ounce of gold, but Capt. Weber told him it only cost 50 cents, and he did not wish to sell it. The man then offered an ounce and a half, when Capt. Weber *had* to take it. The prices of all things are high, and yet Indians, who before hardly knew what a breech cloth was, can now afford to buy the most gaudy dresses.

"The country on either side of Weber's creek is much broken up by hills, and is intersected in every direction by small streams or ravines, which contain more or less gold. Those that have been worked are barely scratched; and although thousands of ounces have been carried away, I do not consider that a serious impression has been made upon the whole. Every day was developing new and richer deposits; and the only impression seemed to be, that the metal would be found in such abundance as seriously to depreciate in value.

"On the 8th of July, I returned to the lower mines, and on the following day to Sutter's, where, on the 19th, I was making preparations for a visit to the Feather, Yuva, and Bear rivers, when I received a letter from Commander A. R. Long, United States Navy, who had just arrived at San Francisco from Mazatlan with a crew for the sloop-of-war Warren, with orders to take that vessel to the squadron at La Paz. Capt. Long wrote to me that the Mexican Congress had adjourned without ratifying the treaty of peace, that he had letters from Commodore Jones, and that his orders were to sail with the Warren on or before the 20th of July. In consequence of these, I determined to return to Monterey, and accordingly arrived here on the 17th of July. Before leaving Sutter's, I satisfied myself that gold existed in the bed of the Feather river, in the Yuva and Bear, and in many of the smaller streams that lie between the latter and the American Fork; also, that it had been found in the Cosummes to the south of the American Fork. In each of these streams the gold is found in small scales, whereas in the intervening mountains it occurs in coarser lumps.

"Mr. Sinclair, whose rancho is three miles above Sutter's, on the north side of the American, employs about 50 Indians on the north fork, not far from its junction with the main stream. He had been engaged about five weeks when I saw him, and up to that time his Indians had used simply closely woven willow baskets. His net proceeds (which I saw) were about $16,000 worth of gold. He showed me the proceeds of his last week's work—fourteen pounds avoirdupois of clean-washed gold.

"The principal store at Sutter's Fort that of Brannan and Co., had received in payment for goods $36,000 (worth of this gold) from the 1st of May to the 10th of July. Other merchants had also made extensive sales. Large quantities of goods were daily sent forward to the mines, as the Indians, heretofore so poor and degraded, have suddenly become consumers of the luxuries of life. I before mentioned that the greater part of the farmers and rancheros had abandoned their fields to go to the mines. This is not the case with Captain Sutter, who was carefully gathering his wheat, estimated at 40,000 bushels. Flour is already worth at Sutter's $36 a barrel, and soon will be fifty. Unless large quantities of breadstuffs reach the country, much suffering will occur; but as each man is now able to pay a large price, it is believed the merchants will bring from Chili and Oregon a plentiful supply for the coming winter.

"The most moderate estimate I could obtain from men acquainted with the subject, was, that upward of four thousand men were working in the gold district, of whom more than one-half were Indians; and that from $30,000 to $50,000 worth of gold, if not more, was daily obtained. The entire gold district, with very few exceptions of grants made some years ago by the Mexican authorities, is on land belonging to the United States. It was a matter of serious reflection with me, how I could secure to the government certain rents or fees for the privilege of procuring this gold; but upon considering the large extent of country, the character of the people engaged, and the small scattered force at my command, I resolved not to interfere, but to permit all to work freely, unless broils and crimes should call for interference. I was surprised to learn that crime of any kind was very unfrequent, and that no thefts or robberies had been committed in the gold district.

"All live in tents, in bush arbors, or in the open air; and men have frequently about their persons thousands of dollars worth of this gold, and it was to me a matter of surprise that so peaceful and quiet state of things should continue to exist. Conflicting claims to particular spots of ground may cause collisions, but they will be rare, as the extent of country is so great, and the gold so abundant, that for the present there is room enough for all. Still the Government is entitled to rents for this land, and immediate steps should be devised to collect them, for the longer it is delayed the more difficult it will become. One plan I would suggest is, to send out from the United States surveyors with high salaries, bound to serve specified periods.

"The discovery of these vast deposits of gold has entirely changed the character of Upper California. Its people, before engaged in cultivating their small patches of ground, and guarding their herds of cattle and horses, have all gone to the mines, or are on their way thither. Laborers of every trade have left their work benches, and tradesmen their shops. Sailors desert their ships as fast as they arrive on the coast, and several vessels have gone to sea with hardly enough hands to spread a sail. Two or three are now at anchor in San Francisco with no crew on board. Many desertions, too, have taken place from the garrisons within the influence of these mines; twenty-six soldiers have deserted from the post of Sonoma, twenty-four from that of San Francisco, and twenty-four from Monterey. For a few days the evil appeared so threatening, that great danger existed that the garrisons would leave in a body; and I refer you to my orders of the 25th of July, to show the steps adopted to meet this contingency. I shall spare no exertions to apprehend and punish deserters, but I believe no time in the history of our country has presented such temptations to desert as now exist in California.

"The danger of apprehension is small, and the prospect of high wages certain; pay and bounties are trifles, as laboring men at the mines can now earn in *one day* more than double a soldier's pay and allowances for a month, and even the pay of a lieutenant or captain can not hire a servant. A carpenter or mechanic would not listen to an offer of less than fifteen or twenty dollars a day. Could any combination of affairs try a man's fidelity more than this? I really think some extraordinary mark of favor should be given to those soldiers who remain faithful to their flag throughout this tempting crisis.

"Many private letters have gone to the United States giving accounts of the vast quantity of gold recently discovered, and it may be a matter of surprise why I have made no report on this subject at an earlier date. The reason is, that I could not bring myself to believe the reports that I heard of the wealth of the gold district until I visited it myself. I have no hesitation now in saying that there is more gold in the country drained by the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers than will pay the cost of the present war with Mexico a hundred times over. No capital is required to obtain this gold, as the laboring man wants nothing but his pick and shovel and tin pan, with which to dig and wash the gravel; and many frequently pick gold out of the crevices of rocks with their butcher knifes, in pieces of from one to six ounces.

"Mr. Dye, a gentleman residing in Monterey, and worthy of every credit, has just returned from Feather river. He tells me that the company to which he belonged worked seven weeks and two days, with an average of fifty Indians (washers), and that their gross product was 273 pounds of gold. His share (one seventh), after paying all expenses, is about thirty-seven pounds, which he brought with him and exhibited in Monterey. I see no laboring man from the mines who does not show his two, three, or four pounds of gold. A soldier of the artillery company returned here a few days ago from the mines, having been absent on furlough twenty days. He made by trading and working, during that time, $1500. During these twenty days he was traveling ten or eleven days, leaving but a week in which he made a sum of money greater than he receives in pay, clothes, and rations, during a whole enlistment of five years. These statements appear incredible, but they are true.

"Gold is also believed to exist on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada; and when at the mines, I was informed by an intelligent Mormon that it had been found near the Great Salt Lake by some of his fraternity. Nearly all the Mormons are leaving California to go to the Salt Lake, and this they surely would not do unless they were sure of finding gold there in the same abundance as they now do on the Sacramento.

"The gold 'placer' near the mission of San Fernando has long been known, but has been little wrought for want of water. This is a spur which puts off from the Sierra Nevada (see Fremont's map), the same in which the present mines occur. There is, therefore, every reason to believe, that in the intervening spaces, of 500 miles (entirely unexplored), there must be many hidden and rich deposits. The 'placer' gold is now substituted as the currency of this country; in trade it passes freely at $16 per ounce; as an article of commerce its value is not yet fixed. The only purchase I made was of the specimen No. 7, which I got of Mr. Neligh at $12 the ounce. That is about the present cash value in the country, although it has been sold for less. The great demand for goods and provisions, made by sudden development of wealth, has increased the amount of commerce at San Francisco very much, and it will continue to increase."

Mr. Larkin, the United States Consul at Monterey, California, and a man of good repute for veracity and discretion, writes to Mr. Buchanan, Secretary of State, under date of June 1, 1848, as follows:

"SIR—I have to report to the State Department one of the most astonishing excitements and state of affairs now existing in this country, that, perhaps, has ever been brought to the notice of the Government. On the American Fork of the Sacramento, and Feather river, another branch of the same, and the adjoining lands, there has been, within the present year, discovered a 'placer,' a vast tract of land containing gold, in small particles. This gold, thus far, has been taken on the bank of the river, from the surface to eighteen inches in depth, and is supposed deeper, and to extend over the country.

"On account of the inconvenience of washing, the people have, up to this time, only gathered the metal on the banks, which is done simply with a shovel, filling a shallow dish, bowl, basket, or tin pan, with a quantity of black sand, similar to the class used on paper, and washing out the sand by movement of the vessel. It is now two or three weeks since the men employed in those washings have appeared in this town with gold, to exchange for merchandise and provisions. I presume nearly $20,000 of this gold has as yet been so exchanged. Some 200 or 300 men have remained up the river, or are gone to their homes, for the purpose of returning to the 'placer,' and washing immediately with shovels, picks, and baskets; many of them, for the first few weeks, depending on borrowing from others. I have seen the written statement of the work of one man for sixteen days, which averaged $25 per day; others have, with a shovel and pan, or wooden bowl, washed out $10 to even $50 in a day. There are now some men yet washing who have $500 to $1,000. As they have to stand two feet deep in the river, they work but a few hours in the day, and not every day in the week.

"A few men have been down in boats to this port, spending twenty to thirty ounces of gold each—about $300. I am confident that this town (San Francisco) has one-half of its tenements empty, locked up, with the furniture. The owners—storekeepers, lawyers, mechanics, and laborers—all gone to the Sacramento with their families. Small parties, of five to fifteen men, have sent to this town and offered cooks ten to fifteen dollars per day for a few weeks. Mechanics and teamsters, earning five to eight dollars per day, have struck and gone. Several U. S. volunteers have deserted. U. S. barque, Anita, belonging to the army, now at anchor here, has but six men. One Sandwich Island vessel in port lost all her men; engaged another crew at $50 for the run of fifteen days to the Islands.

"One American captain having his men shipped on this coast in such a manner that they could leave at any time, had them all on the eve of quitting, when he agreed to continue their pay and food; leaving one on board, he took a boat and carried them to the gold regions—furnishing tools, and giving his men one-third. They have been gone a week. Common spades and shovels, one month ago worth $1, will now bring $10 at the gold regions. I am informed $50 has been offered for one. Should this gold continue as represented, this town and others would be depopulated. Clerks' wages have risen from $600 to $1000 per annum, and board; cooks, $25 to $30 per month. This sum will not be any inducement a month longer, unless the fever and ague appears among the washers. The *Californian*, printed here, stopped this week. The *Star* newspaper office, where the new laws of Governor Mason, for this country, are printing, has but one man left. A merchant, lately from China, has even lost his China servants. Should the excitement continue through the year, and the whale-ships visit San Francisco, I think they will lose almost all their crews. How Col. Mason can retain his men, unless he puts a force on the spot, I know not.

"I have seen several pounds of this gold, and consider it very pure, worth, in New York, $17 to $18 per ounce: $14 to $16, in merchandise, is paid for it here. What good or bad effect this gold mania will have on California, I can not foretell. It may end this year; but I am informed that it will continue many years. Mechanics now in this town are only waiting to finish some rude machinery, to enable them to obtain the gold more expeditiously, and free from working in the river. Up to this time, but few Californians have gone to the mines, being afraid the Americans will soon have trouble among themselves, and cause disturbance to all around. I have seen some of the black sand, as taken from the bottom of the river (I should think in the States it would bring 25 to 50 cents per pound), containing many pieces of gold; they are from the size of the head of a pin to the weight of the eighth of an ounce. I have seen some weighing one-quarter of an ounce ($4). Although my statements are almost incredible, I believe I am within the statements believed by every one here. Ten days back, the excitement had not reached Monterey. I shall, within a few days, visit this gold mine, and will make another report to you. Inclosed you will have a specimen.

"I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

"THOMAS O. LARKIN.

"HON. JAMES BUCHANAN, Secretary of State, Washington.

"P. S. This 'placer,' or gold region, is situated on public land."

In another letter Mr. Larkin writes as follows:

"MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA, June 28, 1848.

"SIR—My last dispatch to the State Department was written in San Francisco, the 1st of this month. In that I had the honor to give some information respecting the new 'placer,' or gold region lately discovered on the branches of the Sacramento river. Since the writing of that dispatch I have visited a part of the gold region, and found it all I had heard, and much more than I anticipated. The part that I visited was upon a fork of the American river, a branch of the Sacramento, joining the main river at Sutter's Fort. The place in which I found the people digging was about twenty-five miles from the fort by land.

"I have reason to believe that gold will be found on many branches of the Sacramento and the Joaquim rivers. People are already scattered over one hundred miles of land, and it is supposed that the 'placer' extends from river to river. At present the workmen are employed within ten or twenty yards of the river, that they may be convenient to water. On Feather river there are several branches upon which the people are digging for gold. This is two or three days' ride from the place I visited.

"At my camping-place I found, on a surface of two or three miles on the banks of the river, some fifty tents, mostly owned by Americans. These had their families. There are no Californians who have taken their families as yet to the gold region; but few or none will ever do it; some from New Mexico may do so next year, but no Californians.

"I was two nights at a tent occupied by eight Americans, viz. two sailors, one clerk, two carpenters, and three daily workmen. These men were in company; had two machines, each made from one hundred feet of boards (worth there $150, in Monterey $15—being one day's work), made similar to a child's cradle, ten feet long, without the ends.

"The two evenings I saw these eight men bring to their tents the labor of the day. I suppose they made each $50 per day; their own calculation was two pounds of gold a day—four ounces to a man—$64. I saw two brothers that worked together, and only worked by washing the dirt in a tin pan, weigh the gold they obtained in one day; the result was $7 to one, $82 to the other. There were two reasons for this difference; one man worked less hours than the other, and by chance had ground less impregnated with gold. I give this statement as an extreme case. During my visit I was an interpreter for a native of Monterey, who was purchasing a machine or canoe. I first tried to purchase boards and hire a carpenter for him. There were but a few hundred feet of boards to be had; for these the owner asked me $50 per hundred ($500 per thousand), and a carpenter, washing gold dust, demanded $50 per day for working. I at last purchased a log dug-out, with a riddle and sieve made of willow boughs on it, for $120, payable in gold dust at $14 per ounce. The owner excused himself for the price, by saying he was two days making it, and even then demanded the use of it until sunset. My Californian has told me since, that himself, partner, and two Indians, obtained with this canoe eight ounces the first and five ounces the second day.

"I am of the opinion that on the American fork, Feather river, and Copimes river, there are near two thousand people, nine-tenths of them foreigners. Perhaps there are one hundred families, who have their teams, wagons and tents. Many persons are waiting to see whether the months of July and August will be sickly, before they leave their present business to go to the 'placer.' The discovery of this gold was made by some Mormons, in January or February, who for a time kept it a secret; the majority of those who are working there began in May. In almost every instance the men, after digging a few days, have been compelled to leave, for the purpose of returning home to see their families, arrange their business, and purchase provisions. I feel confident in saying there are fifty men in this 'placer' who have on an average $1000 each, obtained in May and June. I have not met with any person who had been fully employed in washing gold one month; most, however, appear to have averaged an ounce per day. I think there must, by this time, be over 1000 men at work upon the different branches of the Sacramento; putting their gains at $10,000 per day, for six days in the week, appears to me not overrated.

"Should this news reach the emigration of California and Oregon, now on the road, connected with the Indian wars, now impoverishing the latter country, we should have a large addition to our population; and should the richness of the gold region continue, our emigration in 1849 will be many thousands, and in 1850 still more. If our countrymen in California as clerks, mechanics, and workmen will forsake employment at from $2 to $6 per day, how many more of the same class in the Atlantic States, earning much less, will leave for this country under such prospects? It is the opinion of many who have visited the gold regions the past and present months, that the ground will afford gold for many years, perhaps for a century. From my own examination of the rivers and their banks, I am of opinion that, at least for a few years, the golden products will equal the present year. However, as neither men of science, nor the laborers now at work, have made any explorations of consequence, it is a matter of impossibility to give any opinion as to the extent and richness of this part of California. Every Mexican who has seen the place says, throughout their Republic there has never been any 'placer like this one.'

"Could Mr. Polk and yourself see California as we now see it, you would think that a few thousand people, on 100 miles square of the Sacramento valley, would yearly turn out of this river the whole price our country pays for the acquired territory. When I finished my first letter I doubted my own writing, and, to be better satisfied, showed it to one of the principal merchants of San Francisco, and to Capt. Fulsom, of the Quartermaster's Department, who decided at once I was far below the reality. You certainly will suppose, from my two letters, that I am, like others, led away by the excitement of the day. I think I am not. In my last I inclosed a small sample of the gold dust, and I find my only error was in putting a value to the sand. At that time I was not aware how the gold was found; I now can describe the mode of collecting it.

"A person without a machine, after digging off one or two feet of the upper ground, near the water (in some cases they take the top earth), throws into a tin pan or wooden bowl a shovelful of loose dirt and stones; then placing the basin an inch or two under water, continues to stir up the dirt with his hand in such a manner that the running water will carry off the light earths, occasionally, with his hand, throwing out the stones; after an operation of this kind for twenty or thirty minutes, a spoonful of small black sand remains; this is, on a handkerchief or cloth, dried in the sun, the sand is blown off, leaving the pure gold. I have the pleasure of inclosing a paper of this sand and gold, which I, from a bucket of dirt and stones, in half an hour, standing at the edge of the water, washed out myself. The value of it may be $2 or $3.

"The size of the gold depends in some measure upon the river from which it is taken, the banks of one river having larger grains of gold than another. I presume more than one half of the gold put into pans or machines is washed out and goes down the stream; this is of no consequence to the washers, who care only for the present time. Some have formed companies of four or five men, and have a rough-made machine put together in a day, which worked to much advantage, yet many prefer to work alone, with a wooden bowl or tin pan, worth fifteen or twenty cents in the States, but eight to sixteen dollars at the gold region. As the workmen continue, and materials can be obtained, improvements will take place in the mode of obtaining gold; at present it is obtained by standing in the water, and with much severe labor, or such as is called here severe labor.

"How long this gathering of gold by the handful will continue here, or the future effect it will have on California, I can not say. Three-fourths of the houses in the town on the Bay of San Francisco are deserted. Houses are sold at the price of the ground lots. The effects are this week showing themselves in Monterey. Almost every house I had hired out is given up. Every blacksmith, carpenter, and lawyer is leaving; brick-yards, saw-mills, and ranches are left perfectly alone. A large number of the volunteers at San Francisco and Sonoma have deserted; some have been retaken and brought back; public and private vessels are losing their crews; my clerks have had one hundred per cent. advance offered them on their wages to accept employment. A complete revolution in the ordinary state of affairs is taking place; both of our newspapers are discontinued from want of workmen and the loss of their agencies; the Alcaldes have left San Francisco, and I believe Sonoma likewise; the former place has not a Justice of the Peace left.

"The second Alcalde of Monterey to-day joins the keepers of our principal hotel, who have closed their office and house, and will leave to-morrow for the golden rivers. I saw on the ground a lawyer who was last year Attorney-General of the King of the Sandwich Islands, digging and washing out his ounce and a half per day; near him can be found almost all his brethren of the long robe, working in the same occupation.

"To conclude; my letter is long, but I could not well describe what I have seen in less words, and I now can believe that my account may be doubted; if the affair proves a bubble, a mere excitement, I know not how we can all be deceived, as we are situated. Gov. Mason and his staff have left Monterey to visit the place in question, and will, I suppose, soon forward to his department his views and opinions on this subject. Most of the land where gold has been discovered is public land; there are on different rivers some private grants. I have three such purchased in 1846 and '47, but have not learned that any private lands have produced gold, though they may hereafter do so.

"I have the honor, dear sir, to be, very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"THOMAS O. LARKIN.

"Hon. JAMES BUCHANAN,
Secretary of State, Washington City."

We have been politely furnished by A. R. Nye, Esq., with the following extract of a letter received by him from A. Ten Eyck, Esq., dated St. Francisco, Sept. 1:

"A day or two ago the Flora, Captain Potter, of New London, anchored in Whaleman's Harbor, on the opposite side of the bay. Yesterday the captain, fearing he would lose all his men, weighed anchor, intending to go to sea. After getting under way, the crew, finding the ship was heading out, refused to do duty, and the captain was forced to return and anchor here. Last night nine of the crew gagged the watch, lowered one of the boats, and rowed off. They have not been heard of since, and are now probably half way to the gold region. The Flora is twenty-six months out, with only 750 bbls. of oil. Every vessel that comes in here now is sure to lose her crew, and this state of things must continue until the squadron arrives, when, if the men-o'-war-men do not run off too, merchantmen may retain their crews.

"The whale-ship Euphrates, of New Bedford, left here a few weeks since, for the United States, to touch on the coast of Chili to recruit. The Minerva, Captain Perry, of New Bedford, has abandoned the whaling business, and is now on her way hence to Valparaiso for a cargo of merchandise. Although two large ships, four barks, and eight or ten brigs and schooners have arrived here since my return from the mineral country, about four weeks since, with large cargoes of merchandise, their entire invoices have been sold. Vessels are daily arriving from the Islands and ports upon the coast, laden with goods and passengers, the latter destined for the gold washings.

"The Volunteer regiment of United States soldiers have been mustered out of service, and have mostly gone gold hunting. Much sickness prevails among the gold-diggers; many have left the ground sick, and many more have discontinued their labors for the present, and gone into the more healthy portions of the country, intending to return after the sickly season has passed. From the best information I can obtain, there are from two to three thousand persons at work at the gold-washings with the same success as heretofore. The rainy season will commence by the first of December, and those engaged in digging gold will have to remain where that month finds them, till along in March, as it will be impossible for them to get down into the settlements, on account of the peculiarities of the soil and country.

"The whole country, I am credibly informed, in the valleys and on the plains west of the California mountains and west of the gold region, is almost entirely overflowed with water during the winter months, so that it is with the greatest difficulty that access can be had to and from the settlements. The gold diggers, and those intending to become such, are making their preparations accordingly, by providing themselves with a four or five months' outfit. By the first of October the number of persons at the gold-washings will not fall short of four thousand."

The following extremely graphic letter is from Rev. Walter Colton, Alcalde of Monterey, California. It will be read with the liveliest interest:—

"MONTEREY, California, Aug. 29, 1848.

"The gold discoveries still continue—every day brings some new deposit to light. It has been found in large quantities on the Sacramento, Feather river, Yerba river, the American Fork—North and South branches—the Cosamer, and in many dry ravines, and indeed on the tops of high hills. The tract of country in which it is ascertained to exist, extends some two hundred miles north and south, and some sixty east and west; and these limits are every day enlarging by new discoveries. On the streams where the gold has been subjected to the action of water and sand, it exists in fine grains; on the hills and among the clefts of the rocks it is found in rough, jagged pieces of a quarter or half an ounce in weight, and sometimes two or three ounces.

"The gold is obtained in a variety of ways; some wash it out of the sand with bowls, some with a machine made like a cradle, only longer and open at the foot, while at the other end, instead of a squalling infant, there is a grating upon which the earth is thrown, and then water; both pass through the grating—the cradle is rocked, and being on an inclined plane, the water carries off the earth, and the gold is deposited in the bottom of the cradle. So the two things most prized in this world, gold and infant beauty, are both rocked out of their primitive state, one to pamper pride, and the other to pamper the worm. Some forego cradles and bowls as too tame an occupation, and mounted on horses, half wild, dash up the mountain gorges, and over the steep hills, picking the gold from the clefts of the rocks with their bowie knifes—a much better use to make of these instruments than picking the life out of men's bodies; for what is a man with that article picked out of him?

"A larger party, well mounted, are following up the channel of the Sacramento, to discover where this gold, found in its banks, comes from; and imagine that near the river's fount they will find the great yellow mass itself. But they might as well hunt the fleeting rainbow. The gold was thrown up from the bed of the ocean with the rocks and sands in which it is found; and still bears, where it has escaped the action of the elements, vivid traces of volcanic fire. It often encases a crystal of quartz, in which the pebble lies as if it had slumbered there from eternity; its beautiful repose sets human artifice at defiance. How strange that this ore should have lain here, scattered about in all directions, peeping every where out of the earth, and sparkling in the sun, and been trod upon for ages by white men and savages, and by the emissaries of every scientific association in the world, and never till now have been discovered! What an ass man is, with all his learning! He stupidly stumbles over hills of gold to reach a rare pepper pod, or rifle a bird's nest!

"The whole country is now moving on to the mines. Monterey, San Francisco, Sonoma, San Jose, and Santa Cruz, are emptied of their male population. A stranger coming here would suppose he had arrived among a race of women, who, by some anomalous provision of nature, multiplied their images without the presence of the other sex. But not a few of the women have gone too, especially those who had got out of tea—for what is woman without her tea-pot—a pythoness without her shaking tripod—an angel that has lost his lyre. Every bowl, tray, warming-pan, and piggin, has gone to the mines. Every thing, in short, that has a scoop in it that will hold sand and water. All the iron has been worked up into crow-bars, pick-axes and spades. And all these roll back upon us in the shape of gold. We have, therefore, plenty of gold, but little to eat, and still less to wear. Our supplies must come from Oregon, Chili, and the United States. Our grain gold, in exchange for coin, sells for nine and ten dollars the ounce, though it is well known to be worth at the mint in Philadelphia eighteen dollars the ounce at least. Such is the scarcity of coin here.

"We want a mint. Let Congress send us one at once over the Isthmus; else this grain gold goes to Mazatlan, to Chili, and Peru—where it is lost to our national currency. Over a million of gold, at the lowest computation, is taken from these mines every month—and this quantity will be more than doubled when the emigration from the States, from Oregon, the Sandwich Islands, and the Southern republics arrives. Send us a mint! I could give you forty more illustrations of the extent and productiveness of these mines, but no one will believe what I *have* said without my name, and perhaps but few with it."

The Californian, published at San Francisco, on the 14th of August, furnishes the following interesting account of the Gold Region:—

"It was our intention to present our readers with a description of the extensive gold, silver, and iron mines, recently discovered in the Sierra Nevada, together with some other important items, for the good of the people, but we are compelled to defer it for a future number. Our prices current, many valuable communications, our marine journal and other important matters, have also been crowded out. But to enable our distant readers to draw some idea of the extent of the gold mine, we will confine our remarks to a few facts. The country from the Ajuba to the San Joaquin rivers, a distance of about 120 miles, and from the base toward the summit of the mountains, as far as Snow Hill, about seventy miles, has been explored, and gold found on every part. There are now probably 3000 people, including Indians, engaged collecting gold. The amount collected by each man who works, ranges from $10 to $350 per day. The publisher of this paper, while on a tour alone to the mining district, collected, with the aid of a shovel, pick and tin pan, about twenty inches in diameter, from $44 to $128 a day—averaging $100. The gross amount collected will probably exceed $600,000, of which amount our merchants have received about $250,000 worth for goods sold; all within the short space of eight weeks. The largest piece of gold known to be found weighed four pounds.

"Labor has ever been high in California, but previous to the discovery of the *placera* gold, the rates ranged from $1 to $3 per day. Since that epoch common labor can not be obtained, and if to be had, for no less price than fifty cents per hour, and that the most common. Carpenters and other mechanics have been offered $15 a day, but it has been flatly refused. Many of our enterprising citizens were largely engaged in building, and others wish to commence on dwellings, warehouses, and the like, but all have had to suspend for the lack of that all important class of community, the working men.

"E. P. Barnett and Jacob N. Metzger, who arrived here from Oregon on the 20th May last, in the schooner Mary Ann, to look at California, with an eye to its agricultural prospects, after remaining a few days at this place, repaired to the gold region. They have since returned, and it is their intention to go back to Oregon, for their families, in the brig Henry, which vessel will sail in a few days. They take back with them the round sum of $1280 in gold (80 oz), which they collected in the short space of twenty-two days. This must certainly be more encouraging than hard labor at $15 per month, payable in shinplasters and Oregon scrip, worth fifty cents to the dollar.

"The construction of a railroad from Sutterville, on the Sacramento, to the gold, silver, and iron mines of the Sierra Nevada, would be of the utmost importance to California, and those interested in transporting provisions and other merchandise to the mining district, who take in return iron and lumber, of which there is sufficient of the first quality to supply all the markets of the Pacific. The route is a practicable one, and but little excavation will be necessary. The rates of transportation of merchandise now charged by wagons are $5 per 100 pounds to the lower mines—a distance of 20 miles, and $10 per 100 to the upper mines—40 miles. Two horses can draw 1,500 pounds on any part of the road. Until a road of this kind is constructed, the extensive pineries in the California mountains, which are equal to any in the world, must remain in their present useless condition. We particularly invite enterprising capitalists to visit Alta California.

"The *Californian* again appears before its patrons this morning, as it will continue to do occasionally in these 'golden times,' during the temporary suspension of business. As soon as a re-action takes place, and business resumes its wonted channels, and our thoroughfares again wear their usual business-like and bustling appearance, we will issue the paper regularly, as heretofore.

"We understand from persons who have lately arrived here from the gold region, that the sickly season has set in, and the gold hunters are in consequence leaving in great numbers. The sickness does not operate on each individual in the same manner; but is in all cases very severe, and sometimes fatal. It is currently reported that three of our citizens have died at the mines, but we hope it may prove untrue, and therefore do not give names. But it ought not to be concealed that much sickness prevails there."

Subsequent accounts, however, seem to confirm the opinion that the climate of Upper California is unusually healthy, and that the sickness of which we have heard is merely the effect of over-exertion and exposure among the gold-diggers. All experience and scientific investigation prove that the only natural cause of the unhealthiness of any country is the miasma arising from swamps or decaying vegetation. Now, in Upper California such a thing as a swamp does not exist, and vegetable as well as animal decomposition goes on so slowly that no perceptible miasma arises even from the decay of dead bodies. It will probably, therefore, be shortly established that California is one of the healthiest countries in the world. The atmosphere is said to be so transparent and clear that objects may be seen at an incredible distance—high mountains being visible at over 200 miles.

"NEW HELVETIA, *June* 30, 1848.

"I have just returned to Fort Sacramento, from the gold region, from whence I write this; and, in compliance with my promise, on leaving the sea-coast, I send you such items as I have gathered.

"Our trip, after leaving your city, by way of Pueblo, San Jose, and the San Joaquin river, we found very agreeable; passing over a lovely country, with its valleys and hills covered with the richest verdure, intertwined with flowers of every hue. The country from the San Joaquin river to this place, is rich beyond comparison, and will admit of a dense population.

"We found the fort a miniature Manchester, a young Lowell. The blacksmith's hammer, the tinner, the carpenter, and the weaver's shuttle, plying by the ingenuity of Indians, at which place there are several hundred in the employ of Capt. J. A. Sutter. I was much pleased with a walk in the large and beautiful garden attached to the fort. It contains about eight or ten acres, laid out with great taste, under the supervision of a young Swiss. Among the fruit trees I noticed the almond, fig, olive, pear, apple and peach. The grape vines are in the highest state of cultivation, and for vegetables, I would refer you to a seedsman's catalogue.

"About three miles from the fort, on the east bank of the Sacramento, the town of Suttersville is laid out. The location is one of the best in the country, situated in the largest and most fertile district in California, and being the depot for the extensive gold, silver, platina, quicksilver, and iron mines. A hotel is now building for the accommodation of the traveling public, who are now obliged to impose on the kind hospitalities of Capt. Sutter. A party of men who have been exploring a route to cross the Sierra Nevada mountains, have just returned, and report that they have found a good wagon road on the declivity ridge, between the American Fork and the McCossamy rivers, the distance being much less than by the old route. The road will pass through the gold district, and enter the valley near the American Fork.

"A ferry is to be established at Suttersville, on the Sacramento, and the road across the *tularie* improved soon, which will shorten the distance from this place to Sonoma and your city about 60 miles.

"After leaving the fort we passed up on the south bank of the American Fork, about twelve miles. This is a beautiful river, about three fathoms deep, the water being very cold and clear; and after leaving the river we passed through a country rolling and timbered with oak. We then commenced ascending the hills at the base of the great Sierra Nevada, which are thickly set with oak and pine timber, and soon arrived at a small rivulet. One of our party dipped up a cupful of sand from the bed of the creek, washed it, and found five pieces of gold. This was our first attempt at gold digging. About dark we arrived at the saw-mill of Capt. Sutter, having ridden over gold, silver, platina, and iron mines, some twenty or thirty miles. The past three days I have spent in exploring the mountains in this district, and conversing with many men who have been at work here for some weeks past. Should I attempt to relate to you all that I have seen, and have been told, concerning the extent and productions of the mines, I am fearful your readers would think me exaggerating too much, therefore I will keep within bounds. I could fill your columns with the most astonishing tales concerning the mines here, far excelling the Arabian Nights, and all true to the letter.

"As near as I can ascertain, there are now about 2000 persons engaged, and the roads leading to the mines are thronged with people and wagons. The implements used are shovels, picks, tin pans, wooden bowls, and Indian baskets. From one to nine ounces of pure virgin gold per day, is gathered by every man who performs the requisite labor. The mountains have been explored for about forty miles, and gold has been found in great abundance in almost every part of them. A gentleman informed me that he had spent some time in exploring the country, and had dug fifty-two holes with his butcher's knife in different places, and found gold in every one.

"Several extensive silver mines have been discovered, but very little attention is paid to them now. Immense beds of iron ore, of superior quality, yielding 85 to 90 per cent., have also been found near the American Fork.

"A grist-mill is to be attached to the saw-mill, for the purpose of convenience of families and others settling at the mines. The water-power of the American Fork is equal to any upon this continent, and, in a few years large iron foundries, rolling, splitting, and nail mills will be erected.

"The granite of the mountains is superior to the celebrated Quincy. A quarry of beautiful marble has been discovered near the McCossamy river, specimens of which you will see in a few years in the front of the Custom House, Merchants' Exchange, City Hall, and other edifices in your flourishing city.

"P. S.—'The cry is still, they come.' Two men have just arrived for provisions from the Ajuba river, who state that they have worked five days, and gathered $950 in gold, the largest piece weighing nearly one ounce. They report the quantity on that river to be immense, and in much larger pieces than that taken in other parts."

"SONOMA, *Aug.* 5, 1848.

"The mining fever is raging here, as well as elsewhere. Not a mechanic or laboring man can be obtained in town, and most of our male citizens have 'gone up' to the Sierra Nevada, and are now enjoying 'golden moments.' Spades, shovels, pick-axes, hoes, bottles, vials, snuff-boxes, brass tubes, earthen jars, and even barrels, have been put in requisition, and have also abruptly left town.

"I have heard from one of our citizens, who has been at the gold 'placer' a few weeks, and he had collected $1500 worth of the 'root of evil,' and was still averaging $100 per day. Another man, wife, and boy collected $500 worth in one day. Another still, who shut up his hotel here some five or six weeks since, has returned with $2200 in pure virgin gold, collected by his own exertions, with no other aid than a spade, pick, and Indian basket.

"Three new and valuable lead mines have recently been discovered in this vicinity, and one of our citizens, Mr. John Bowles, of Galena, Ill.—a man, who has been reported by the Boston press as having been murdered by the Indians, on the Southern route to Oregon, from the States—informed me that the ore would yield 90 per cent., and that it was his intention to erect, as soon as practicable, six large smelting furnaces.

"The Colonnade Theater, at this place, has closed for the season: it was well attended, however, from the time the Thespians made their debut till they made their exit. The 'Golden Farmer,' the 'Omnibus,' and a Russian comedy called 'Feodora' (translated from the German of Kotzebue, by Mr. F. Linz, of Sonoma), were their last attractions.

"The military company under command of Capt. J. E. Brackett, are to-day exchanging posts with

Company H., under command of Captain Frisbie, both of the New York Volunteers. Company C. has been stationed with us more than a year, and much praise is due its members, not only for the military and soldier-like manner in which they have acquitted themselves as a corps, but for their gentlemanly and orderly deportment individually and collectively. We regret to part with them, and can not let them go without expressing a hope that when peace shall have been declared, the regiment disbanded, and their country no longer needs their services, they may have fallen sufficiently in love with our healthy climate and our beautiful valley to come back and settle."

The *Journal of Commerce* publishes a spirited letter from California, dated Monterey, Aug. 29. We copy a few curious particulars:

"At present the people are running over the country and picking it out of the earth here and there, just as a thousand hogs, let loose in a forest, would root up ground nuts. Some get eight or ten ounces a day, and the least active one or two. They make the most who employ the wild Indians to hunt it for them. There is one man who has sixty Indians in his employ; his profits are a dollar a minute. The wild Indians know nothing of its value, and wonder what the pale faces want to do with it; they will give an ounce of it for the same weight of coined silver, or a thimbleful of glass beads, or a glass of grog. And white men themselves often give an ounce of it, which is worth at our mint $18 or more, for a bottle of brandy, a bottle of soda powders, or a plug of tobacco.

"As to the quantity which the diggers get, take a few facts as evidence. I know seven men who worked seven weeks and two days, Sundays excepted—on Feather river: they employed on an average fifty Indians, and got out in these seven weeks and two day, 275 pounds of pure gold. I know the men and have seen the gold, and know what they state to be a fact—so stick a pin there. I know ten other men who worked ten days in company, employed no Indians, and averaged in these ten days $1500 each; so stick another pin there. I know another man who got out of a basin in a rock, not larger than a wash bowl, two pounds and a half of gold in fifteen minutes; so stick another pin there! Not one of these statements would I believe, did I not know the men personally, and know them to be plain matter-of-fact men—men who open a vein of gold just as coolly as you would a potato hill."

The following is from the *Washington Union:*

"We stated in yesterday's paper that Lieutenant Loeser had not arrived with the specimens of gold which had been forwarded to the Secretary of war by Colonel Mason, the commanding officer in California.

"Understanding last evening that the lieutenant had arrived in this city, and had deposited in the War Office the precious specimens he had brought with him, we called to see them, and to free our mind of all hesitation as to the genuineness of the metal. We had seen doubts expressed in some of our exchange papers; and we readily admit that the accounts so nearly approached the miraculous that we were relieved by the evidence of our own senses on the subject. The specimens have all the appearance of the native gold we had seen from the mines of North Carolina and

Virginia; and we are informed that the Secretary would send the small chest, called a caddy, containing about $3000 worth of gold, in lumps and scales, to the mint, to be melted into coin and bars, and most of it to be subsequently fashioned into medals, commemorative of the heroism and valor of our officers. Several of the other specimens he will retain for the present in the War Office as found in California, in the form of lumps, scales, and sand; the last named being of a different hue, from bright yellow to black, without much appearance of gold.

"However skeptical any man may have been, we defy him to doubt, that if the quantity of such specimens as these be as great as has been represented, the value of the gold in California must be greater than has been hitherto discovered in the old or new continent; and great as may be the emigration to this new El Dorado, the frugal and industrious will be amply repaid for their enterprise and toil. They need only a state or territorial government for their protection.

"We have seen it stated, in letters and in the newspapers, that what was found in California and brought to the United States was mica; but it seems to us impossible, from the appearance and density and weight of the metal which we saw last night in the War Office, that there can be any delusion or mistake. The specimens have come to Washington as they were extracted from the materials of the 'placer.' The heaviest piece that is brought by Lieutenant Loeser weighs a little more than two ounces; but the varied contents of the casket (as described in Col. Mason's schedule) will be sent off to-day, by special messenger, to the mint at Philadelphia for assay, and early next week we hope to have the pleasure of laying the result before our readers."*

[EXTRACT.]

"HEAD QUARTERS, 10TH MILITARY DEPARTMENT,
"Monterey, California, Sept. 12, 1848.

". . . . The reports from the Gold Mines continue full as flattering as ever; but much sickness has resulted from the great exposure and heat of the summer, causing many citizens to return to the cool climate of the sea coast. . . . . "Your obedient servant,

"R. B. MASON,
"Col. 1st Dragoons, Gov. California."

[EXTRACT.]

"FLAG-SHIP OHIO, La Paz, July 28, 1848.

"SIR—The inclosed letter from Thomas O. Larkin, Esq., our Navy Agent at Monterey, will give you but a moderate idea of the gold mania in Upper California. The effects already produced upon the minds of the good people of Upper California, by the discovery of this new El Dorado, are quite alarming, as all kinds of work, and every other occupation—even the ripe grain in the fields—is abandoned for the gold harvest on the river Sacramento.

"Desertion from the army and navy in Upper California prevails to an alarming degree; and you will observe that Mr. Larkin expresses some fears as to the probable effect upon the crews of our ships which may visit the ports of Monterey and San Francisco. I have no fear of not being able to suppress desertion within ordinary bounds; but, to accomplish that end, some severe examples may be necessary. Prevention is always better than cure—I shall, therefore, by much cruising, afford as little opportunity as possible for deserting.

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* This assay has since been made, and the result officially announced. The gold of California is declared to be from 5 to 8 per cent. purer than American standard gold coin.

"Before the gold fever came on, there were said to be about 200 deserters in the 'Redwood Cuttings' of Upper California from the squadron. Com. Shubrick tried to recall them to their allegiance by a Proclamation anterior to his expedition against Guayamas and Mazatlan in November last, but without much success.

"The accompanying Proclamation was issued before I heard of the gold mania. I have no hopes now of reclaiming any deserters who have got into the gold region.

"I have the honor to be, your obedient servant,

"THOMAS AP C. JONES,

"Commander-in-chief U. S. Naval Forces, Pacific Ocean.

"Hon. JOHN Y. MASON, Secretary of the Navy."

A very intelligent officer of the navy, who has been recently over the entire gold region of California, for the purpose of examining the matter thoroughly, stated, recently, that by the month of March we shall be receiving from California three millions per month in gold. This officer himself has a considerable quantity of the gold, which has reached New Orleans, and other large amounts he knows to be on the way. The Mazatlan correspondent of Messrs. Howland and Aspinwall, writes that $100,000 worth of gold has been received there, which has been assayed, and proved to be 22 to 23½ carats fine, which is as near as may be pure gold, too pure for coining or mechanical purposes. This fact sets at rest the doubts about the genuineness of the metal. Under the circumstances, the establishment of the Pacific mail line of steamships, in connection with the line hence to Chagres, is a most fortunate happening, as it gives a regular and rapid communication with the States, by which gold can be sent home in thirty days, and merchandise received in return. But for this connection the communication with the States would only have taken place by the tedious, uncertain, and unsafe routes of Cape Horn, or the Plains to St. Louis. The gold will now come across the Isthmus of Panama, and by steam thence to New York.

We find the following very well written account of the gold region in the New Orleans Crescent City:—

"MONTEREY, California, Aug. 26, 1848.

"At last, my dear brother, I can tell you of something wonderful in this hitherto uninteresting service. I listened, an unbeliever, to all the gold diggers' stories of those who have been dropping in from the 'placer,' these last three or four months, until the Governor and Sherman returned; and even then, when the colonel brought home handfuls of the pure metal, which had been given to him as specimens, and remarked to me, 'Yes, it is all true, and the most remarkable part of it is that it is not exaggerated,' I could not, or rather did not want to believe, that an El Dorado had at last been found; and as Captain Smith, of the Dragoons, had just arrived from Los Angeles, to pay us a visit at my invitation, and to look at this upper country, I asked the colonel to let me go with him to the mines, that we too might see. We left this on the 21st, and as the plains and mountains are rather dry and uninteresting now, we got over them as soon as convenient, passing, every few miles, carts, wagons, and families, foot and horsemen, all bound to the 'placer.' We found the farm-houses and villages almost deserted; and at the cabins where we stopped for meals, we heard only of the gold! The women would, after a little talk, go to their chests and bring out their bags, to show what fine large pieces the men had got for them. At San Jose, or the Pueblo, as they call it here, we found most of the houses shut up, and their owners gone too—one or two carts in the streets, and these were being got ready for the journey up.

"I was agreeably surprised to find San Francisco a pretty little Yankee looking town, though we had to wade through two or three miles of sand-hills, against a stiff nor'wester, just before reaching it. They have made the best of a bad site, on the side of a pretty steep hill, and hemmed in by high sand-hills. They have stuck a board house under the lee of every sand bank or clump of bushes, and you can not buy a sand-hill there now for any money. They boast quite a good looking hotel, and talk of the mint, bank, market-house, and navy-yard, that will be, with quite a serious look, rather amusing to a stranger who has not seen the 'placer;' but if he happens in at some of the half dozen stores strung along the water-side, and sees some of the rough-looking countrymen, who may have just arrived from the mines—(how very polite the store-keepers are to them now!)—the fellow takes out his buckskin purse, a foot long, and shakes half a dozen pounds or so of gold into the scales, to pay for his truck, with as much coolness as if it were sand. What's the news from the mines?' says one—'any sickness there yet?' 'No, not much; they have all nearly gone up to the dry diggings, and 'tis healthier up thar.' 'Is it pretty rich up there?' 'Oh, yes!' You wonder why the fellow came away; so, to find out if he was unlucky, you ask, 'About how much did you get out?' 'About two or three thousand dollars!' 'And how long were you digging?' 'About twelve days in all, but I didn't dig steady; I was on the river two or three days examining.' 'Why did you come away?' 'Oh, I came down to buy goods, and I am going back to trade.' You next wonder why all you saw at dinner that day, didn't go right off to the mines; but they were merchants and merchants' clerks, and the merchants have averaged sales of two or three thousand dollars daily, making about three hundred per cent. on cost; and the merchants' clerks get at least $300 per month. Why, the negro cook at the hotel gets $200 per month, and is going to leave next month for the mines! After seeing and hearing all this, one begins to think the place must grow.

"There were about eight or ten vessels in port when I was there, all empty but two whalers. They had made prompt and profitable sales, but they all grumble because the governor will not take the gold for duties at more than $10 the ounce, and there is no money in the market. The acting collector, a young officer who is full of business, for he is the quarter-master, tells you that he has forty thousand dollars already paid in gold, and he does not know where the money is to come from to redeem it! After looking around thus, and listening to some of the stories of gold or trade, we could hear of no launch going up that day, and so adjourned to dinner, where we sat down with some twenty well-dressed and happy-looking civilians: and before dinner was over, every man had one or more bottles of champagne before him. They were all getting rich, and could afford it; but it took three days of my pay. 'Hurrah! hurrah!' cried out half a dozen, as one tall dry-looking genius, straightened about seven feet of his humanity, 'a toast, a toast from the judge!' 'Do you know the judge!' said one to me; 'he is a trump, ain't he?' Of course, I knew him, and answered, 'Isn't he?' 'Gentlemen,' said the judge, 'I'm going to give a sentiment, can't make a speech, never could, but even Dr. Leatherbelly here,' and he slapped another seven-footer on the shoulder, who swallowed a large mouthful and the nick-name with rather a wry face, 'even Dr. Leatherbelly, with all his preaching, must acknowledge the truth of my sentiment—that we are all here to make money!' A general roar acknowledged the tall chap a good judge of other men's intentions.

"We rode to the presidio, or remains of the old fort and barracks; but so bleak are the winds, and so exposed to their fury are the old adobe walls, that only two sides of the presidio square remain standing, and they were in a miserable condition when the company of volunteers took up their quarters there. They are now roofed and ceiled inside. The fort shows the remains of a low-walled demi-lune, on what might be rendered an almost inaccessible little promontory. Not a gun is there now, and nothing done yet in the way of fortifying the bay; and I am afraid that now the gold at the 'placer' will attract all labor from public and other work in its vicinity for some years to come, except they pay in proportion. The volunteers had as much work as suited them, in putting their quarters in order; and those who did not desert, deserve great credit for remaining at their post at all, with such discomfort and bad pay. But they did not intend waiting more than a month longer for the peace.

"On the third day the town had lost its novelty, for it was cold and no fire to be had. We began to criticise the cooking—want of ladies—the bleak wind and the sand—the whole-soul eagerness with which every man, woman, and child in this place appeared to pursue gold. We were glad when the launch-owner could not find another bale to send up in his boat. So we were off, the tide making, and the wind blowing a gale almost, after we got round the point; and in a few hours our little craft, with the *ci-devant* Mormon leader as owner and master, some half-dozen runaway sailors, and a grogshop-keeper or two as fellow-passengers, had entered the narrows at the head of the bay; and evening found us in the mouth of the river —marshes and musquitos on either side—where we waited till day, and then found a broad, pretty, and quiet stream, up which we sailed some sixty miles, to Sutter's landing, passing a few bound up. This is the only long navigable and important river in this western acquisition of Uncle Sam's. Steamers will in a year be running many leagues above the mouth of Feather river, which is some distance above Sutter's. We found here half-a-dozen launches, a few wagons, and a motley set of vagabonds (whites, Indians, negroes, Kanakas, Chinese, and Chilenos). We walked with the late Mormon, now a thriving merchant, over a dusty three miles to Sutter's Fort, which stands out from the bank of the river, on the open plain, and on ground so low that it is almost an island during the winter floods. The captain, a Swiss gentleman of the old school, we found surrounded by his decently clad Indians. We call them his, because he had fed, raised, and clothed them, and treats them so well, that none can seduce them from his service. He received us with great politeness, and, as he had not horses himself, put us in the way of getting them from Mr. Sinclair, his nearest and best neighbor—one of the few disinterested gentlemen we met in the mining regions. By sunset, our horses were ready, and we were off, for a night's ride to the lower, or Mormon diggings—so called from the Mormons, who discovered it. But it was cold, and we could not see the road—so we stopped and took some sleep, and the next morning rode down the hill to the bank of the American Fork, which here makes a rapid between two rocky hills, and has deposited an island of an acre or so of sand and gravel among some rocks, which obstructed the way. It was like a camp meeting—plenty of booths and brush shanties lined the river bank; and, upon riding over the rough stones and gravel bank of the island—which we did with difficulty, for it was full of newly-dug pits and piles of stone—to reach the creek, now quite low and retired to the main channel, we saw, for the first time, the gold washers at work.

"There were ranged along the edges of the stream at least a dozen washer machines, which are just like baby cradles, made of wood, only open at the foot, and with rounded or cylindrical bottoms, and a few brackets tacked across the bottom at intervals of a foot or so. They are set in or at the edge of the water on rockers, with a slope down stream; one man brings the earth or gravel, which is cleaned of the big stones, and throws it on the head or top of the cradle, which is formed of bars or a coarse sieve of sheet iron or copper, and another man stands at the head of the cradle in the water, which he dips up and dashes on the gravel or dirt as it is left on the grate—the earth, by this party, was taken from within a foot of the surface—while a third rocks the cradle, thus keeping a stream of water passing through it, in continual rolling from side to side, and very muddy, with the clayey and earthy matter washed out. The heavy sand and heavier gold, all catches or lodges above the brackets. After the party has washed its morning's work of three or four hours, several pounds of this black iron, or magnetic sand, mingled with gold, are scraped from above the two or three upper brackets, most of the sand is then washed out by the hand in a tin pan, by holding the pan inclined just below the surface of the water, stirring the whole up, and pouring the water as it mingles with the sand, out at the lower edge of the basin; keeping one side below the stream all the while, to let in clean water, and take out more sand. The weight of the gold keeps it all the while at the lowest point of the basin, and it seems hard to wash or shake it out.

"We looked on in wonder and astonishment for an hour, to see by what a simple process men were all around us getting rich. Why, we learned it on sight. The men told us they had been working since early that morning—it was about 9 o'clock—they then scraped the results of their wash, in sand and gold, from the bottom of their cradle, in a few minutes washed the balance of the sand out, and one of them held up the pan and 'guessed' there were seven or eight ounces in it, or nearly two ounces for each man. They told us they gave two ounces for their machine, to a man, who, like many others, was not satisfied with the lower diggings, but had gone higher up, to the dry diggings, or prospecting. We then passed down stream to some other parties, and watched them rock their cradles awhile. They worked all alike, with about the same luck, occasionally finding a pocket or crevice in the rock, as they call it, where the gold and sand are dug out in handsful, in about equal proportions, but these they said were scarce. We next went up over the stony surface of the island, to see how the golden deposit lay. Here and there a few were picking in the gravel, say a few feet below the surface, throwing out by hand the big stones, and shoveling the lesser gravel into buckets, which were carried off to the cradle. The bed of gravel had been made by a spread or widening in the river bottom, and some large rocks and boulders had caught the sand and gravel brought down to this quieter water by the winter torrents from above. It was from four to ten feet before the diggers struck the granite rock that formed the river's bed, and on this was found the richest earth.

"In the middle or highest part of the bank, they would have to dig ten or eleven feet to reach the bottom and two or three, or may be more feet, would be surface gravel with little or nothing in it, after which the gold strata would be poor till they had got deep, and not yield more than two ounces per day per man; and then, they said, a man might count on a hundred dollars a day at the bottom of his pit or hole.

"This is a larger deposit than common, and has been dug full of pits and banks, but at the time of our visit not more than three hundred persons were left at this island. Every one had left for the upper mines. We had satisfied our curiosity here, and wanted to reach the mill, or first discovery, that day. The road led us through a hilly country—hills getting higher, oaks scarcer, more slate and soapstone, with dry ravines and occasional pine groves. We found, as heretofore, every few miles where there was a spring or patch of grass, camp fires and wagons, families of Mormons, or of the roving race that have wended westward for the last generation, at length turned east again, and perfectly contented with their luck at last.—With some of them I had spent the evening chatting over their gains, prospects, etc., in the newly established city on the shores of the Salt Lake, which will afford them a quiet roof and rest from their wandering. I here met on several occasions, men who had gold enough. We found the mill as 'tis called, quite a settlement—some eight stores, in log, board, or bush shanties, and several hundred persons digging and washing along the banks. A piece of ten acres, or so, has been penned off for Capt. Sutter, whose enterprising efforts to civilize this wilderness, led to the discovery. He was having a race opened for a saw-mill among the hills, and his workmen found the gold, washed, and sent it down to him. It was too peculiar not to be soon recognized.

"They tried to keep the matter secret, but too many knew it, and in three months from that time that wilderness of hills—among which none but Sutter's men and Indians ever ventured alone for fear of the wild Indians—was now fast being settled; and the grisly bears, wolves and jackals, listened in astonishment to the frying pans hissing, babies crying, cow bells tinkling, and boys kicking up a shindy among the wagons, —and there was no place then left for them to go to. The climate high up the hills, though exceedingly warm in summer, is tolerably healthy, and on the river banks and grassy glades now and then to be met with, towns are locating, log cabins already building, and Uncle Sam's land sales anticipated before we have even a right by treaty to territory acknowledged to belong to another government.

"We left the saw-mill, and found by going up it, that the hill above it was a pretty high one, and following the windings of the road round the hills which were fast rising into mountains, we rode about noon into a ravine between two pretty high hills, which in winter holds quite a torrent. Parties of men were scattered along this canada like ants. It being late and very hot, but few were working. We passed on to another canada beyond, were the Californians had principally congregated, and it being Sunday, were lounging or gambling, and the Indians, their laborers, ditto—dressed *a la Adam*—and a miserable, brutish race they are, hardly know the use of fire to prepare their food, many of them living upon grass, seeds, and acorns—in the slightest little brush dens, which it could be supposed would shelter a piece of mortality, and clothing themselves against the winter's snows and summer's heat which are here severe, with nothing. The water in this gully was dried up, with the exception of a few pools and holes. I asked one of the Californians to let us satisfy our curiosity by washing a little of his earth which lay at the edge of a small pond or pool, and which he had brought from the gully a little higher up, where it was found quite rich. He of course, assented, and led us the way to his cradle. He brought the earth in an Indian basket, holding a little less than a peck, and as he threw the earth on the cradle top I dashed on the water, and Capt. S. rocked the cradle. We worked away with spirit, attracting several spectators, who laughed at our undignified position—but 'twas our first essay in making money by our own labor, and I entered into it with zeal and great interest at the result. After about fifteen minutes' dashing water, during which I got a good soaking below, and splashed all in my vicinity, I got tired, and cried hold off. Our friend, the Californian, as eager to see the result as ourselves, himself scraped out the black sand and gold, and several gathered around him to see how much there was. He was kind enough to show us the gold when he had cleaned it, and the guesses as to its quantity varied from half to two ounces. There was probably more than an ounce of pure gold taken from the earth, as it had been hauled from the hill side, in less than half an hour; and in a second visit which I had occasion to make, and in which I learned more of the difficulties and profits of gold hunting, I was satisfied that in many, perhaps hundreds, of canadas like this, several miles long, the earth is rich to excess, and will give many years' work to from twenty to fifty thousand hands, who can each reckon upon two ounces of pure gold per day while washing. To fasten this conviction upon any one in this country is not difficult now—it was some months since—but gold has fallen from sixteen dollars the ounce to eight; and several at the mines were selling, from necessity, for six dollars the ounce.

"I rode from one end to the other of the main valley, in the dry diggings, and questioned almost every man there, and they all, without a single exception, were then making from two ounces to two hundred dollars per day, when they chose to work. Many had shanties with trinkets, blankets, and calicoes for the Indians, and comforts and necessaries for the whites. I think at least two thousand whites, including Californians, were on the dry diggings of the American Fork, and one thousand on the river, in different parts, washing. There can not be less than two thousand on the Yuva, the north fork of the American, and on Feather river; on all of which the washings bring the finest gold, and in great abundance, at almost every deposit in the bed of the river; and it is a fact, which only the daily ocular proof I had convinced me of, that for many miles of wild and dreary space, watered by nearly all the eastern tributaries of the Sacramento, a traveler can get off his horse in the bed of any mountain stream, where the hills on either side are of gravelly red clay, and the slate creeps out in the bed of the gully, and there, in an hour's washing, he is sure to get some gold, sometimes a vial, sometimes two, three, or ten dollars' worth. But the gold is scattered in all the hills of clay and slaty formation, and the geological features of the country, I am told by those most intimate with them, are nearly the same from Dyes' place, latitude 40°, to the Montcumenes, about latitude 37°, and from the commencement of the hills, thirty miles from the river, to the big or main range of the Snowy Mountains, about eight miles further east. Gold has been found abundant enough to attract the laziest skeptic in a large part of this district; and without any enthusiasm, which, by the way, has not formed part of my system since I came round Cape Horn to gain glory fighting Mexicans, I think the Californias—for gold is found in both—under the enterprising, gold-loving Yankees, will export from six to ten millions of gold annually in less than ten years.

"It was estimated by the most intelligent, that over two hundred thousand dollars had been taken out when I was there, three months after it was made public, and by the small, vagrant, and vagabond population of California. Three-fourths of the men I saw working in the dry diggings were either runaway sailors or soldiers, or men who had left home suddenly, and might be called a drinking, fighting, but not a working population. I will not repeat any of the hundred stories I heard of men who had found many pounds in a day, and others getting into rich spots and killing their horses, rather than risk being followed back, and bringing out arobas of gold, &c.; but on my second trip up the mines, I was riding down the main dry digging, and a teamster, who had stopped his team, and stood looking with whip in hand, at a chap busy picking at a niche or pocket in the rock, called out to me 'Just come here, captain, and look at this man picking out the gold!' I turned my horse to the spot, and, sure enough, he was picking out of the crevice in the slate, across which the water had pitched in winter to a bed some few feet below, the gold and earth in lumps, and had his left hand full, when I saw him. I mean, he was picking it out of an open hole in the rock, as fast as you can pick the kernels out of a lot of well cracked shell-barks. I have since seen the teamster in town; he is back here after his family, and for supplies, and he tells me that in less than half an hour the man got between five and six ounces of pure gold; they told me also that this was no very extraordinary picking.

"I am cut short in my description by a fair wind and the unexpected departure of Lieut. Loeser, an old, well-tried chum of mine, with dispatches. I have not time to copy these hasty sketches. I intended to complete an account of our trip, that toward the last, gave me an idea of the wild and rich plains of the Sacramento —when I saw the grisly bears within a few miles of a well traveled road, and hundreds of elk and antelopes, which, wild as they are, have not had time to get out of the way of the tide of gold hunters rolling over the plains.

"I expect to have a strange time of it here. Forts without soldiers—ordnance without men enough to guard them—towns without men—a country without government, laws, or legislators—and, what's more, no one disposed to stop to make them; and a sort of colonial territory of the United States, without even a communication with the home government for nearly two years, or with the navy for many months. The officers of the army here could have seized the large amount of funds in their hands, levied heavily on the country, and been living comfortably in New York for the last year, and not a soul at Washington, be the wiser or worse for it. Indeed such is the ease with which power can go unchecked and unpunished in this region, that it will be hard for the officers of government to resist temptation; for a salary here is certain poverty and debt, unless one makes up by the big hauls. The merest negro can make more than our present Governor, Colonel Mason, receives in toto."

At this moment, as we conclude our synopsis of these extraordinary facts, the mails of this very day bring us, from the seat of government, still more astounding accounts respecting the gold regions of California. We have no time to analyze or arrange these documents, and simply give them in the order in which they are received—believing that our readers will thus be best enabled to come to a correct conclusion.

The following are letters dated at Monterey and San Francisco, November 17th, 18th, and 20th, less than three months since:

"Our 'placer,' or gold region, now extends over 300 or 400 miles of country, embracing all the creeks and branches on the east side of the river Sacramento, and one side of the San Joaquin. In my travels I have, when resting under a tree and grazing my horse, seen a few pieces of pure gold picked up from the crevices of the rocks or slate where we were stopping. On one occasion, nooning or refreshing on the side of a stream entirely unknown to diggers or 'prospectors,' or rather, if known, not attended to, one of my companions, in rolling in the sand, said, 'Give me a tin pan; why should we not be cooking in gold sands?' He took a pan, filled it with sand, washed it out, and produced in five minutes, $2 or $3 worth of gold, merely saying, as he threw both pan and gold on the sand, 'I thought so.'

"Perhaps it is fair that your readers should learn that however plenty the Sacramento Valley may afford gold, the obtaining of it has its disadvantages. From the 1st of July to the 1st of October, more or less, one half of the people will have fever and ague, or intermittent fever, which takes them from the first day of digging until they have been one hundred miles from the 'placer' fifteen or twenty days. In the winter, it is too cold to work in the water; but from next April to the following July, one million of dollars of pure gold, or more, per month, will be produced from this gold region, without digging more than three feet deep. Some work in the sand by washing from the surface in a wooden bowl, or tin pan; some gouge it out from the rocks or slate; the more lazy ones roll about and pick up the large pieces, leaving the small gold for the next emigration.

"As you keep the run of the money market in other places than Wall-street, you must make your calculation what effect California will have on your stock and hoards of gold in the United States or elsewhere. At present, the United States receives but a small part of our 'placer.' All my correspondence to you has been light and triflingly written, but every letter, every line, facts; and now my letters contain facts that must put fiction to the blush. You may believe me, when I say that for some time to come, California will export yearly, nearly or quite a half million of ounces of gold, twenty-two to twenty-four carats fine; some pieces of that will weigh sixteen pounds, very many one pound. Many men who began last June to dig gold with a capital of $50, can now show $5000 to $15,000. I saw a man to-day, making purchases of dry goods, &c., for his family, lay on the counter a bag made of raw hide, well sewed up, containing one hundred ounces.

I observed, that is a good way to pack gold dust. He very innocently replied—'*All* the bags I brought down are that way; I like the size!' Five such bags in New York would bring near $10,000. This man left his family last August. Three months' digging and washing, producing four or five bags of 100 ounces each, is better than being mate of a vessel at $40 per month, as the man formerly was. His companion, a Mexican, who camped and worked with him, *only* had two or three cowhide bags of gold.

"In this tough, but true, golden tale, you must not imagine that all men are equally successful. There are some who have done better; even to $4000 in a month; many $1000 during the summer; and others, who refused to join a company of gold washers who had a cheap-made machine, and receive one ounce per day, that returned to the settlements with not a vest pocket full of gold. Some left with only sufficient to purchase a horse and saddle, and pay the physician six ounces of gold for one ounce of quinine, calomel and jalap in proportion. An ounce of gold for advice given, six ounces a visit, brings the fever and ague to be rather an expensive companion. A well man has his proportionate heavy expenses, also, to reduce his piles or bags of gold. Dry beef in the settlements at 4 cents per lb., at the 'placer,' $1 to $2 per lb.; salt beef and pork, $50 to $100 per bbl.; flour, $30 to $75 per barrel; coffee, sugar, and rice, 50 cents to $1 per lb. As washing is fifty cents to a dollar a garment, many prefer throwing away their used up clothes to paying the washerwoman; that is, if they intend returning to the settlements soon, where they can purchase more. As to shaving, I have never seen a man at the 'placer' who had time to perform that operation. They do not work on Sundays, only brush up the tent, blow out the emery or fine black sand from the week's work. Horses that can travel only one day, and from that to a week, are from $100 to $300. Freight-charge by launch owners for three days' run, $5 per barrel. Wagoners charge $50 to $100 per load, twenty to fifty miles, on good road. Corn, barley, peas, and beans $10 a bushel. Common pistols, any price; powder and lead very dear.

"I know a physician who, in San Francisco, purchased a common made gold washer at $20 or $30, made of 70 or 80 feet of boards. At a great expense he boated it up to the first landing on the Sacramento, and there met a wagoner bound to one of the diggings, with an empty wagon, distant about fifty miles. The wagoner would not take up the machine under $100. The doctor had to consent, and bided his time. June passed over rich in gold; all on that creek did wonders, when the wagoner fell sick, called on his friend the doctor, whose tent was in sight; the doctor came, but would not administer the first dose under the old sum of $100, which was agreed to, under a proviso that the following doses should be furnished more moderate. When a man's time is worth $100 a day to use a spade and tin pan, neither doctors or wagoners can think much of a pound of gold, and you may suppose merchants, traders, and peddlers are not slow to make their fortunes in these golden times.

"In San Francisco there is more merchandise sold now monthly, than before in a year. Vessels after vessels arrive, land their cargoes, dispose of them, and bag up the dust and lay up the vessel, as the crew are soon among the missing. The cleanest clear out is where the captain followed the crew. There are many vessels in San Francisco that can not weigh anchor, even with the assistance of three or four neighboring vessels. Supercargoes must land cargo on arriving, or have no crew to do it for them. Some vessels continue to go to sea with small crews, at $50 per month for green hands. Old hands are too wise for them, and prefer digging an ounce or two a day, and drinking hock and champaigne at half an ounce a bottle, and eating bad sea bread at $1 per pound. I have seen a captain of a vessel, who by his old contract in the port from whence he sailed, was getting $60 per month, paying his cook $75, and offering $100 per month for a steward, his former crew, even to his mates, having gone a 'prospecting.'

"Uncle Sam's ships suffer a little the same way, although they offer from $200 to $500 for the apprehension of a deserter. The Ohio, however, laid in the port of Monterey about a month, and lost only twenty or thirty men.

"Col. Stevenson's regiment is disbanded; ninety-nine out of a hundred of whom have also gone 'prospecting,' including the Colonel, who arrived in Monterey last month from his last post, and was met by his men at the edge of the town to escort and cheer him into town. The captains, &c., have bought up country carts and oxen, turned drivers, and gone to the 'placer.' Our worthy Governor, Colonel of 1st Dragoons, &c., having plenty of carts, wagons, horses, and mules, with a few regulars left, has also gone, but under better advantages, for the second or third time, to see the 'placer' and the country, and have justice done to his countrymen or himself. Commodore Jones, lately arrived in Monterey, supposed it to be the capital, headquarters, &c., but found not even the Governor left! Where headquarters are, may be uncertain—whether in Monterey, Sutter's Fort, or in a four mule wagon traveling over the gold region. Now, whether headquarters are freighted with munitions of war, &c., or whether the cargo consists of blankets, shirts, &c., to clothe the suffering Indians, for the paltry consideration of gold, no one cares or knows. But the principle should be, that if privates can or will be off making their thousands, those who are better able should not go goldless.

"In these days all should have a chance."

"U. S. ship Dale, at anchor off SAN JOSEPH,
"LOWER CALIFORNIA, NOV. 17, 1848.

"I have been waiting to write to you for some months (but the state of the country hitherto has prevented me from so doing until this moment) for the purpose of giving you the news relative to the state of affairs on this side of the continent.

"The Southampton and Lexington sailed in company with us for San Francisco—the latter is ordered to sail soon for home, and touches at the above named place for gold. On the 13th November we arrived here to wood and water, after receiving which we sail for Mazatlan, and thence to San Blas and the Sandwich Islands, expecting to be in San Francisco by Feb. 1, where we shall meet with the commodore and receive further orders. We anticipate a pleasant cruise.

"Our stay at Monterey was short, but I remained there sufficiently long to get all the news. Upper

California is, at the present time, in an extraordinary state of excitement, and every body is making a fortune 'hand over fist,' as we sailors say. The recent discovery of a gold mine, which is already ascertained to be several hundred miles in extent, inexhaustible, and the ore easily obtained at a trifling expense to the diggers, has induced nearly all the inhabitants of Monterey to leave their homes to reap the golden harvest. The rancheros have left their farms, and unless supplies are sent into the country there must be a famine. More than five thousand persons are said to be engaged digging at this time, and they daily receive large accessions of numbers. Every thing in the shape of goods and provisions commands the highest prices at the mines, payable in gold—which has been sold at the mines for five dollars per ounce, Troy weight, and in some cases for even less. At San Francisco and Monterey it sells for from ten to twelve dollars in trade. A vessel sailed a short time before our arrival at Monterey for Mazatlan, with twelve hundred pounds of this gold, which I found upon our arrival sold for over sixteen dollars per ounce, avoirdupois weight. The gentleman who owns this gold came out to this country in January, 1847, in one of the store ships chartered in Boston to bring out provisions for the squadron; he brought out with him between four and five thousand dollars' worth of goods, which he bought at auction for a venture. He located in San Francisco, and in August of the same year, he told me that with the goods he brought out and his purchase of two lots, he was worth thirty thousand dollars. Lots bought originally for fifteen dollars are now worth five or six thousand dollars; all of this took place before the discovery of the mines. This gold has been assayed and found to be twenty-three and a half carats fine—pure virgin gold. The largest piece found weighs twenty-five pounds, in one solid block; the next weighs seven pounds, and so on, down to fine black sand.

"Before I left Monterey, I saw Mr. ——, who came out to this country in the —— store-ship as purser's steward. He, with four others, went to the mines in April last, and in seventeen days, he says, the five dug out twenty thousand dollars' worth, when he was taken sick, and the co-partnership dissolved. He had fifteen thousand dollars' worth with him, and does not intend to dig any more, but to trade in goods.

"Clerks get eight dollars per day at the mines, which are distant not one hundred miles from Monterey. I will give you the prices of different articles: blankets have been sold for eighty to one hundred dollars each; shoes one dollar per number; large tin pans, three ounces of gold; sailors' sheath knives, six to eight dollars; revolvers six to eight ounces of gold; and I saw a man who paid six hundred dollars for a barrel of flour. Liquors are very scarce and command the highest prices. Shovels have sold for twenty dollars, and picks for the same. I was offered six ounces of gold for my old cloak, which cost twenty-five dollars, and has suffered six years of hard wear. All articles of clothing sell well, and there are none in market.

"A cargo of China goods realized $200,000 in one week at San Francisco.

"Some of our officers bought this gold at six, eight, and ten dollars per ounce, and on our arrival at Mazatlan on the 20th of November, sold it for sixteen dollars per ounce.

"We sail in a few days for San Blas, on our way to the islands."

"MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA, October 20th, 1848.

"The Pacific squadron has arrived at this place from Lower California, coming in from day to day, from the 4th until the 18th inst. The ships now here are the Ohio, Dale, Warren, Lexington, and Southampton. The St. Mary is expected hourly, from the United States.

"On the 23d of August last, just after a strong southeast gale, the frigate Congress got under way from her anchorage in the bay of La Paz, for home. The excitement among her officers and crew, on this occasion was very great; for she had been kept on the station without the shadow of necessity, upward of three months after she was fairly entitled, from the length of her cruise, to return to the United States. On her departure, the Congress saluted the flag and cheered ship, after which her band struck up 'Home, sweet Home!' and sad hearts were left behind. During the cheering, about three hundred hats were thrown overboard from the frigate, which act, being translated, signifies, 'we leave you our old hats, commodore, catch us again if you can!' Most of the men comprising her crew were kept in service long after their terms of enlistment had expired. Authority for so doing was derived from an act of Congress, but it is absurd to suppose that it was ever intended by our national legislators that commanders-in-chief of squadrons should unnecessarily detain seamen in the navy after their time, during peace. So doing must frequently lead to immense difficulties, and who can blame men for being discontented when a solemn compact entered into with them, by government, is grossly violated. If matters are thus conducted abroad, it will soon be found impossible to obtain seamen for our navy, at home.

"At La Paz, on the 25th of August, claims of the compromised, to the amount of five thousand dollars, were paid by order of Commodore Jones. During that, and for several succeeding evenings, *Monté Banks* were open all over the place. Shuffling of cards might be seen, and the jingling of money heard, even in courts and gardens, and, in one or two instances, in the very streets. Claims have also been paid at San José.

"On the 29th of the same month the troops and emigrants embarked, the former on board the Ohio, and the latter on board the Lexington, and La Paz was delivered up at 2, P. M., on the 31st, when the Ohio saluted the Mexican flag with twenty-one guns. This was returned by the Mexicans, with two old carronades up to sixteen guns; but at this juncture, a man's arm being blown off, they ceased saluting. The squadron sailed from La Paz on the 1st of September.

"The Lexington proceeded directly to this place, but the Southampton and Warren stopped at San José, and in a few days, the Ohio also appeared off the latter place. Here troops were taken on board the Ohio, emigrants on board the Warren and Southampton, the Mexican flag was saluted (returned this time with the full number of guns), and, on the 6th, the three ships departed.

"The commodore expressed the opinion that in consequence of the heavy surf at San José, the safety of the public ships would be endangered by taking on board the artillery, ammunition, and other army stores at that place. He therefore determined to leave them, to be sent for at some future day. On hearing this, several of his officers volunteered to get these off in safety, or forfeit their commissions. But he would not listen to them. So there they now are at the mercy of our late enemy.

"The New York volunteers have been mustered out of service, and many of them are at the 'placer.'

"Here, at San Francisco, and in fact, throughout all Upper California, *gold, gold, gold,* is the cry. Fortunes are being made, squandered, and recuperated. Every body is going to the 'placer,' is there, or has been there. Even the governor could not resist making another visit to that region, and he has now removed his head-quarters thither. Desertions from the fort and the ships, of course, occur frequently, and the master of a merchantman now in port offers *one hundred dollars a month* for seamen to carry his ship to Callao, but has been unable to ship any even at that price. Between twenty and thirty ships are lying at San Francisco, without the slightest prospect of obtaining crews.

"Commodore Jones, with a numerous suite, was to have taken his departure for the mines yesterday.—The object of his visit it is impossible to imagine. However, in consequence of the numerous desertions in the squadron, he sent a party, but remained here himself. A circular letter from the commander-in-chief to the Pacific squadron, was but recently read on the quarter-decks of all the vessels, in which he speaks of the 'placer,' as a ridiculous 'golden dream,' &c. But, immediately on arriving in Monterey, and ascertaining that, in Alta California, there is a gold deposit of about four hundred square miles, the edge of which can be reached in three or four days' travel, and that even the governor of the newly acquired territory was *amongst*, if not *among*, the *diggers*, he prepared for a journey to the land of *dreams*. It must be admitted that in this case, precept was much better than example.

"But you can form no conception of the state of affairs here. I do believe, in my soul, every body has run mad—stark, staring mad. Officers of the army have so far forgotten their dignity, as to commence a system of speculation. Upon the road to the 'placer,' wagons with the brand U. S. upon them, may be seen, traveling at a brisk rate, and surrounded by parties of gentlemen in high spirits, mounted on fine horses or strong mules, some of which are also branded as above, all taking a northward course. In these wagons are —*visible*—saddle-bags, and pots, kettles, and other camp equipage; but if one could have a close examination, he would find, nicely stowed away underneath all these, goods for barter. What I tell you is the truth, and you need not be surprised at all this, for, as I before said, every body is mad. Talk of *March hares*—nonsense!—the similitude must be changed to *Yankees in California*.

"Navy officers, with the exception of the chosen band spoken of above, are obliged to look on at all this from their floating prisons, and no ship will leave the coast until the return of this party from the arduous service upon which they are now engaged. Meanwhile men are deserting, and officers threatened with courts-martial, for allowing what it is utterly impossible to prevent: viz.—poor sailors and marines to be as much excited and carried away as the two chief functionaries out here, and most of their subordinates. It can hardly be expected that a man will work for ten or twelve dollars a month, when a certain fortune is almost within his grasp! More particularly, when he is brought up face to face with temptation; a temptation which those of superior minds to himself, he sees, pretend not to resist. If, then, this visit should be a protracted one—that is, if the exigencies of the public service should require the suite to remain long in the land of *dreams*, where they dig gold as they do potatoes at home, the Pacific squadron will, in all probability, remain on this coast longer than the commodore himself anticipated.

"If I write harshly, I write truly. What I say of classes or individuals, they deserve. Let them, when away from here, and free from the excitement under which they are now laboring, calmly and dispassionately reflect upon what they did in California, let them searchingly examine their consciences, and they will be astonished at the numerous littlenesses of which they will stand charged by their own inward convictions. 'But conscience doth *not* make cowards of them *now;*' and they *will* have GOLD! But enough of this—perhaps I shall be mad myself in a day or two.

"The Lexington (store-ship) will leave here in a few days for San Francisco, to take in *gold* (only think of that!) whence she will proceed to the Sandwich Islands, and from there to the United States *via* Valparaiso and Rio de Janeiro. What is the destination of the rest of the squadron the *land-lubbers* have not learned, but I heard a rumor that another ship would sail for home on the 1st of January, taking the route of the Lexington. I have also understood that the commodore hopes to obtain permission to return home in the Ohio, by way of the East Indies. This is all provided crews be left for the ships."

The following *official accounts* are published in the government organ:

Extract of a letter from Thomas O. Larkin, Esq. late Consul, and now Navy Agent of the United States, to the Secretary of State, dated at Monterey, November 16, 1848, and received in this city on Friday evening last.

"The digging and washing for gold continues to increase on the Sacramento 'placer,' so far as regards the number of persons engaged in the business, and the size and quantity of the metal daily obtained.

"I have had in my hands several pieces of gold, about twenty-three carats fine, weighing from one to two pounds, and have it from good authority that pieces have been found weighing sixteen pounds. Indeed, I have heard of one specimen that weighed twenty-five pounds. There are many men at the 'placer,' who in June last had not one hundred dollars, now in possession of from five to twenty thousand dollars, which they made by digging gold and trading with the Indians. Several, I believe, have made more.

"A common calico shirt, or even a silver dollar, has been taken by an Indian for gold, without regard to size; and a half to one ounce of gold—say $8 to $16—is now considered the price of a shirt, while from three to ten ounces is the price of a blanket. $100 a day, for several days in succession was and is considered a fair remuneration for the labor of a gold-digger, though few work over a month at a time, as the fatigue is very great. From July to October one half of the gold-hunters have been afflicted either with the ague and fever or the intermittent fever, and twenty days absece from the 'placer' during those months is necessary to escape the diseases. There have not, however, been many fatal cases.

"The gold is now sold, from the smallest imaginary piece in size to pieces of one pound weight, at $16 per Troy ounce for all the purposes of commerce; but those who are under the necessity of raising coin to pay duties to the government, are obliged to accept from $10 to $11 per ounce. All the coin in California is likely to be locked up in the Custom House, as the last Tariff of our Congress is in force here in regard to the receipt of money.

"Could you know the value of the California 'placer' as I know it, you would think you had been instrumental in obtaining a most splendid purchase for our country, to put no other construction on the late Treaty.

"The 'placer' is known to be two or three hundred miles long; and as discoveries are constantly being made, it may prove 1000 miles in length—in fact, it is, not counting the intermediate miles yet unexplored.—From five to ten millions of gold must be our export this and next year. How many more years this state of things will continue, I can not say."

NAVY DEPARTMENT.

Extract from letter No. 34, October 25, 1848, from Commodore Jones to the Honorable Secretary of the Navy.

"Nothing, sir, can exceed the deplorable state of things in all Upper California at this time, growing out of the maddening effects of the gold mania. I am sorry to say that even in this squadron some of the officers are a little tainted, and have manifested restlessness under moderate restrictions imperiously demanded by the exigencies of the times, as you will perceive by the inclosed paper, addressed to three of the lieutenants. I am, however, happy to say that I have not been disappointed in the good effect of the means employed to prevent desertion, and to maintain order in the squadron, as but one desertion has taken place since the *rush of eight* from this ship on the evening of the 18th instant; and that the views and opinions of the few officers who were skeptical as to the *right* and efficiency of the means employed to prevent offenses and to punish crime, have undergone a most favorable change, whereby I shall be enabled to keep on this coast until the whirlwind of anarchy and confusion confounded is superseded by the establishment of some legal government, potent enough to enforce law and to protect life and property, which at this time is in great jeopardy every where outside our bulwarks."

[No. 35.] "FLAG SHIP OHIO,
"BAY OF MONTEREY, Nov. 1.

"SIR—By Lieutenant Lanman, who left here on the 26th ult., in the ship *Izaak Walton*, for the coast of Peru, where he expected to intercept the Panama steamers, I forwarded several communications acquainting you with my movements up to that date, which I hope you will receive early, and that they may prove satisfactory.

"The inclosed extract from my last letter (No. 34) will convey the unpleasant tidings of the utter prostration of all law and order in our California possessions, brought about by the extraordinary developments of gold in this vicinity.

"I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

"THOMAS AP C. JONES.

"Commander-in-chief U. S. Naval forces, P. O

"Hon. J. Y. MASON, Secretary of the Navy."

[No. 36.]

"FLAG SHIP OHIO,
"BAY OF MONTEREY, Nov. 2, 1848.

"SIR: In my letter, No. 24, from La Paz, I recommended the retention on this coast of all cruising ships of the Pacific squadron, and pointed out how they could be kept in repair and manned without returning round Cape Horn to the Atlantic States. When that recommendation was made, I had no conception of the state of things in Upper California. For the present, and I fear for years to come, it will be impossible for the United States to maintain any naval or military establishment in California; as at present, no hope of reward nor fear of punishment is sufficient to make binding any contract between man and man in California.

"To send troops out here would be needless, for they would immediately desert. To show what chance there is for apprehending deserters, I inclose an advertisement which has been widely circulated for a fortnight, but without bringing in a single deserter. Among the deserters from the squadron are some of the best petty officers and seamen, having but few months to serve, and *large* balances due them, amounting in the aggregate to *over ten thousand dollars.*

"There is a great deficiency of coin in the country, and especially in the mines; the traders, by taking advantage of the pressing necessity of the digger, not unfrequently compelling him to sell his ounce of good gold for a silver dollar; and it has been bought, under like circumstances, for fifty cents per ounce, of Indians. To this state of dependence laboring miners are now subjected, and must be until coin is more abundant. Disease, congestive and intermittent fever, is making great havoc among the diggers, as they are almost destitute of food and raiment, and for the most part, without houses of any kind to protect them from the inclement season now at hand.

"The commerce of this coast may be said to be entirely cut off by desertion. No sooner does a merchant ship arrive in any of the ports of California, than all hands leave her; in some instances, captain, cook, and all. At this moment there are a number of merchant ships thus abandoned at San Francisco; and such will be the fate of all that subsequently arrive.

"The master of the ship 'Izaak Walton,' that brought stores for the squadron to this port, offered, without success, $50 per month to Callao, and thence $20 per month home, to *disbanded volunteers*, not seamen. We were obliged at last to supply him with four men whose terms of service were drawing to a close.* This state of things is not confined to California alone. Oregon is fast depopulating; her inhabitants pour into the gold diggings, and foreign residents and runaway sailors from the Sandwich Islands are arriving by every vessel that approaches this coast.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"THOMAS AP C. JONES,
"Commander-in Chief Pacific Squadron.

"Hon. J. Y. MASON, Secretary of the Navy."

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* "Our ships are all short of their compliments; the Ohio 145 short. We can spare no more to our merchantmen."

"WAR DEPARTMENT.

"MONTEREY (Cal.), Oct. 23, 1848.

"GENERAL—I arrived here on the 18th inst. from San Diego, and have paid the four companies of the 1st New York regiment in full, and they have all started for the gold mines. The three companies composing the command of Lieut.-col. Burton are now here, and will be mustered out to-day or to-morrow, and paid by Major Hill immediately, as the residents are extremely anxious to get rid of them; they have the place in their power. Nearly all the men of company 'F,' 3d artillery, have deserted.

"We have the Ohio, Warren, Dale, Lexington, and Southampton in port; but they *can not land a man*, as they desert as soon as they set foot on shore. The only thing the ships could do in case of an outbreak would be to fire upon the town. The volunteers at Santa Barbara, Los Angelos, &c., behaved very well—no murmuring or difficulties of any kind with them; they complained that they were not allowed traveling allowance.

"The funds from Mazatlan have at last reached here; the amount is $130,000. It arrived very opportunely, as we have expended nearly all we had. The amount is a great deal more than will be required, as there are at present but two companies in California—one of 1st dragoons, the other of 3d artillery; the latter reduced to a mere skeleton by desertion, and the former in a fair way to share the same fate. I should suppose $20,000 would be sufficient to pay the present force (provided the companies are filled up) for a year. Treasury notes are good for nothing now; bills on the United States could not be negotiated on any terms.

Gold dust can be purchased for eight or ten dollars the ounce, and it is said to be worth $18 in the United States; consequently, all remittances are made in it.

"Colonel Mason, and most of the army officers, are at Fort Sutter. Commodore Jones thinks it would be very imprudent to bring the public funds on shore, except in such sums as may be required for immediate use. He does not like to leave a ship here, on account of the difficulty of keeping the men.

"The gold fever rages as bad as ever, and the quantity collected has not diminished, but increased. Provisions, clothing, and all the necessaries of life, are at most exorbitant prices. Living was always expensive in this country, but now it passes all reason—board $4 per day, washing $5 to $6 per dozen. Merchants' clerks are receiving from $1800 to $3000 per annum salary! What the government will do for civil officers, I do not know. Salaries will have to correspond with the times. The pay of governors, judges, &c., as allowed in the United States, will hardly compare with that paid to salesmen and shop clerks here.

"I am, sir, respectfully, your obedient servant,
"WILLIAM RICH, A. P. U. A.

"Gen. N. Towson, Paymaster Gen. U. S. A.
"Washington, D. C."

We have thus collated and arranged the most reliable and authentic intelligence respecting the location and character of the Gold Regions of California, together with descriptions of the method of digging the gold, and such other particulars as we hope will prove of interest to the public. We might prolong these accounts to any extent, as almost every day brings new and more glowing accounts from the new *El Dorado* of the western world. What we have given, however, will suffice to place our readers in possession of all necessary information on the subject.

As to the effects of this immense addition to the amount of gold and circulating medium in the world, upon the prices of commodities and the general condition of trade and business, it is yet much too early to make any reliable or definite calculations. As, however, much discussion has been had on this subject, it may be well to re-state some general principles that apply to it. Money, of itself, is a mere atom compared with the whole mass of property, as only the annual national production from the gross national productive capital, and the annual exchanges of property, require the uses of circulating specie. The annual production and sales are not one-tenth of the capital or mass of property. A dollar of currency, it is supposed, conveniently manages the transfer of about thirty-five dollars worth of what is annually produced and sold. The money of a country, therefore, bears a very slight proportion to the whole mass of property (of which it is much less than a hundreth part); a fact but little understood by those who fear that the quantity of the precious metals is inadequate to be relied on as the standard by which to compare the value and effect the exchange of other commodities. This proportion between the measure, (if it may be so called), and what it measures, is always very nearly preserved; and consequently, when an addition is made to the amount of money, it affects, in nearly the same proportion, the exchangeable value of the great mass of products. Thus, if the whole productive capital of the nation were equal to one hundred millions of dollars, and the annual produce of that capital, and the annual exchanges, amounted to 7 per cent. or $7,000,000, (assumed, not as being accurate, but to state the position), to manage the transfer of this conveniently, would require in the shape of circulating specie, distributed over the nation, say $200,000, and so in proportion for a larger amount. Should this sum, however ($200,000), be doubled, it would, on the rule laid down, double the exchangeable value of the whole property ($100,000,000), provided the annual crop and sales remained at 7 per cent. on the whole. It is not at all likely, however, that all the gold obtained in California will be added to the currency of the world; but much of it will go into use in the arts, and thus not much affect the value of other commodities. It must also be borne in mind, that the ease with which it is produced there, will induce others less favorably situated to withdraw from its production elsewhere; and much of what will be produced in California will be required to make up this loss. It was clearly shown that the efforts of the most important commercial countries to substitute a paper currency for that of gold and silver, so diminished the production of the latter, that in 1836 the "poorest of the agricultural establishments, and the very worst of the manufacturing, in Peru and Mexico, were more profitable than the very best of the mining." The discovery of gold in California will have an effect similar in kind, but less in degree, on the other mining establishments in the world, and drive some of those engaged in them, into other pursuits, that will afford a better recompense for their labors. These are principles necessary to be borne in mind considering the question to be discussed.

Much light is thrown on the question by what occurred of a like character after the discovery of America.

The stock of money current in Europe at the time of the discovery of America was - -	$170,000,000
There was produced in 112 years, after allowing for wear and for what went into the arts and Asia to - - - - - - - -	$480,000,000
Leaving in the year 1600 - - - - -	$650,000,000

In 112 years the quantity of coin in Europe had therefore nearly quadrupled, the effect of which, according to Jacob, was to advance prices in Europe about four hundred and seventy per cent.

The coined money of Europe in 1700 amounted to about $1,485,000,000.

The advance in prices during this period did not exceed forty per cent. and did not keep even pace with the augmentation of the precious metals, because the industry of the world had become so much stimulated by the previous addition to the quantity of money, that the mass of commodities, and consequently of annual sales, became greatly increased, so as to require more money to circulate them.

In the year 1810, the stock of coined money in Europe, after deducting what had been used in the arts and been sent to Asia, amounted to $2,000,000,000.

But although prices advanced within the 110 years thirty per cent. it is difficult to say how much of it was due to the increase in the quantity of coin, how much to the increased power given to its circulation by improvements in commerce, and how much to the quantity of paper money and bills, which within that period of time formed part of the currency. From 1810 to the present time the quantity of coin in Europe is supposed to have diminished.

Another important element is now to be taken into view.

The activity with which commerce has been pursued, and its extension to the remote corners of the earth, extend greatly the area which is to be influenced by additions to the coin. At the time of the discovery of America, the effects were in a great degree local, and prices were affected but slightly beyond the limits of Europe. On a small population, and over only a limited area, the relations between debtor and creditor were affected intensely, and so was all property. Those who had been supported on abundant annuities, became very poor; although the annuities were nominally unchanged. Those who held land on leases for long terms, at rents fixed before America was discovered, grew rich, and the lessor had to part with his lands; and it is a curious fact that so late as 1548, after the discovery of the rich mines of Potosi, it was unknown in Europe to [illegible] great mass what it was that produced such great changes in their affairs. Bishop Latimer, in a sermon preached before King Edward VI. in 1548, attributed it to withdrawing land from cultivation, to be used for the pasturage of sheep, to forestallers, &c., and after stating the increased price of various commodities, he adds: "These things with others are so unreasonably enhanced, and I think verily, that if it thus continue, we shall at length be constrained to pay for a pigge, a pound." In thirty years that price was reached, and by a distinguished writer of 1551, was attributed to the same cause which Bishop Latimer had mentioned. It was not until the events were calmly surveyed by those who look back with abundant means at command, that the true cause became known.

The coin which was produced by the discovery of America, acted on one hundred and thirty millions of dollars, which was the quantity then in circulation. The present stock of coin of the whole world is estimated at twelve thousand millions of dollars; and if the whole quantity produced after the discovery of America up to 1810 were added (a period of upward of three hundred years), the increase would be but about one sixth on the present stock—an increase which would be counterbalanced by the additions likely to be made to the great mass of productions in the world, from the extension going on in its industry and population, by which a larger amount of coin than now used will be required.

It is a law about money, that it goes where it is of most value; that is to say, where prices are comparatively low—a law which in the present state of commerce, tends to equalize prices every where. That law is now operating in California, whither commerce proceeds, to buy gold dust at $10 per ounce. This illustrates the impossibility of having the gold from that region, act on the prices of only a single section elsewhere; and is some proof of the position that the question now being considered, is to be examined as to the influence the gold now discovered will have on the whole stock of precious metals, and not on that part of it merely, which we have in this country.

Although gold coin is not a legal tender for debts in several countries, yet the relative value of gold and silver in the principal trading places of the world is nearly the same, that is to say, about fifteen to one, a proportion not likely to be affected much by events occurring in our newly acquired territories.

The immense quantity of the precious metals in the world, the extensive surface over which they are spread, their great durability, the various uses to which they are applied, and with increasing luxury are becoming applied, prevent the increase at California from operating to the extent which has been by many supposed, or to any great extent.

This matter needs to be examined carefully, however, with reference to the coinage. The quantity of gold obtained from the Ural Mountains (which divide Russia in Europe from Russia in Asia), has lately been immense, and it is supposed that the annual production from the whole Russian empire amounts to nearly forty thousand Russian pounds per annum. A single lump found on the 7th November, 1842, weighed eighty-seven Russian pounds. The Auriferous Zone, as it is called, extends with occasional interruptions, between the fiftieth and sixtieth degrees North latitude, over a line "which is one half longer than the greatest breadth of Africa." Whether the production of the gold is so much greater than that of silver, as to disturb the relative proportions between them, depends on facts not sufficiently within my knowledge.

In 1718, in pursuance of the advice of Sir Isaac Newton, the value of the guinea was reduced a fraction, but it has been supposed that gold has been overvalued in their mint regulations. The sagacious men connected with our mint will undoubtedly keep this matter in view, and recommend such regulations of the coinage, as will keep in circulation a proper proportion both of silver and gold.

To recur, however, to the question, what effect the discovery of gold in California will have on prices, it is to be remembered, in addition to the views above presented, that we have in operation in the United States, a system of public finance, which is constantly operating to prevent a sudden inflation of the paper currency, such as the new discovery of gold would have suggested under the old system, and that to its restraining influence we may probably be indebted for keeping prices free from any great and unwise change of a local character; and this prevented, the great diffusion of the metal likely to take place, and the small proportion which it will bear to the entire stock of coin, will produce no greater effect on prices, than does one of our rivers upon the tides of the ocean.

We will now present our readers with the best information and directions for going to California, and a synopsis of the various routes. First, of course, in order, as in importance, is the direct government mail route, *via* Chagres and across the Isthmus to Panama; thence to San Francisco, by the line of steamers already alluded to. The distance by this route from New York to San Francisco is about 5500 miles, and may be performed in from thirty to thirty-five days. The prices of passage are as follows:—

From New York to Chagres, by steamer	$150
" Chagres to Panama, across the Isthmus . . .	20
" Panama to San Francisco, by steam	250

In a second cabin the passage is about two-thirds the above rates; and in sailing vessels about one half. Passengers in the second cabin are furnished bedding, but not wines and liquors, and will be allowed space for personal baggage, free, to the extent of 300 pounds weight. Freight on all amounts above this, as well as on goods and merchandize, $50 per ton, and 1 per cent. on specie. Packages ought not to be made over 150 pounds weight, for convenience of mule carriage.

The passage across the Isthmus from Chagres to Panama is now made by water forty miles, in canoes, and twenty miles by mules, and occupies, on the average, two days. Chagres is a miserable, sickly mud village, inhabited altogether by negroes, Indians, and cross-breeds, and should be got away from as quickly as possible. It is generally practicable, and is by far the best way, to step on board a canoe from the ship, and not to touch at Chagres at all. Panama is a city of some six or eight thousand inhabitants, and tolerable board may be had for about four dollars a day. Many stories have been circulated as to the immense crowds of people waiting at Panama for passage to San Francisco; but our latest and most authentic accounts from there make no mention of such a state of things. The whole number of persons who have left, or are about to leave this country for California, has been ascertained to be less than four thousand. Of these, at least one thousand will go by other routes, and another thousand have already passed Panama, or are already at San Francisco. There are always two or three hundred sail of vessels in the Pacific; and we do not believe that any fears need be entertained of getting a speedy and reasonably cheap passage from either Panama, Mazatlan, Acapulco, or any other of the Pacific ports.

In a short time we shall see the commencement of the railroad across the Isthmus, to connect the two oceans. The contract between the New-Granadian Government and the "Panama Railroad Company"—communicated to the Senate at Washington on the 19th December, and then ordered to be translated and printed—has been given to the public. The contracting parties are, the Government of New Granada, and our fellow-citizens, Messrs. Aspinwall, Stephens, and Chauncey—the former agreement with a French company having been forfeited by their non-fulfillment of the conditions. In the assignment to this new company some additional stipulations are introduced, and the privilege granted to the French company is restricted by the reduction of the term from ninety-nine to *forty-nine years*, and by Messrs. Aspinwall, Stephens, and Chauncey conceding to the Government of New Granada the right to purchase the road, for its own benefit, at the end of twenty years from its completion, for the sum of $5,000,000; at the end of thirty years for $4,000,000; and at the end of forty years for the sum of $2,000,000; at the end of forty-nine years the road becomes the property of the New Granadian Government, they paying any excess of value over 25,000,000 francs—the company, however, after this redemption of the privilege, *to remain in possession of the lands* which may be ceded to it, gratuitously and perpetually, in accordance with the provisions of the 12th article of the original (French) contract, by which the Republic grants to the company, "gratuitously and in perpetual possession, 100,000 *fanegadas* (something more than an acre) of vacant land in the provinces of Panama and Veraguas; which grant may be increased to 150,000, if such extent be found disposable in these two provinces." The company shall have liberty to select their land, with the stipulation that wheresoever they may be selected on the line of the road or its vicinity, intervals shall be left in which the Government of the Republic may make concessions or sales of land for other establishments, such as it may choose to form on, or in the vicinity of the line of road. The hundred or hundred and fifty thousand fanegadas are to be used for encampments for workmen, fields for cultivation, for pasturage, or for obtaining timber, &c., and for any establishment to facilitate the operations of the company.

There is also an agreement that the company, if they so choose, may be assigned one-half of the amount of land in the territories of Bocas del Toro and Darien, under the conditions which the Executive power may establish; and if they shall not accept such conditions, the right is preserved, as before, in the continental part of the provinces of Panama and Veraguas.

When this railroad is once completed, it will doubtless render this Isthmus one of the most frequented thoroughfares in the world. That the railroad will be built, we have no doubt. The recent debates in the United States Senate on the petition of the undertakers of the enterprise, had nothing to do with the question as to whether they should be allowed to build it or not—that permission it is not in the power of the United States government to give, as the territory belongs to New Granada, from the government of which republic Messrs. Aspinwall and Co. have already obtained the grant. What they petitioned the United States government for, was a contract by which the transportation of the United States mails, government supplies,

&c., across the Isthmus, was to be granted to them exclusively for a term of years, at a certain price. Whether the United States government give them this contract or not, the railroad will be built.

The best surveys of the river Chagres all agree that it is navigable for steamboats of from 400 to 500 tons burden, up as far as where the river Trinidad joins it. The following is the report made by Mr. Wheelwright, the well known actuary of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, who explored this Isthmus in 1840, with a view to ascertain the best route for either a better road or a railroad:—

"I commenced by sounding the Chagres bar, where I found fourteen feet of water; but as the rains had set in, I ascertained that the river was swollen eighteen inches, reducing the usual depth to twelve and a half feet; from thence I proceeded up the river, sounding in from two and a half to three and a half fathoms, until I reached the junction of the Trinidad, where there were three to four fathoms, and the bank of the river so bold as to admit of vessels discharging with as much facility as at a wharf. A little above the junction the water shoaled to seven and eight feet. The fork of the two rivers is healthy, and the location favorable and secure for landing and depositing goods: passengers may reach Panama from this point in twenty-four hours, the water carriage to Gorgona being twenty-five miles; from thence mules are taken to Panama, a ride of from five to ten hours, varying according to the season; but a road could be made to transport passengers in about five or six hours from the steamers of the Pacific to those of the Atlantic, and loaded mules could traverse it in ten or twelve hours."

His idea was to construct a breakwater in the bay of Limon, on the Atlantic side, as is laid down in the map; then a canal from Limon to the river Chagres; thence up the river, the steamboats would go to the junction of the Trinidad, whence, as per his observations, the country to the Pacific Ocean is a plain level, and quite practicable for either a railroad or canal. The object of entering Limon Bay, instead of Chagres, on the Atlantic, is to avoid the unhealthy climate of the latter place. What route will be adopted by Messrs. Aspinwall and Company we know not; but as they have fully surveyed the ground, they will, no doubt, be well prepared to avail themselves of all the advantages of level country that they can find. As there is such a tide of emigration setting in across the Isthmus nowadays, no doubt the facilities for crossing at present are much greater then what they were a few months ago; and as it becomes known on the Pacific, no doubt many vessels will congregate at Panama, to take the adventurers on their journey to San Francisco. One word of advice, however, to all going that way—stay not in Chagres a minute longer than you can help; be moderate in all things; avoid unnecessary exposure to the tropical sun, and beware of the night air. Though Panama is as healthy as most tropical climates, still those just arrived from the north must take much care of themselves, if they wish to avoid fevers.

Practical Directions to Persons about to cross the Isthmus of Panama.

1. Ascertain from the Consul of New Granada, in this city, whether a passport be necessary. About three years ago, the Granadian government issued a

circular to all its agents abroad, stating that such a document was indispensable to a foreigner wishing to land in the republic.

2. Upon your arrival at Chagres, take your baggage at once to the custom-house, where you will experience but little delay. Then hurry out of the village, which is pestilential. Hire your canoe, which, for expedition, ought to be of small size. This is called a "piragua," is about 25 feet long, and navigated by a steersman and two rowers. The cost of the boat-hire, and men to Cruces ought not to exceed $12, unless, indeed, an increased traffic may have had the effect of raising the prices.

3. Before leaving the vessel in which you arrive at Chagres, get the steward to provide for you a basket of provisions, sufficient for two or three days—such as cold fowls or other poultry, hard boiled eggs, fresh meat, bread, a little tea, sugar, salt, &c. Milk may be procured at the huts on the river. Take with you an "Etna," or machine for boiling water, a tin cup, a knife and fork—in fact bear in mind that you are to be wholly dependent upon your own resources.

4. Avoid spirituous liquors and salted meats. A few glasses of good wine, to those who have been in the habit of using it, can do no harm.

5. I would recommend every one to take from two to four grains of sulphate of quinine, the first thing in the morning, in a glass of wine, while on the river. Should you be detained in Panama, take a similar dose once or twice a week. This is the advice of the most eminent physicians in England.

6. Do not sleep out of your boat, unless you happen to reach a settlement at night: bear the heat; bear the

musquitoes; do any thing rather than expose yourself to the night air, which is the source of every illness in that country.

7. There are two places on the river Chagres, from whence a road leads to Panama. Gorgona is the first at which you will arrive. Cruces is about five miles higher up. Your boatmen will probably try to induce you to disembark at the former place; do not be persuaded to do so. It is further from Panama; the road is worse; the beasts are worse and dearer; make them take you to Cruces.

8. Take special care that your baggage be reduced into its smallest possible compass. A mule load consists of two trunks, one on each side of the animal, and you can put a bag or gun case between the two. The whole weight of the cargo must not exceed 230 lbs. Do not take large chests; they have to be placed crossways on the mule, cost double, and from the narrowness of the path stand a fair chance of being knocked to pieces against the rocky sides.

9. The riding mules will be hired to you with saddle and bridle, and the cargo beasts with their packs; so that you need not provide yourself with either. The proper price is $4 50 for the one, and $4 for the latter: resist giving more.

10. There is but one hotel in Panama; the accommodation it affords is wretched, and ruinously dear, the first charge being $4 a day; there are however many families who receive lodgers for $2 per diem, or even less; these you will find out by inquiry of any rerespectable foreign resident, of whom there are several. Do not attempt to camp out, or live under tents; they have no idea of the climate who suggest such a pro-

ceeding. Even during the months of January, February, and March, which are dry and comparatively pleasant, the attempt would amount to madness.

11. The Patriot doubloon is worth at least $19 in Panama; do not take less for it; the integral parts of the coin, of course, are valuable in the same proportion.

12. Bear in mind these general rules: Avoid the sun; keep within the house during the day; eschew fruits, even when ripe; oranges in moderation may be excepted. Do not touch the oysters; they are very tempting, but from an intermixture of copper, are almost certain to produce colic. Wear flannel next to the skin, by day and night. Be civil and courteous to the natives, and they will do any thing for you.

These suggestions are offered by one who has twice crossed the Isthmus of Panama. Their only object is the benefit of the hundreds who will probably undertake the passage before accurate information respecting the climate and the customs of the country can be made general. Should any person feel desirous of knowing whence they emanate, the editor is enabled to satisfy him.

Another route to California is from New York to Vera Cruz, and across to Mazatlan or Acapulco on the Pacific.

From Vera Cruz via Mexico the transit occupies about ten days, at a cost of $75. The portion of the journey between the city of Mexico and Acapulco is performed on horseback. From Acapulco, where the American mail steamers are to stop, excepting the first one, the passage is $125, and the distance about 2000 miles. The cost, therefore, by this route would be $280, and the time occupied about forty days. If the passage from New York to Vera Cruz was made in a steamer, the time would be reduced to thirty or thirty-two days. Another route still, and one which presents some advantages, is to go from the city of Mexico to Mazatlan on the Pacific via Guadalaxara. The journey from the last-named place would be made on horseback, and the whole journey from Vera Cruz to Mazatlan performed in about twenty days, at a cost of about $125. When at Mazatlan the traveler is 2000 miles north of Panama. The cost of passage by the mail steamers from Mazatlan to San Francisco is $75. Mazatlan is a place of large business, and there are almost always vessels there by which passage can be obtained up the coast. The cost by this route to San Francisco would be $275, and the time occupied forty-five days. In companies of ten or twelve Americans there would be no danger of robbery in traveling either of the above-named routes.

Some parties are preparing to go to California via Austin, Texas, and others across the Plains from Independence to Santa Fé; but these routes are long ana dangerous.

Persons going via Panama should take as little baggage as possible. By taking passage in the forward cabins of the steamers, and messing with the crew, the passage can be made by this route for about $200, and there is no cheaper or more expeditious way of getting to California. It is very doubtful if it be good policy to take out goods for sale, excepting for those who intend to establish themselves regularly in business. A temporary scarcity of goods had produced very high prices at the date of the last accounts, but before any adventurers from the United States could reach California, there would undoubtedly large shipments arrive from Valparaiso and other ports nearer at hand; and we know of cargoes on their way from various ports, enough to supply the territory, should the population have increased tenfold within six months.

The California and the Panama steamers of the 5th January and 15th February, from Panama, are full of passengers, and a large number of applications have been made for passage in the Oregon, to sail March 1. All these boats are on their way round Cape Horn.

The steamers Crescent City, Isthmus, and Orus, are advertised for Chagres, and are nearly all full.* The Orus is intended to navigate Chagres river. Besides, there are some forty-five or fifty vessels, of all sizes, up for Chagres or San Francisco direct.

The Houston Telegraph publishes the following account respecting still another route to California:—

"Several gentlemen arrived in town a few days since, on their way to California, by the route from Houston to Chihuahua, and thence to the Sacramento valley. One of these gentlemen traveled from Missouri to Chihuahua last year by the Santa Fé route; and from the information he obtained in the former city respecting the route through Texas, he is so firmly convinced that the latter route is preferable to that by Santa Fé, that he had concluded with his companions to proceed immediately by this route to the far-famed El Dorado of the Pacific. It appears from the statements of this gentleman, and the observations of Dr. Conolly, of Chihuahua, who accompanied the expedition from Chihuahua, through Texas to Red river, in 1840, and also by the report of Col. Hays, that there is a good wagon road from the Colorado, by the head of the San Saba to the Rio Grande, above the Presidio del Norte. The main wagon road from Santa Fé to Chihuahua by El Paso, crosses the Rio Grande forty miles below the latter town, and about one hundred miles above the Presidio del Norte. There is another road leading from El Paso to Chihuahua, which crosses the river opposite to El Paso, and unites with the lower road at Lake Patos. The distance from the Rio Grande, where the lower road crosses the river to Chihuahua, is about 300 miles. It appears from the report of Col. Hays, that the distance from the San Saba to the Rio Grande, where this road crosses the river, is about 200 miles. The distance from Houston to the San Saba is about 200 miles, and the road is practicable, at all seasons, for wagons.

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* The Crescent City has since sailed with 505 passengers.

"The California emigrant, therefore, by taking the route from Houston to Chihuahua, has a distance of but 700 or 750 miles to travel, on a good wagon road, to reach Chihuahua. While on the Santa Fé route, the distance from the nearest navigable point on the Missouri to Santa Fé, according to Dr. Greg, who traveled this route six times, is 770 miles. The distance from Santa Fé to Chihuahua is 440 miles, making the entire distance by land, from Independence, in Missouri, to Chihuahua, 1210 miles; full 400 miles further than the route from Houston to Chihuahua. There is also this advantage that the route from Houston possesses—it is entirely free from snow and ice one or two months before the Santa Fé trace is open; and emigrants by this route can find an abundance of pasturage, while the Santa Fé road is buried one or two feet deep in snow. The road from Chihuahua to California also possesses this advantage—it is so far to the south that it can be traversed in winter, and it has been the thoroughfare of Mexican and Spanish caravans for half a century. The whole road has been explored, and all the stopping-places are as well known as those on the great road from Chihuahua to Mexico. Col. Washington, with his light artillery, and the baggage wagons, containing military stores, provisions, etc., for the large detachment of troops under his command, has taken this route in preference to any other that has yet been explored through Fremont's Basin, and across the Sierra Nevada. The route by Chagres is preferred by heavy capitalists and merchants, because they can reach their destination in a few weeks. The cost of transportation over the Isthmus of Panama, and the exorbitant charges on the Gulf steamboats and the Pacific packets are so immense, that few emigrants can afford to travel by the Panama or Chagres route. In view of these facts, we would recommend to all emigrants who are desirous to travel to California, not to wait until the Santa Fé route is open, but to imitate the enterprising emigrants who are about to start from this city, and commence their journey at once. The route is explored, and proved to be entirely practicable for wagons; and the gallant Col. Washington, by taking this route with an army of near 800 troops, has furnished positive evidence that it is the best that has been discovered by the exploring parties that have acted under the orders of the general government."

To those who go to California by either of the land routes, we would recommend the following caution, from the journal of Lieut. Morrison, of the New York Regiment of Volunteers:—"I hope that those who intend to emigrate by land here, will be careful that they are not overtaken by storms, or snows, or want of provisions, on their toilsome journey across the Rocky Mountains. I have seen those who started from the borders of the Missouri hale and stalwart men, hobble down into the plains of California crippled for life. I have seen brothers who, in the madness of hunger, have fought for the last bit of their father's dead body, having shared the rest at previous meals! having been encompassed by snow on the tops of those dreadful mountains. Maidens who left their homes rejoicing in the pride of youth and beauty, in joyous anticipation from this far-off land, by the horrors and sufferings of that fearful journey despoiled of their loveliness and bloom, withered into premature old age."

In regard to the agricultural character and capacities of California, we are inclined to think that the speculations of Mr. Foster, in a work recently published, are worthy of consideration: "Recent careful investigations have led us to entertain the belief that the great secret of agricultural success in both the Californias, will be found to be IRRIGATION; and that as this process becomes more and more known, under the investigative practice of the American race, the most astonishing results will be produced. We have only to cast our eyes upon the climate and agriculture of Egypt to become satisfied that rain is not the only agent for nourishing and fructifying the soil. It is true that we have not as yet sufficient data to speak with certainty of the regular annual overflow of the Sacramento, the San Joachim, the Gila, and the Colorado. But all accounts agree in vaguely stating that there is every year something which resembles a general flood or deluge of those regions; and we scarcely entertain a doubt, that when these vast and important phenomena become subjected to regular scientific research, the most gratifying results will be educed. Besides these large rivers, and a multitude of smaller streams, with which the country is interlaced, there are annual rains, whose waters, in a few years, will unquestionably be collected in immense reservoirs among the hills and mountains, and let out at need to refresh the soil, and give juice and strength to plants, grains, fruits, and vegetables during the dry season. The traveler who visits California half a century hence, will doubtless find its surface thickly dotted with villages, farms, and vineyards, each provided with its reservoir of water, for the purpose of constant irrigation, and yielding in Eden-like abundance all the luscious and delicate products of the temperate and equatorial zones. Here, too, commerce will erect some of her most wealthy and magnificent marts; and the communication by railroad having been completed over the Isthmus, the whole trade of China, East India and the Spice Islands, arrested at San Francisco, San Diego, and Monterey and Panama, will be poured into the American cities on the Gulf and the Atlantic.

"One word as to the health of the Californias, and we have done. No one who has ever investigated the subject at all, requires to be told that the whole Pacific coast, west of the Rocky Mountains, is the healthiest part of the globe, and that climatic and epidemic diseases are unknown there. But a few persons, who have been all their lives accustomed to connect the idea of yellow fever with every thing South, ought to be told that there never was a case of yellow fever, or fever and ague, or any similar disease, known west of the Rocky Mountains, and that the Californias are at least as healthy as New England, while that dreadful scourge, the consumption, is unknown in our new southern possessions.

"If modern and well-approved theories be correct, there is little doubt that civilization will carry to these regions some of her own diseases, which are punishments for the corruptions and crimes it is destined to bear forever about with it until it shall have become purified. With our magnificent cities, plantations, schools, colleges, manufactories, newspapers, and mechanics' shops, will doubtless go lawyers and licentiousness, prostitution and petty larceny, small-pox and the venereal, rheumatism and intemperance, and the whole horrid train of civilized vices and diseases. But we are an ardent and hopeful believer in the progressive destiny of humanity; and we trust that ere the new and gigantic empire about to spring up upon the golden slopes of the Pacific shall have become adolescent, intelligence and a virtuous social development will have so kept pace with its puberty, as to rescue it from many of the worst horrors of our decrepit state—or, at least, to impose them in a greatly modified and milder form."

The same writer, in another place, speaks as follows:—"The immense and unexplored wilderness of the southwest—abounding, as it would seem, not only in agricultural advantages, but possessed of incalculable and inexhaustible mineral wealth—will now, under the vigorous rule of the Anglo-American, find all its resources developed, and its surface inhabited by a powerful and enterprising race, instead of wasting away century after century beneath the feeble sway of the decrepit Mexican or the vagabond Indian. Already are swarms of adventurous Yankees turning their eyes in the direction of these new possessions, and already are the wild tracks and unknown passes of the Rocky Mountains and their contiguous wildernesses familiar to the every where penetrating foot of the hardy pioneer.

"The recent reports concerning the discovery of immense regions where gold—bright, glittering gold, the first, last and only friend of man in these slippery, selfish days—can be gathered in handfuls, and brought away in bags and baskets, with no more machinery and labor than shovel-work and a tin pan, must add immense force and activity to the already rapid emigration. A few years will scarcely have glided imperceptibly away, ere the valleys of California will be covered with smiling and luxurious farms, while its streams and harbors will be crowned with vigorous and thriving cities. Already in a remote spot in the valley of the Sacramento—sprung up, as if by magic, at the mere sound of that seductive syllable, *Gold*—last midsummer saw a busy, bustling village of four thousand people, where six months before, perhaps, the foot of civilized man had never trod.

"Such tales appear like the recital of dreams to the staid, easy-going, sober-paced inhabitants of the old world; but we, who have watched and participated in the well-nigh miraculous growth and progress of other portions of our country, are not compelled to tax our credulity to believe these wonderful stories. We know well that our whole history, our rise and progress from wilderness to empire and greatness, is a miracle compared with the slow growth and painful development of other times and other nations. Placed by Providence on an immense continent, hitherto unknown of man, the Anglo-Saxon race has since performed but its inevitable destiny—its powers and ambition expanding in proportion to the greatness of the theater upon which it was called to act. Thus a little over half a century has witnessed here a series of the most extraordinary movements and problems in civilization that have ever been presented in the life of the world.

"Whether the glowing accounts respecting the newly discovered gold region in California, which have from time to time reached this country within the last few months, be true or not, one great and inestimable benefit, at least, will spring from the increased impetus thus given to southwestern emigration. The most fearful danger of all thickly-settled regions, in these days, is the probability of an excess of population over the means of procuring subsistence by labor. In Europe this danger is imminent and pressing, and is hourly overthrowing or threatening to destroy governments consolidated by centuries, and supposed to be impregnable to all assaults from their subjects. Powerful as is tradition, and implacable as is the mingled awe and fear for their sovereigns engendered in the breasts of slaves, yet there is one circumstance before which scepters become as straws, and thrones totter and fall as if built on quicksand. Hunger is the true governor of kings, the conqueror of emperors, and the slayer of tyranny, throughout the world. In our own country, although we have no such hereditary nightmares as kings and aristocracies to struggle against, yet we have evils, and portentous ones, too, toward which the eyes and thoughts of sages, statesmen, and philosophers are becoming more and more anxiously directed. To the shrewdly-observing, it is evident enough that every thing here is powerfully, though, perhaps, not very rapidly, tending to a consolidated and omnipotent financial feudalism, beneath whose iron sway the sinews of labor would be bound irrevocably, and the heart of the great mass of laboring men paralyzed before the irresistible power of accumulated capital and landed proprietorship. Every successful speculation in Wall-street is a step—perhaps sometimes imperceptible, yet surely a step—toward monopolizing the capital of the country in the hands of a few financiers; and every time a small farmer or landed owner dares to set his hand and seal to a mortgage, he increases the constantly-increasing current of land monopoly, which, unless checked in time, will swallow up the independence and the very life of our hardy yeomanry.

"The present remedy for all this is emigration, which keeps labor scarce, and renders the possessor of a stout heart and a good pair of arms his own independent master, so long as health is spared him. The immense extent of uncultivated yet fertile wilderness which lies in a broad belt all round our western and southwestern frontier, constantly draws off the surplus of healthy, hardy American labor, and leaves only the foreigners and the sick and feeble to suffer in our large cities. We therefore rejoice in every fresh stimulus given to emigration; trusting to the spread of intelligence, and education of the race, always rapidly progressing in these respects, to provide for and protect themselves against the dangers of the future.

"Whether the gold mines of California—for that there are gold mines there, no one can doubt, after perusing the evidences which we have laid before him—are destined to add much to the actual wealth of the world, or whether the cost of procuring and purifying it will absorb all the technical value of the yellow metal, does not, of course, belong to us to prophesy about. But of one thing every person who reads these pages may be certain—there is plenty of gold in California, and to be had, too, merely for the digging. A plow, a yoke of oxen, and a ready will, with a reasonable knowledge of the modern discoveries in agricultural chemistry, are sufficient to insure any young or middle-aged man who goes to California, a golden and peaceful competency for his old age, and a handsome legacy for his children. Wheat, corn, and every product which a fertile soil yields to the soliciting hand and care of man, are produced in abundance in the plains and valleys of California; and the crowds who, tempted by the glorious promises of gold-hunting, will go there, will at once establish a large and wealthy market for every thing the farmer can produce. With flour at fifty dollars per barrel, and every thing else eatable in proportion, we are not so sure that—even taking for granted all that has been said about the plenteousness of gold—raising grain and potatoes would not be quite as profitable a business as washing for gold. At all events both occupations will go hand in hand; and the more gold that is found, the more extensive will be the emigration, and the more ready and accessible the market for agricultural products.

"The new rush to the California gold mine will also afford a wider demand for the skill and industry of our mechanics, many of whom, in the Atlantic cities, are cooped up in noisome cellars and suffocating garrets, out of work half the year, and obliged to support a wife and children on less than enough to comfortably feed and clothe a single person. What will our desponding and sick-at-heart mechanics think when they shall learn, that any sort of a mechanic whose trade is useful there, commands readily ten and fifteen dollars a day; and that in an entire settlement, employing over four thousand persons, there were, but a little while ago, only two mechanics—a blacksmith and a carpenter? What a blessedness it would be to a score or two of our blacksmiths, wheelwrights, carpenters, builders, shoemakers, hatters, tailors, etc., etc., if they could be suddenly transported to the midst of this new El Dorado! It would indeed be a region of gold to them, for they could realize enough from their industry in a single year to set them up comfortably and respectably, and render the remainder of life's journey comparatively easy to themselves, their wives, and children.

"Without, therefore, lending the sanction of our unqualified indorsement to the dazzling stories told of the abundance of the precious metal in our new possessions of California, we do recommend, confidently, that all able-bodied young men and mechanics, with or without families, who find life a hopeless lapse of struggle in ill-requited toil in the eastern cities, should, if possible, emigrate to California. We know how easy it is to say, 'emigrate to California,' and how difficult is the task of a poor man either going or staying any where. Yet there are means whereby even the poor and the destitute become to a certain extent provided for, and the weak and helpless are enabled to make themselves strong. Yet, let fifty poor families, or a hundred young men, associate themselves together, bending all their united thoughts and energies, and combining all their resources, to the one absorbing purpose of going to California—what should prevent them? Such a company could charter a vessel, and engage a faithful and experienced officer, on their own account; put their gridirons and cradles, their tools and implements, and every thing useful that could be scraped together, on board, and start boldly for San Francisco. If they had not quite money enough to charter the ship, it would be easy to get some merchant or trader to take the balance, in the present demand for goods in California; or if that could not be done, there is many a gallant vessel at our wharves, whose masters or owners would themselves contribute to such a project, and trust luck and the honesty of grateful hearts for their pay. All that is wanting to set afloat and carry out successfully a dozen such expeditions as this, is a good deal of energy, perseverance, and forbearance.

"Meanwhile, companies are forming in all directions, under the leadership of shrewd and energetic men, and, as private speculations, deserve to be encouraged by all young men who have nerve and heart enough to break from the enfeebling conventionalities of a corrupt and corrupting civilization, and carve out for themselves a name and a fortune. Several of these companies are already rapidly filling up in New York and the other Atlantic cities; and there is little doubt that one year will see ten or fifteen thousand hardy and adventurous Americans in the heart of California, ready to dig gold, hoe corn, fight the Indians, or teach school, as the emergencies of the case may require."

We have little more to add, except to state the present position and action of our government in respect to California. In the Senate, Mr. Breese, of Illinois, has introduced the following bill, which is now under discussion:—

SEC. 1.—Provides (as amended, or as proposed to be amended, by the committee) for the appointment of a surveyor-general, or registrar of lands, and a receiver of public moneys, who shall act conjointly as a board of commissioners, to adjudicate land claims within the territories of California and New Mexico. Provides also that the salary of each of these three officers shall be $3000 per annum, and that they shall locate their offices at the discretion of the President.

SEC. 2.—Provides for the appointment of a secretary to the board, at $2000 per annum.

SEC. 3.—Specifies the duties of the board, and says that their last session shall terminate on the 30th September, 1851, when the secretary shall forward the records of their labors to the Secretary of the Treasury.

SEC. 4.—Defines the manner in which land claimants under the Mexican as well as under the United States government, are to lay their cases before the board—specifies charges, and directs conflicting Spanish and

Mexican claims to be reported to the Secretary of the Treasury.

SEC. 5.—Commissioners empowered to call and examine witnesses, impose fines and imprisonments, and to have access to all necessary papers, for a full investigation of claims; the board to decide no cases exceeding one thousand acres; larger claims to be reported to the Treasury Department for the action of Congress; witnesses to have one dollar per day for attendance at the board, and one dollar for every twenty miles travel, to be paid by the party summoning them.

SEC. 6.—Specifies the forms in which the reports of the board are to be rendered in to the Secretary of the Treasury.

SEC. 7.—Free white male and female citizens, who shall cultivate for three years a tract of land, shall be entitled to a grant of 160 acres; no such grant to be made to persons possessing other lands in the territory, and no grants of this sort to be made of the mineral lands.

SEC. 8.—Provides for grants of 160 acres to free white males and females of the United States, settling in these territories before the year 1851; grants of land of 80 acres to children born in said territories, or resident there before 1851; free white males to cultivate their tract three years, to secure a patent; grants to be limited to citizens of the United States, and not to be made from the mineral lands.

SEC. 9 to 13.—Explain certain forms of law to be pursued by grantees in securing their lands to themselves or their heirs or legal representatives, and further define exceptions to be observed in the selection of the lands subject to donation.

SEC. 14.—Provides for the survey of the mineral lands of said territories, and the location of existing private claims.

SEC. 15 and 16.—Relate further to the surveys of the lands, rules to be observed in the work, and authorize the mineral region, after its survey, to be offered for sale in lots, in regular order, etc.

SEC. 17.—Provides for a geologist and assistants.

SEC. 18.—Provides for the subsistence of the employees under this act, in California.

SEC. 19.—Appropriates for the current year, and for the fiscal year ending 30th June, 1850—

For compensation of surveyor-general, register, receiver, geologist and assistants, secretary, clerks, packers, laborers, &c.	$40,000
For surveying public lands and private claims in California and New Mexico	40,000
Contingent expenses	10,000
Total	$90,000

The views of Mr. Benton, from his great experience as a statesman, and the time and labor he has devoted to every thing connected with our Pacific territory, as they were expressed in his remarks upon the above bill, are well worth transcribing; and with a short synopsis of them we bring our sketch of affairs in California to a close:—

Mr. Benton spoke for three hours in opposition to the bill. His first objection was that the bill proposed one land system for California and New Mexico, two territories, the inhabited parts of which are widely separated from each other—the one having a string of settlements on the Rio Grande, the other a string of settlements on the Pacific, with vast ranges of mountains, and a wilderness of a thousand miles lying between them, which can only be traversed by companies of men militarily, so as to be able to repel the savages liable to attack them at any moment. And yet the bill proposes but one land-office, to be established at San Francisco or Monterey, on the Pacific, thus reducing the people of New Mexico to hardships which it would be impossible for them to accomplish or to undertake. The people of New Mexico will thus certainly be cut off from all the benefits of the bill, if its provisions are to be called benefits. He had another objection to including New Mexico in this bill. The boundary line was not yet settled; and very properly the bill said nothing about it. When that question of boundary comes up it will be large enough for our exclusive attention. But where the boundary was undefined, the Secretary of the Treasury might define the boundary for us; for it would be his duty to make his instructions explicit. This is why I desire to instruct the committee to provide now for California alone, leaving New Mexico to come in at another time. There are no public lands in New Mexico. The country has been settled for 250 years, and all the available lands are occupied. Not so with California. There are public lands there to be disposed of. I shall now undertake to show that the *projet* of this bill is in violation of the laws of nations, in violation of the treaty with Mexico, and in violation of decisions of the Supreme Court, and that the scheme of the bill is unjust in itself, and would work out the confiscation of the whole landed property in New Mexico and California. Mr. Benton read the section of the bill providing for the board to adjudicate all the land claims of every character in New Mexico and California; the decisions of the board limited to tracts of a thousand acres; larger amounts to be referred to the Secretary of the Treasury. This provision, he argued, was an impeachment of all the land titles in the new territories; and it proposed to decide a judicial business by acts of legislation. The landholders under the Spanish and Mexican governments would be outraged. It would be in violation of the treaty with Mexico, to subject them to this outrage; it would be contrary to the laws of nations and judicial decisions. Our commissioners would be foreigners to the people; our language is foreign to them; they would have to employ an American advocate for half their estates; and they would come off well if they retained half of the other half, in following the matter up three thousand miles to Congress, and waiting here ten, fifteen, or forty years, for decisions upon their titles which they have inherited for one or two hundred years in the family. It is not only a deraignment of title, but an arraignment of titles, and of that class of titles which all civilization has ever respected. New Mexico was settled 250 years ago—ten years before Virginia; and California only seventy years ago. What would the people of Virginia do if, conquered by a foreign country, the conquering power should demand that all of them should make good their titles to their property before its own court, and in a language foreign to them? Mr. Benton read the 8th and 9th articles of the treaty with Mexico, stipulating that the rights of property of the Mexicans, or foreigners, or the occupants upon the soil, on the acquisition of the new territories by the United States, shall be inviolably and religiously respected; and contrasted these stipulations with the provisions of this bill, which assumes that all those rights of property are invalid, till confirmed by a board of our own choosing. He pleaded that neither in Europe nor in Asia had any such invasion of the rights of property been pursued by a conquering power; that great evils and dangers would follow such a practice: for an attempt of Napoleon to change the feudal tenure of the landed system in Egypt, for the benefit of the people, had produced one of the most terrible revolts (at Cairo) known to history. Passing at length from this branch of the bill, Mr. Benton came to the provisions for surveys, locations, and sales by lots, of the gold lands in California. These gold mines were washings from the mountains, and must sooner or later be exhausted; and the sooner the better. In New Mexico those 'placeras,' once very productive, were nearly used up. So of other countries. In Brazil, one hundred years ago, such was the productiveness of the gold washings, that ten millions sterling a year were sent to Europe. The particles of gold were found in the valleys and ravines, as in California. The slaves employed were allowed all that they found over a given sum, and hence many of these slaves bought their freedom, and bought other slaves, and became rich and opulent. All this has disappeared, and all that we know of it is from books written a hundred years ago. The gold crop is gone, as all other gold crops have disappeared. It is foolish, then, to give a fee simple to small lots of the gold lands. The gold crop must give out, and, in my opinion, the sooner the better. But if the gold holds out, these tracts of one, two, or three acres, or half acres, will be too large; if it fails, as it must fail, they will be too small for any real benefit to the holder. Two acres of gold, if it is pretty thick, will make a man rich. All that he has to do is to gather his basketful in the day time, and hide it away at night. But the Mexicans, by experience, have adopted the right way. Instead of selling it in lots, they give permits to work in the gold lands; for when the washings are exhausted, if they penetrate into the bowels of the mountains, the gold diggers will require a thousand acres to carry on their operations, and thousands of men. Mr. Benton argued, that the employment of a geologist and assistants, like the coast survey, would end in the establishment of a permanent brigade upon the Treasury; and besides, that no such geologists were wanted. The only way to derive a revenue from the gold lands was from permits to the operators, and they will find out where the gold is to be had. He belonged to that school who believed that the working of gold mines demoralizes and debases the people. He was, therefore, compelled, in discussing this bill, to say, what he did not wish to say, for fear that it might extend this wild delirium of the gold fever. He then read from Dr. Wislizenus, of Missouri, who had been living in New Mexico a number of years, and was there on the march of Doniphan's expedition. The report of the doctor of his geological researches of that country, goes to show that, iron, copper, silver, and gold, are distributed throughout all the mountains and ravines of New Mexico; while reports of trappers go to show that the streams of the Great Basin, west of the Rocky Mountains, give evidences of gold; and that these, with the reports of Professor Dana, of the gold-bearing rocks of the mountain chains along the Columbia river, all taken together, would make this gold region embrace a territory of a thousand miles from north to south, and of a thousand miles from New Mexico westward to the Pacific; double the length, along the Sierra Nevada, of the productive Ural Mountains in Russia and twice their height; for while the Ural Mountains are only four or five thousand feet high, the Sierra Nevada are from ten to twelve and fifteen thousand feet altitude from the sea. But, sir, I do not like the system of this bill. I am in favor of ravaging these mines, and of extirpating them; nay if I could, I would expel them. I would have the wild animals to scrach it out, that we might get rid of this gold the sooner, and that the habits and feelings of this gambling pursuit might be suppressed; that this gold fever—this destructive and ruinous delirium—might be done away; for in the way of productive industry nothing in these regions will be done, till this pestilence is extinguished. He thought the Executive Department had become infected with this pernicious fever, in recommending the sale of these gold lands in small driblets, as if the most enormous revenues were to follow the system. He was for giving encouragement to the diggers, whether from the United States, or China, or the Sandwich Islands. The gold digger does not eat his gold; he does not keep it; it goes to the industrious country, wherever it is, provided they keep small bank notes out of their circulation. (Ha! ha! ha!) He was in favor of ravaging these mines; and of giving permits to ravage them with no other gold regulations on the spot than such as were necessary to keep the diggers from knocking each other on the head; and keep them out of each other's holes. (Ha! ha! ha!) He would just follow the natural current, and not attempt to stop it. It would exhaust itself by-and-by; and you can not make head against it. He was against any system by which the natural system would be robbed of its rights. He was against putting artificial capital against the capital of labor. He would encourage the diggers. He would establish no fee simples, to the exclusion of the worker. He would sell no lots to keep the poor worker out, and to let the man of capital in. He would give permits to the diggers, and let them ravage the mines as fast as they could. He was also opposed to the folly of the provisions of the bill, requiring oaths and securities of the surveyors and employees in the surveys of the gold lands, and of fixing penalties upon them if they desert their duty. This was but another mistake of a system founded upon a mistaken basis. It was all perfectly futile. The idea of providing securities and penalties to keep men in office was a new thing under the sun. And the mileage system to the surveyors and employees, reminded him of the importance which the House attaches to the mileage system—some persons indulging the idea that it was the key to the preservation of the Union. But suppose you allow these surveyors of the gold lands, who are to lay them out in lots for sale, an average of ten dollars a mile—do you think it will answer the purpose to keep them at their work? It may do where the gold lies thin, only two or three inches deep; but when it comes up to the ankle or the calf of the leg, do you think ten dollars or fifteen dollars a mile will keep the surveyors at their duty? No, sir. When the gold comes to be leg deep, they will come to a halt. Do you think they could walk over it? All these oaths, all this swearing, and securities, and pains would fail of their object. If they come across a good place for gold, where it shines all over the sand, they will stop and pick it up, sir, just as a turkey-hen with her dozen of young ones when she comes to an ant-hill, commences scratching, and never stops scratching while there is an ant to be scratched up, and gobbled down. (Ha! ha! ha! all over the Senate and galleries).

Mr. Benton proposed to recommit the bill, with instructions to provide for a Land Office in California; for surveys of unappropriated lands; for grants or donations liberally to settlers; for permits, without boundaries, to diggers for gold; for a land recorder at the land office, just to see what the United States have got from Mexico, and not to disturb individual rights or private property; and to provide further, that the domestic Indians of California be protected in their rights of property and labor. Mr. Benton spoke in detail upon these several propositions, urging them as comprising the only feasible plan for California, leaving out New Mexico, entirely, for the present. He enlarged upon the unjust and impracticable provisions of the bill. He was in favor of liberal grants of land to the settlers in California. Forty years ago, in the legislature of Tennessee, he had advocated liberal grants to the settlers in that State; and now the children and grandchildren of these Tennessee settlers were appealing to him from California to remember them as he did their fathers and grandfathers. And he was in favor of liberal grants to them —of 640 acres to each head of a family; 640 to each boy there over eighteen years; and smaller proportions to the younger children.

He moved that the bill be recommitted, with the instructions proposed.

The result of this discussion, will not be known until these pages have passed through the press. But even should the bill of Mr. Breese, or any other bill on the subject, pass the Senate, it is not at all likely that the House of Representatives will have time, during the present session, to legislate upon it; and there is little chance of any thing official being decided upon in respect to California, until the next session. Meanwhile, the tide of emigration will continue to swell; and in a short time the country will be inhabited by a population quite up to the trick of governing themselves.

THE END.

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